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NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS:

Notes of Travel.

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

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DEDICATORY.

I WOULD especially inscribe this book, with my love, to two good women and true, in whose expansive cottage-homes much of it was written, — MRS. MARY BYERS of Denver, and MRS. SARAH M. CLARKE of San Francisco.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

A FEW WORDS BY WAY OF PREFACE.

THE volume which I have the temerity to bring as a little offering to the great American public is my first offence in the book line for some years. It is surely not a grave offence, being composed of light letters, contributed during the last eighteen months to the "New York Times." They were written irregularly and hurriedly, in brief intervals of travel, visiting, lecturing, and sight-seeing. Unfortunately a severe illness in the late summer and early autumn prevented me from giving them the careful revision they greatly needed. They go into print the second time with all their old sins on their heads,—the "original sin" of having been a journal of travel over well-traveled paths; "sins of omission" in matter of philosophic thought and valuable statistics; "sins of commission" in the way of puns and slang and "foolish jesting which is not convenient."

Still, as a happy record of a period of rare enjoyment, of experiences fresh and bright and sweet to me; as an absolutely truthful picture of life as I saw it in the great Western Territories and the grand Pacific State, I commend it to the dear and generous friends here and yonder for whom I kept the record, whose kindness gave to the picture its best brightness and beauty. I commend it to them with loving trust, and with respectful confidence to the rest of mankind.

If from some of the richest poetic treasure-fields of the world I have brought only rock-crystals of fancy and sentiment, I hope they are good articles of their kind, and I do not call them diamonds.

G. G.

CHICAGO, December, 1872.

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CHICAGO AS IT WAS.

CHICAGO, July 12, 1871.

IN fast and friendly Chicago, weeks go by like days, and days like hours, and life is almost too rapid to be chronicled. The "glorious Fourth" has already faded into the dim distance. I remember, however, that it was a perfect day, even in a pic-nickian sense. We spent it out of town, some eight miles to the westward, on the prairie, at a gentleman's pretty country seat, — feasting and disporting under noble ancestral trees, some of them as much as four years old! It was fine exercise dodging about under them to catch the flickering shade. But we were quite as jolly as we could have been under the olives of Albano, the cedars of Warwick, or the big pines of California. I have been from Chicago some four years, and in that time its growth and improvement have been absolutely marvellous. It grows on Independence days and Sabbath days and all days. It grows o' nights. Its enterprise, daring, and vigilance storm the land and fetter the sea, defy and override physical laws, and circumvent nature. A great part of the west side of the city seems to me to have been heaved up out of the mud by a benevolent earthquake. I see beautiful and stately marble buildings where four years ago were the humble little domiciles of the Germans, or the comfortless shanties of the Irish emigrants. What were then wastes of sand and rubbish and weeds are now lovely public squares or parks, with hard, smooth drives, ponds, rocks, hillocks, rustic bridges and seats, pretty vine-shaded arbors, and the usual park accompaniments of tame bears and caged eagles.

All this rapid change and progress is as mysterious as it is marvellous, till you know a regular, genuine Chicagoan, and see him go about his business with a drive, a devotion, a matchless economy of time and means, which stop just short of hurry and greed, — of the desperate and the sordid. The very struggle which the men of Chicago have always waged against adverse natural conditions has been to a degree ennobling, and has lifted their lives above the commonplace. It is essentially heroic; it is something titanic; it is more creation than development. Foot by foot, inch by inch, they have gained on swampy flats, on oozing clay-banks, on treacherous sand-heaps. Every year has chronicled new enterprises, new triumphs. The sluggish, miasmatic waters, once all abroad, have been driven back, and headed off, and hemmed in, and at last brought to bay in the horrible little river that now creeps in a Stygian flood through the city it does its best to poison and pollute, while sullenly bearing back and forth rich burdens of commerce. But the hour has almost come when that ill-famed stream must take the back track, — double on itself, — actually run up its channel, and through the Illinois Canal into the Illinois River, and so down into the Mississippi. Then Lake Michigan, who does a great deal of mischief for lack of better employment, will have a heavier job to perform in the cleansing line than the rivers Peneus and Alpheus together accomplished for Augeas; and Hercules the canal-digger of Elis will be outdone by one Chesebrough.

I remember the reply of a Washington candidate for the civil service to the question, "Into what do the Northern lakes empty?" It was, "Into the Gulf of Mexico." We smiled at that answer; but the time draws nigh when it shall be vindicated and verified. The young man was a prophet. He spoke for posterity and Chicago. We are all waiting the great experiment with anxiety, as once we hung with wild expectations on the ditching at Yorktown and the opening of the canals at Vicksburg and Dutch Gap. If it succeeds, it will doubtless be a grand thing for Chicago; but what will it do for the unfortunate people who live along the line of the canal? It is said that a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien may turn the course of the Gulf Stream, and make of England a boreal waste. Is it not possible that this new enterprise of engineering will desolate a smiling country by sending off travelling the fearful smells of this monster sewer, to sicken the sweetest day and hold high carnival at night? Of course, it depends on the present character of the Illinois Canal, for cleanliness and wholesomeness, whether the union be a suitable one. If it were our Washington Canal, I certainly should not forbid the banns.

But for a pleasanter theme. Lincoln Park, on the north side, is perhaps the most striking and apparently magical of all the enterprises and improvements of the city. It is already very beautiful, with a variety of surface and ornamentation most wonderful, when we remember that scarcely five years ago the spot was a dreary waste of drifting sand and unsightly weeds. The manner in which these elusive sands, full of the restlessness of the waves from which they have been rescued, are fixed and fettered is very curious. Boards, stones, sticks, leaves, weeds, are laid on them, then clay is added, and so soil enough created to be sown or planted. The modest elevations called "hills," by courtesy, are also, I am told, "fearfully and wonderfully made" out of the most unsightly refuse and rubbish; so that, if future *savans*, taking them for Indian mounds, shall ever excavate one, they may perhaps come upon distinct strata of oyster-shells, tin fruit-cans, old shoes, and broken crockery, with a substratum of hoop-skirts. No means, however humble, for breaking and elevating the surface are despised. I should not be surprised to hear that moles were protected by game-laws. To obtain water for ponds and fountains they have made a requisition on the secret reservoirs of Nature,—on hidden streams that from unknown sources, perhaps as far away as the Rocky Mountains, have been for ages groping their way

> "Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

They come forth into the light and the sweet, vital upper air, leaping and shouting, and make haste to join in the great, busy, restless life around them. Those artesian wells, with the lake-tunnels, will yet make Chicago more than the rival of Rome in fountains and baths, and in that cleanliness which is next to godliness. The great drive on the lake shore, from Chicago to Evanston, will be another wonder, only surpassed by the system of continuous boulevards and parks, a complete circumvallation of the city, which at no distant day will furnish one of the grandest drives in the world. Citizens of Atlantic cities say they miss their grand rocks and hills, and the sea, "that symbol of the infinite." But Lake Michigan is a respectable bit of water; and the prairie has a beauty and even a grandeur of its own. If a cornfield of several thousand acres is not "a symbol of the infinite," I should like to know what is. The present entrance to Lincoln

Park is a little depressing, being through a cemetery, but those old settlers are fast being unsettled and re-established elsewhere. Even the dead must "move on" in Chicago. It were impossible for one to tell where in this vicinity he could take his last sleep. Chicago houses are all liable to be moved, even the "house of worship" and "the house appointed for all living." A moving building has ceased to be a moving sight here. Not only do small frame cottages, that a year or two ago were in quiet rural localities, take fright at the snort and the rush of advancing trade, and prance off to "fresh fields and pastures new," but substantial brick edifices sometimes migrate. A few years ago a Baptist church, on Wabash Avenue, saw fit to change sides, and came over — in several pieces to be sure — to the corner of Monroe and Morgan Streets, where it now stands, looking as decorous and settled and close-communion as ever.

The parks of the west side, patriotically and democratically named "Union" and "Jefferson," though reminding one somewhat, by their modest dimensions, ingenious contrivances, and artifices of rock and water and hillock and bridge (with a "real flag-staff" and "real flag"), of the pious devices of John Wemmick for the amusement of "the aged," are yet sources of incalculable enjoyment and good for all who live in their pleasant vicinity. Wooden pavements, splendid macadamized roads, and the new boulevards are fast bringing the beautiful suburban settlements of Lake View, Kenwood, and Hyde Park into the municipal fold. The city is bearing down upon them at a tremendous rate, and the roar of traffic will soon drown for them through the day the deep sweet monotone of the lake. In the heart of the town Chicago is making worthy preparations to entertain the great floating population of the world setting westward. The work on the new Pacific Hotel goes bravely on. I do not quite like the location, and the court-yard seems to me too small for so immense a caravansery. I am sorry to hear that it is proposed to change its name in order to do honor to one of its most munificent proprietors. No man's name seems to me big enough for such a hotel, — not Montmorency, nor Metamora, nor Hohenzollern, nor Hole-in-the-Day, nor Frelinghuysen, nor Lippincott. The old court-house has taken to itself wings to meet the great rush of business in the murder and divorce line; and I hear much of Potter Palmer's new hotel, which is to be a monster affair, capable of accommodating an old-fashioned German principality, to say the least.

In short, all is astir here. There is no such thing as stagnation or rest. Lake-winds and prairie-winds keep the very air in commotion. You catch the contagion of activity and enterprise, and have wild dreams of beginning life again, and settling — no, circulating, *whirling* — in Chicago, the rapids and wild eddies of business have such a powerful fascination for one. Chicago postmen sometimes go their rounds on velocipedes. Chicago newsboys are preternaturally clever and wide-awake. I remember one of the most diminutive of the guild, coming on to the train as I was sorrowfully departing from the city one morning, in war time, and offering to sell me a copy of a leading daily, and that I said, speaking after the manner of a dark-complexioned Republican, "Why, my poor little fellow, where will you go to when you die, if you sell that naughty paper?" He turned his curly red head as he answered, "O, to the good place, I reckon, for I sell *rather* more *Tribunes* than *Timeses*."

I suppose I need hardly say that I like Chicago, — like it in spite of lake-wind sharpness and prairie flatness, damp tunnels, swinging bridges, hard water, and easy divorces. With all the distinctive characteristics of a great city, it has preserved in a wonderful degree the provincial virtues of generous hospitality, cordiality, and neighborly kindness. A lady from the East lately said of it, very charmingly, "It is New York with the heart left in." I do not deny that the genuine Chicagoan has well learned the prayer of the worthy Scotchman, "Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' oursels!" and that the prayer has been abundantly answered; but I do not think that his self-satisfaction often amounts to arrogance, or inclines him to rest on his laurels or his oars. He well knows, I think, that there is small profit in gaining the whole world to lose his own soul, and beautiful churches and beneficent mission schools, quiet deeds of mercy and munificent charities, show that he finds ways of ascent into the higher life, even from the busy dock, the noisy factory, the grim foundry, and the tempestuous Exchange.

My memory of the journey from Washington, over the Northern Central and Pennsylvania Central, is a long panorama of surpassing summer beauty, though, like Pilgrim, after leaving the "Delectable Mountains," I had to pass through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" at Pittsburg, and, unlike him, had a world of trouble about my baggage. But, dear me, it is so long ago, — nearly four weeks! In that time Chicago, very likely, has opened a tunnel, and stolen an acre of land from the lake, and drilled an artesian well or two, and tossed up several good-sized hills in Lincoln Park.

July 26.

There was a grand celebration by triumphant Chicagoans in honor of the wedding of the Chicago and Illinois Rivers, — *Othello* and *Desdemona.* There was a canal-boat excursion — which must have seemed like a dream of other days — of the city magnates, and all the power of the press, distinguished strangers, and a stray major-general or two, and many hundreds of the common people, — that is, men not worth over half a million, — all headed by his Honor the Mayor.

They say the going forth of the Doge of Venice to wed the Adriatic could never have been a circumstance to this excursion. There may have been more regal pomp and splendor on those old occasions, but nothing like the bounteous feeding of yesterday. There may have been a richer display of costumes, but nothing like the amount of Bourbon and lager drunk.

I need hardly say that the enterprise of regenerating the Chicago River is a success, — for of course they would n't celebrate a failure, — and Chesebrough, the bold engineer, may take up the brave iteration of old Galileo, "It moves!" The great deeps of mud and slime and unimaginable filth, the breeding-beds of miasms and death-fogs, are being slowly broken up, are passing away. One can actually perceive a current in the river at some points, and straws, after some moments of indecision, will show which way it runs. On Monday, washing-day, Lake Michigan really buckled down to her work, and did wonders in the cleansing line. We early drove down to see how far dilution and clarification had proceeded in the thick, black, torpid stream, more interested than though about to witness the annual miracle of Naples, — the liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro. We noticed first that the color of the water had changed from almost inky blackness to something of the tawny hue of the Tiber after a storm. Then, looking steadily, we perceived it moving sluggishly, sullenly, as though in obedience to an unusual and imperative morning call, — a call from the old Father of Waters himself.

They say there is great rejoicing among the millers and manufacturers along the river down by Joliet at the increase of water which, even at this dry season, sets all their wheels whirling. The change is not only a blessing to factories, but to olfactories. There is an immense modification of the peculiar overpowering odor which was like what a grand combination of the "thirty thousand distinct smells" of the city of Cologne would be, — an odor that only last week sickened the air for half a mile on the leeward side, and for as far heavenward, probably, so that it would seem impossible a bird of delicate constitution could pass through it unharmed.

If I have given a good deal of space to this river-regeneration theme, it is because it does not seem to me a matter of mere local interest. With this city's unprecedented growth and vast increase of commerce, this river nuisance was becoming more and more intolerable and notorious. The fame of it went forth to the ends of the earth. The sailor, arriving from foreign parts, snuffed it afar off; outward bound, he crowded all sail to escape it.

Last week we took a little trip to the northwest, as far as Elgin, to make a visit to the family of Hon. S. Eastman, our late Consul to Bristol. On this trip I had my first summer prairie-views. All I had seen before were winter pictures of vast expanses of snow or dull brown turf, inexpressibly monotonous. The land between Chicago and Elgin is rolling and considerably varied by wood and water, richly productive and well cultivated.

To me there is something grand and more than princely in the long stretch and wide expanse of pasture and grain land, and in the absence of the usual petty boundaries that make a New England landscape look like a child's dissected map by comparison. But it is a hard country, this prairie country, for your Helmbolds and Hostetters; "for miles and mileses" not a rock, or stone-wall, or board fence, or a "coign of vantage" of any sort. They must pass on and leave no sign. But we know well we shall meet them at the first stopping-place. There is no "let" to the march of Buchu and Bitters. We may fondly fancy we have the great medicine-man of the day, he for whom toil the airily clad Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope, driving his six *Patchens* at Long Branch in a magnificent chariot with the excellent partner of his fortunes at his side, resplendent with diamonds and other Buchu-terie; but let us go forth in any direction, and we can only follow Helmbold. Take the wings of the morning, and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, and Helmbold will be there before you. He is a greater traveller than the German *savant* whom the fair New York lady confounded him with, when she came before the bronze bust in Central Park. The white bear of Labrador, the kangaroo of Australia, and the seal of Alaska, know Helmbold. Well, all this fortune and fame being the simple result of business cleverness and dash, and the reward of virtuous advertising, let them increase and keep on increasing as long as the Hottentots and the board fences hold out.

The approach to Elgin, on a bright day, is very pleasant and cheering. The Fox River, with its clear sparkling water, and lovely green banks, and several very respectable hills, are rare and picturesque features. The whole town has an airy, cheery, well-to-do look, — something of the aspect of a New England town with a new life let into it.

Mr. Eastman must have loved the mother country well, in spite of the ugly mood the old lady was in during the early part of his consulship, for he has brought home with him many solid mementos of his stay, — hosts of pictures, some of them very valuable, books by the thousand, and massive mahogany furniture by the ton. It were annihilation to a sleeper to have the canopy of the bed in the large guest-chamber come down; but it never will come down.

Of course we visited the watch-factory, the chief lion of Elgin, giving up an entire morning (and feeling that it was not half enough) to a delighted inspection of the works of the most beautiful and wonderful machinery I had ever seen. I am not going to attempt a description of what has been so often and so thoroughly described. Still, I fancy I could do it, unmechanical and unexact as is the female brain, for never did mortal woman question mortal man for three mortal hours as I questioned the courteous superintendent whose hard lot it was to escort me about on that memorable day. I reduced him to such a state of exhaustion at last, that I am persuaded that, when all was over, stimulants had to be applied to him. Through his patient and luminous teaching I know the watch-making process, from the rough beginning to the polished ending. I believe I could put a watch together myself, after a fashion.

But though the curious mechanism of steel and brass and gold and precious stones interested me, and the marvellous machines, that worked with something approaching to the power, the exactness, and the solemn quietness of the laws of the Creator, interested me, I was still more interested in the human mechanism of trained hand and eye,—in the human machines that mastered and directed all the others. I most enjoyed looking at the operatives,—neat, cheerful, earnest, and singularly intelligent looking men and women,—and in contrasting them with operatives abroad, thanking God for the difference.

Having always at heart the woman question, and preaching everywhere the gospel of equal wages for equal labor, I dealt with my friend, the superintendent, on the subject while going the rounds; and finding that the women, though well paid and apparently contented, were not as well paid as the men, I felt, as I always do, like stirring up sedition among my sisters. He said — that patient superintendent — that the trouble was, the girls would get married and quit work, just perhaps as they had become well trained and useful, and so were not as valuable and reliable operatives as men, with whom marriage made no difference, except to fix them more steadily in their places and at their work. To this I replied, that if women had more avenues of labor opened to them, and were better paid, they would be less likely to marry, — at least in a hurry. There would be an end among working-women to the marriage of convenience, — too often a frantic flop "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Finding in the engraving-room a woman of middle age, engaged in doing the same work precisely as the man beside her, I came down on the superintendent with all the thunders of Steinway Hall; but he only smiled quietly, — meekly, I thought, — and seemed not to have the face to defend himself. He afterward informed me, however, that the ill-used lady in question was, by an exception to the general rule, paid exactly the same wages given to the male artists with whom she works, rivalling them in delicate graving.

I absolutely longed to linger in this bright, cheerful manufactory, — so light that it seemed like a crystal palace of industry. Or, I wanted just to eat and sleep, and then go back and ask a few more questions. I absolutely returned with reluctance to Chicago, where they take no note of time.

COLORADO.

DENVER, August 6, 1871.

KOSSUTH once said: "Watt, with a steam-engine, has blotted the word 'distance' from the dictionary." This I recalled with a new and vivid realization yesterday morning, when I woke from my first sleep in Colorado, in full sight of the Rocky Mountains, and thought, almost with awe, of the vast plains and the strange rivers which lay between me and the familiar city of my last month's sojourn.

We took the Rock Island route from Chicago, and went through with great comfort. This runs through a rich agricultural region, suffering somewhat, however, at this time, from the drought. There was about our train more of the "Pacific" than the "Express," as it stopped in a kind and obliging manner at every little station. At one of the smallest and loneliest I noticed a solitary trunk put off, — a handsome and huge affair, that seemed oddly out of place there. In a few moments a group of rough men and boys were gathered about it, regarding it with singularly curious yet serious looks, as though they suspected it of containing a dead body or an infernal machine. The most desolate of these stations is enlivened by the presence of children, not always well behaved, not always cleanly, but merry and wide-awake. At one, however, I saw only a woman sitting at the window of her little unshaded house, with her face supported by her hands, — a pale, worn, despairing face, though youthful, looking out through long locks of spiritless yellow hair at the world going by. "Mariana in the Moated Grange" is not, to my mind, half so desolate a picture as was this. At another station two women stood on the platform looking with a friendly inquisitiveness into each car as it slowly moved past. When ours — the last — had gone by, I heard one of them exclaim dolorously and wonderingly, "Not a soul among 'em all what I knowed!"

This station life on the prairies of Illinois and Iowa has essentially all the loneliness of pioneer life, without its dignity, its adventure, and wild freedom.

Rich should be the domestic compensations for those who endure it.

A perpetual wonder and delight were the vast grain-fields unrolling their mighty expanses of green and gold. The bright, fresh, billowy pasture-lands of Iowa, in the neighborhood of Omaha, so like the English "downs," were very beautiful, and the greater part of that afternoon's journey through Nebraska, along the Platte River, I remember as a series of charming pictures. Omaha somewhat disappointed me. It has not so busy and thriving a look as I expected. They say it has slackened its wild pace considerably during the past year. It had grown too fast, — had, in fact, outgrown its original seven-league boots.

Just out of the town we saw a freight train partially loaded with a hideous cargo, — a lot of dirty, lazy, greasy-looking Indians and squaws, — and at one of the stations where we stopped for water we encountered a tall Pawnee, in a flaming red shirt and a peculiarly airy fashion of "breeks," that garment being slashed, with nothing inserted in the slashes, and with several pendent portions fluttering in the evening breeze. His hair was arranged in three long chatelaine braids, hanging gracefully down his back. He was a "Pashaw of Three Tails," not counting the before-mentioned tags of drapery. He announced himself as a physician, and, with savage ingenuousness and love of symbols, he carried a bow and arrows. His patients knew what they might expect. These native gentlemen give a wild flavor to the scene, but on the whole I think I prefer the antelopes and the prairie-dog.

I suppose these lands of the Platte Valley can hardly be called "plains"; but though not arid and desolate, they are sufficiently lonely and sombre. We learn that this was the very "Valley of the Shadow of Death" to thousands of poor emigrants in the early days of California emigration, and in the fearful cholera times. It may be that before the locomotive came to invade with irreverent noise and hurry this haunted ground, to mock at poor perturbed spirits, and whistle them down the wind, a seer might have beheld, any dreary, starlit night, ghostly trains, moving silently, slowly along by this low, dark river; might have seen white, still faces looking out of ghostly wagons, drawn by ghostly horses and oxen, noiselessly treading over the old track, — over the level graves.

Some of the new settlements seem wondrously thriving, drawing much of their sustenance from an agricultural district, small and apparently most unpromising. In one town I noticed, beside the inevitable church and school-house and hotel, a bakery, a blacksmith's shop, a lager-beer saloon, a billiard-hall, and a circus-ring. Thus gradually do the blessings of civilization creep over this vast, barbarous region!

After so long a dry season I was agreeably surprised by the very moderate amount of dust we raised as we dashed along. I have been far more annoyed by it in a single journey from Washington to Philadelphia than I was on all this Union Pacific Road. And what dust we encountered was destined to be speedily laid, beaten down, annihilated. The day had been fiercely hot, and toward night there were welcome indications of a thunder-shower. I watched through every stage of the slow and majestic preparation for what proved to be the grandest storm I ever witnessed. At sunset the clouds in the west and southwest assumed singular shapes, fantastic, yet threatening, — grand, yet grotesque, — some fitfully radiant, with half-imprisoned splendors; some black, as though crammed with tempests. Low down in the horizon began the first glancing and quivering of the lightning,—the prelude to the great display. It was like light skirmishing before a general engagement. Some two hours, I think it was, before *that* came on in its full sublimity and awfulness. A storm in the Alps, when

> "From peak to peak
> Leaps the live thunder,"

is a mere guerilla fight to it. There were those on the train that night who had seen many a fierce storm on sea and prairie, but never a one like this, they said. Never, surely, was there so stupendous a stage for the display of Nature's fireworks as this vast open heaven or this immense level plain, lonely and bare and desolate. What to this was the "blasted heath" of "Macbeth," or that on which Lear and Edgar wandered, in "night and storm and darkness." One could have read Shakespeare "by flashes of lightning," without the aid of a Kean's fiery acting. And O, *such* lightning! Sometimes the whole western sky was one vast wall of flame: then again all was deep, dense blackness, till suddenly, in one solitary spot, the "inky cloak" of night was ripped open, showing its lining of fire. Sometimes, almost from the zenith, the lightning was let down in a zigzag chain, like a burning ladder, on which one could fancy fallen angels descending. Sometimes it fell in a river, a cascade of blinding light. Then, again, it seemed to come up from the earth, like an eruption, — an infernal fountain. It seemed as though all the red demons of the plains had mustered there in the West to bar our way over their old hunting-grounds, with fire, and tumult, and tempest; yet all the while our train went boldly plunging into the very heart of the storm. During the first hour the thunder was not very heavy, — was scarcely heard, indeed, above the rumble of the train; but at last it came, clap after clap, peal on peal, till many were terrified, and one poor English lady, used only to moderate insular thunder, utterly prostrated and appalled, was thrown into violent nervous spasms. Here was a bit of tragedy, — the awful storm on the wide prairie; the crash and dash, the rush and roar, without, and within, that poor sufferer writhing and moaning in half-conscious agony. There were to care for her two anxious, well-disposed women, but the most calm and effective, and not the least pitiful of her helpers were men, — two gentlemen up to that hour perfect strangers to her. How beautiful this noble, helpful, human kindness seemed to me I cannot tell! But the inevitable touch of comedy came in duly. A young person of color — a child's nurse, of the sort to whom the whole establishment is wont to give way — came dashing up to the front, with a most awe-inspiring air of professional importance, calling out, "Jest you let *me* get to her, missus! I knows what to do. It 's conwulsions. I 've seen ladies in 'em a heap o' times, and a heap wuss dan dis yer lady. I nussed a lady what took 'em reg'lar, and used to flop around awful. I could n't only keep her down by gittin' on her chist, with my two knees. Laws, honey! dis yer is nuthin to *her fits.* But don't let her git her hands and jaws *squinched!* Slap 'em hard, and lay her on her back, and keep her thar!"

In spite of some rash experiments and mistakes, in spite of the ministrations of "Virginia's dark-eyed daughter," and in reward for much faithful nursing, the lady at last came out of her spasms and slept.

When the storm had somewhat abated, we all retired to our luxurious Pullman berths, where no anxieties kept us from sleeping the sleep of the just. A droll friend of ours used to say, "I like to go to a church run by a good old-fashioned orthodox minister, for then I can go to sleep and know that all will go on right." Such a comfortable faith one enjoys, such a quiet sense of security, on any railroad presided over by the masterly, watchful, untiring mind of Thomas A. Scott.

In the morning we rose wonderfully refreshed, and emerged under a smiling sky, at Sidney, the breakfasting-station. I see that I here jotted down in my note-book, "At this altitude napkins, butter-knives, and Christian cooking disappear." But I afterward learned that this meal was hurriedly prepared, as it was supposed we should be greatly behind time on account of the storm, and that Sidney is, ordinarily, an excellent eating-place. Still, the bread I ate that morning sets hard on my memory.

At Cheyenne I left the Union Pacific Railroad with real regret. I had been treated with singular kindness by the officers of the road, for which

I wish to make my most grateful acknowledgments. There is more than one way of doing even a signal kindness. In this instance, the most considerate, delicate, generous way was adopted. Cheyenne is not an attractive place, but a brave effort is being made to render it less unattractive. Some pretty houses are going up, and some few trees are making a good fight for life with a hard soil and a fierce sun. As the capital of the Territory that has taken the first bold practical step in the matter of woman's civil rights, the place commends itself to my heart, certainly. I should rejoice to find it a very Eden, a vale of Cashmere, — which it is n't. But it has a long day to work in, and with the energy, the courage and intelligence that concentrate at Cheyenne, miracles of improvement may be wrought till beauty shall take the place of dreariness, and shade of glare, and fruitfulness of sterility, and the "wilderness shall blossom as the rose."

It was a matter of surprise to me, the amount of feeling with which I parted with some of my fellow-travellers at Cheyenne. The same number of hours in a palace-car on any one of the old routes in the Eastern States would never have given people anything like that sense of friendly companionship. If journeying into new realms of this world causes us to draw nearer to our fellow-creatures, may we not hope that on going into an utterly new world, alien nations and peoples, and even rival Christian denominations, may come together and fraternize tolerably well?

August 10.

The journey from Cheyenne to Denver occupies about five hours. The Colorado plains, through which this Denver Pacific road passes, would be dreary enough were it not for the distant view of the mountains vouchsafed to us most of the way. These plains are for the most part arid, producing little but prickly-pear cactus, thistles, white poppies, and wormwood, and supporting nothing but antelopes, prairie-dogs, and their reputed fellow-lodgers, owls and rattlesnakes. The railroad passes directly through a large old dog-town, an object of particular interest to me. I was immensely amused by watching the smaller canines, the mothers and children, scamper away and hide at our approach, while the grave old fellows sat up on the mounds over their holes, quietly gazing at the train as it passed. About one large mound some half-dozen citizens were gathered, seeming to be in solemn council, perhaps discussing the Darwinian theory, perhaps holding an indignation meeting, and denouncing railroad monopolies and outrages; for I understand that the right of way through their ancient borough and their fair hunting-ground was not honorably purchased by the D. P. R. R. Company. But a time of reckoning may yet come: "the dog will have his day." When our wise and goodly men of the Indian Commission have settled our little border difficulties, — have made the *amende honorable* to the Ogalialla Sioux, and restitution to the Arapahoes for all their robberies, and soothed the lacerated feelings of the Apache, they will perhaps turn their philanthropic efforts toward righting the wrongs of these canine colonists of the prairies.

The next animated object of interest that I saw was an antelope, standing at a respectful distance, and watching with mild curiosity the passing of the engine, — that strange, snorting, long-tailed monster, that had thrown antelope speed and endurance into the shade. A young Nimrod, fresh from New England, deceived by the rare purity of the atmosphere, lamented that he had not his rifle handy, as he was sure he could have brought her down. But an old hunter smiled, and said she was far enough beyond rifle-range. These pretty creatures, since the great irruption of sporting barbarians, have grown very wise and wary. Yet nature did them an ill-turn originally, in affixing to them a mark by which they can be seen, and "a bead drawn" on them at a great distance. It renders them especially liable to attacks in the rear; which reminds me of a little story. A small Colorado boy, who had been out playing, ran into the house in a state of great excitement, saying he had seen some antelopes in a gulch near by. At his entreaty, his mother went out to look at them, but nothing of the kind was found. She became incredulous, and said at last, "I don't believe you saw any antelopes; it must have been your imagination, my child!" To this the little mountaineer indignantly responded, "I don't care, ma, I guess my imagination is n't white behind."

The settlement of most interest to me after Dogtown on this road was Greeley. This is a really wonderful place. Established on a purely agricultural basis, with an inexhaustible capital of intelligence, energy, economy, and industry, it has thriven steadily, constantly, with no wild leaps of speculation, or fever-heats of ambition and greed. With an orderly and virtuous population, it has had to pass through none of the dark and dire and tempestuous scenes of pioneer life, such as are found in mountain mining towns. Though it has had its hardships and discouragements, on the whole its experience has been exceptionably happy. The site of the town is a delta formed by the South Platte and Cache-la-Poudre Rivers, affording the amplest means for that beautiful system of irrigation which is rapidly transforming a barren region into a vast garden of verdure and bloom and fruitfulness. New as the town is, and with its share of the inevitable glare and unsightliness of newness, it has a peculiarly cheerful and spirited look. The irrigating ditches about Greeley and throughout the Union Colony are really very pretty, fringed as they are with verdure, carrying currents of clear, cool water on blessed errands to the generous, responsive soil. I saw one of the ditching-ploughs drawn by eight yoke of noble oxen. Trees are being extensively planted, and grow, like the crops, astonishingly. Were I a man, I would rather give my name to a town like this, and teach such a brave colony what I knew of farming, than be President of the United States.

This young city of the plains publishes a spunky little weekly paper called the "Greeley Tribune." The title is an exact *fac-simile* of the philosopher's own handwriting, and is a triumph of illegibility calculated to witch this new world with noble penmanship. The first citizen of Greeley I saw was a mule standing on a bank, looking down on the train and over the town with a patronizing and benignant air, — a white-faced, wise-looking animal. I think this must be the very mule I hear of as the great advertising medium of the place. Being of vagrant habits and a friendly disposition, he perambulates a good deal, overlooking the affairs of the borough, and so they have taken to affixing to his sides bills and notices of public meetings. He is a sort of travelling bulletin-board. When Mr. Greeley comes to lecture, he has a hard day of it.

From Greeley to Denver the country grows more interesting, and the mountain and river views more beautiful. We come upon richer pasture and grain lands, and finer flocks and herds. Ah, such immense stretches of grassy plain and upland! When Mary goes to "call the cattle home," she goes on horseback, and has a long gallop of it. We could trace the water-courses by the vivid green of their banks, and we saw trees of size and in tolerable abundance. The air was singularly clear that afternoon, and the whole grand mountain picture above Denver unveiled. I was reminded of views of the Alps from Lombardy, only these mighty snow-capped heights seemed much nearer. Almost constantly since then, envious mists or the smoke of burning tracts have hid from us both the wooded and rocky sides, and the snowy summits of the great elevations. Even the foot-hills are often invisible. It is very warm, and I am resting and making the most of Denver, as I see it, in afternoon drives with my kind and hospitable host and hostess, and through its pleasant and great-hearted citizens. I can truly say that I never enjoyed drives as I enjoy them here, on the boulevards and plateaus beyond the town, in sight always of scenery as beautiful as it is stupendous. There comes to me, with a sense of the vastness of my surroundings, a feeling of freedom of exultation, and exaltation utterly indescribable. And then the air, — it throbs with the pulses of a new life! The air of the morning of creation could not have been purer or richer. The winds of evening, though sweet and balmy, are strong and cool, with never the faintest treacherous sting in them. And the heat, though great according to the thermometer, is more endurable here, indoors at least, than in any city I have ever been in. It is never sultry; the air is kept constantly fresh and vital by beneficent breezes.

On Saturday night, for a "lark," we all went to the circus. It was a California circus in inception and development, and, like most things belonging to that great country, stupendous. I am sure I never saw such magnificent performances, equestrian and acrobatic, and I have always had a Dickensy weakness for the ring, — for the sawdust and the tinsel, and the hoops and the hurdles; for the piebald horses, and the riders, so bold and dashing, yet so serenely grave; and the clown, with his ancient jokes; and the ring-master, with his eternal circular tramp, and his whip of infinite crackiness. In London I sought Astley's before Covent Garden.

By far the most accomplished performers that night were women, in especial two blondes, who did the most daring and astonishing things on the trapeze, and on the tapis, as acrobats, and, O heavens! as tumblers! It was, to me, very dreadful, — a revolting, almost ghastly exhibition of woman's rights. An old-fashioned conservative could not have been more shocked when Elizabeth Blackwell went into medicine, and Antoinette Brown into divinity, than I was at seeing these women, in horrible undress, swinging, and tumbling, and plunging heels over head out of their sphere. Still, it was something to see that women could be so courageous, so skillful, and so strong, — could attain such steadiness of nerve and firmness of muscle, — and still retain, with all their tremendous physical exertions, the beauty and grace of their forms and all the fullness and soft curves of youth! I had unmixed delight in the wonderful riding, skill and daring, quiet confidence and matchless physical strength, of a young California girl, called Polly Lee. She managed, with the utmost ease and grace, four horses, having four younger brothers and sisters swarming all over her. She supports, in more ways than one, the whole family.

But the sight of sights was the crowd of spectators, — between two and three thousand people, of all classes and races, — rougher, freer, noisier than any pleasure-seeking crowd I had ever before looked upon, yet good-humored and merry, and sufficiently orderly for jollity. When in the early part of the evening there came up a sudden thunder-shower, and the rain beating in on the upper tier of benches drove hundreds down to the circle, just outside the ring, though there was a wild scene for a time, and some confusion, there was no strife, no accident of any kind. After the performance the fun was most uproarious over the drawing of the prizes, — fifty in number, mostly worthless. I held all the evening a delusive bit of paper in my hand, received at the door, and representing alternately, to my fond fancy, "a valuable watch" and "a fine calf." But my star was not in the ascendant in this strange sky. The watch went ticking off in the pocket of a modest young miner, who made good time out of the ring before a whirlwind of yells. The calf alone remained. It was *weal* or woe for me. Some ten minutes of mingled hope and fear, and I saw a Denverite lead the prize off in triumph, "amid the shouting multitude." I don't believe that lottery was managed fairly!

Denver has been much written about, but it always keeps ahead of its chroniclers. To attempt to describe it now were almost like shooting at a deer running or a partridge on the wing. Improvements are constantly advancing; grading is being done, and buildings are going up in all directions. As I sit at my writing this blazing morning, before an open window, I hear the sound of the hammer, the trowel, and the saw, north, south, east, and west. The town, five years ago, was quite treeless; now it is well planted, some houses being quite embowered in foliage. Larimer Street, the great business centre of the city, is a marvellous, inspiring sight to see any morning or evening, a mighty river of traffic surging through it continually.

There has just been published in Denver a large Gazetteer of Colorado, a useful book for visitors and settlers, but hardly needed by a tourist who is fortunate enough to be under the same roof with Mr. Byers of the "Rocky Mountain News," an old, young pioneer, — "a '59-er." What he does not know about Colorado is not worth knowing; and he is most patient and gracious in imparting knowledge. Bayard Taylor and all the famous tourists that followed him drank of the Byers fountain, and still it flows.

The town is crowded with tourists and invalids, and I sometimes wonder that the overtaxed hospitality of the people here does not give out. But no; these men and women are suited to their noble surroundings. Hearts expand on these grand uplands, and even rough natures, like the mountain rocks, are richly veined with gold.

August 13.

Early on Thursday morning of last week I left town, with my kind host and hostess and their "one fair daughter," for a modest little excursion to Platte Cañon and the famous Red Rocks in its vicinity. This cañon, which shows like a great notch in the mountains from here, and is a most picturesque feature in the landscape, might well be addressed in the words of the song, which commemorates somebody's "beloved eye," which is also a "star," "thou art so near and yet so far." From the breezy plateau above the city, on a clear day, it seems scarcely more than half a dozen miles away.

The trip was one of great interest to me, and even more in an agricultural than a picturesque point of view. It was harvest time, though the grain was, for the most part, cut and bound in great bounteous sheaves; they were gathering it into barns, or stacking it in mighty piles, — mountains of gold. The beautiful farms along the Platte and Plumb Creek have produced this year thirty and forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and the fairest, plumpest, sweetest grain I have ever seen. On the vast wild pasture lands above, stock was looking very finely, to my great surprise, as the grass looks utterly scorched up, and as short as though, like the hair of poor Box or Cox in the farce, it had been cut at "the other end." Yet Colorado farmers tell me that in its driest and shortest estate, this wild grass is wonderfully sweet and nutritious, and I know it must be from the condition of the flocks and herds this remarkably dry season.

All nature thirsts and pants for rain, and I suppose it must come before long, after a thousand feints and make-believes; but the pure dryness of the atmosphere, through which flow the constant currents of fresh air from the mountains, is a wonderful and beneficent thing for me, and thousands of other invalids. It is a marvellous change to be delivered from the fear of "the night air," — that invisible *bête noir* of the East, — to feel no dampness, no chill, no subtle, malarious taint, to be able to be out in a garden or porch, or a city balcony or mountain rock, through the long, grand spectacle of the sunset, to watch the magnificent cloud pageantry through all the changes of purple and crimson and gold and deepening violet, to watch the first faint gleaming and the slow spreading of the starry encampment till all the bivouac fires of heaven are lit.

But to come down from cloud-land to farm life, I was surprised at the ambitious aspect of some of the new farm-houses. Ornamental cottages were not infrequent, and green blinds and balconies and garden arbors made their appearance now and then. One of the oldest and richest farmers of the Platte Valley, however, still lives in a little octagonal stone house, half under ground, which seems as though especially built to defy Indian attacks. This farmer is a Norwegian. He came here eleven years ago with nothing: he is now worth, in land and stock, at least seventy-five thousand dollars. All these farms are well irrigated from the Platte. All present a singularly smiling appearance in their rich garb of green and gold, and in contrast with the brown, bare uplands. Not much fruit is yet produced in Colorado, but I am told that nearly all the varieties raised in California can be raised here. Little attention is paid to horticulture, but *horsiculture* is not neglected. I have seen many fine-blooded animals in harness and under the saddle. The roads are admirable for driving, — so hard and even that both horses and carriages are easily kept in good condition. But driving is not pleasant here, except in the early morning or evening, not only on account of the heat and dust, but because of the excess of light, the dazzling brilliance of the atmosphere. It behooves one to look out for one's eyes. Colored glasses are almost as much needed here as in the Alps.

On our way we passed the little old cabin, or "shebang," of Jim Beckworth, the famous mountaineer, hunter, scout, guide and Indian interpreter. Beckworth was a mulatto, born a slave somewhere in the classic region about Alexandria. He may have had some F. F. V. blood in his dusky veins. He ran away from the old plantation in his youth to sow his wild oats in a richer soil. He sought the wildest part of the wild West. He fell in with the Crow Indians, who, it seems, had no prejudice against color, for they made much of him, adopted him. In this case the old saying, "Every crow thinks her own young the blackest," did not hold true. He became their great war-chief, and fought along the Missouri, as his fathers had fought along the Niger. He was as savage as though he had not enjoyed Gospel privileges in the Old Dominion, or felt the chastening-rod of a Christian master. But, at last, satiated with military renown, he took again to roving; went to California, Arizona, Mexico,— everywhere that siren dangers called and hardships allured, seeking fresh bear-fields and buffalo-pastures new. It was in his old age that he lived here, as grim and grisly as any old monster of the mountains he had ever hunted down. It was from here, I believe, that he went on a last visit to his old friends and followers, the Crows. They received him joyfully. They entreated him not to leave them. But he had other matters on hand,

and insisted on going. They then made for him a farewell feast, and killed the fatted buffalo calf, but, feeling that parting was more bitter than death, put deadly poison in his particular dish. "They keep his dust in *Crowland*, where he died."

This prairie farming country is a singularly silent land. We heard no whetting of scythes, no tinkling of bells, little lowing of cattle even, or crowing and cackling of barn-yard fowls that day. There being so few trees along our way, we heard no birds; indeed, we missed nearly all the usual pleasant rural sounds, though occasionally we heard a mule bray, a teamster swear at his oxen, and at noon farm-hands and railroad-men called to their dinner by a joyful shout of "Grub-pile!" We dined with some hospitable farmers from Pennsylvania, and then pushed on eight or ten miles to another farm-house, in the neighborhood of the cañon. After taking a brief rest, and receiving a cordial invitation to spend the night, we started on our exploration. We could drive but a short distance up the cañon, and we bravely proposed to do the grand gorge on foot for several miles. But our resolution melted away in the fierce sun; briers, prickly-pears, pebbles, and sharp rocks were too much for our enthusiasm and shoe-leather. In short, we ingloriously abandoned our explorations, and made up our minds that there was nothing worth seeing in the cañon ahead of us. After sitting for an hour or two on the rocks, in a shady spot, alternately fishing and shying stones into the river, we returned to the ranch, — to rest and shade and a royal supper.

Mr. Lehow, our host, is a Pennsylvania farmer of the most intelligent sort, and higher praise could not be bestowed on a husbandman. He is not weaned from the old Keystone State, even by good health and good fortune in Colorado, and, I fear, believes that good Pennsylvanians will go to Philadelphia when they die, even from *Golden City* or *The Garden of the Gods*.

Mr. Lehow's pleasant little farm-house, wherein many a weary pilgrim has found welcome, lies in a green, fruitful nook with a glorious lookout up the dark cañon, on the mountains and picturesque Red Rocks, and over the rolling prairie. So much taste is evident in the selection of this homestead, and in the planting of trees about it, that one is not surprised to find within the cottage comforts and even elegances, with a family circle of rare intelligence, — good Republicans all, and readers of good books.

The sunset was magnificent, and the twilight long and delicious as anything in the Italian line. We sat on the porch till nearly ten o'clock, preparing ourselves for sweet sleep and pleasant dreams by talk about the Westfield disaster, the great New York riot, and the iniquities of the Tammany Ring, wild stories of frontier life, of Indian massacres, of murders and robberies and lynchings. It was so comfortable to remember that all these dreadful things were a great way off, or a great while ago, — that we and the fine horses and cattle we could dimly see, sauntering about in the starlight or lying at rest, were safe, utterly safe. Yet but a few miles away from that quiet pastoral scene, at that very hour, in a farm-yard, on the high road, a fearful crime was being committed. A German farm-hand, after killing his employer, shooting his head almost away, called out that employer's sister, the only other person about the ranche, and treacherously shot her down.

All night long the wretched woman remained in the house, into which she had crept, alone, with a handful of buckshot in her breast, afraid to move or cry, lest the murderer should find she was not dead, and return to finish his work. In the morning she dragged herself to the nearest neighbor's house, a mile away, and was brought to the city, where she still lies slowly dying. It was not till afternoon that her brother was found, hid in a grain-stack, quite dead. It is a most mysterious crime, as no robbery, except the theft of a horse, was attempted, and the murderer himself, who was arrested on Sunday, can assign no adequate motive. There was, or had been, a good deal of domestic infelicity in that farm-house, for its size; and a husband abused and dispossessed, driven out into the cold by wife and brother-in-law, is supposed to be at the bottom of the tragedy.

In the morning, which was, like all its immediate predecessors, glorious, we set out early, forded the Platte, and made for the park of the Red Rocks, where we spent an hour or two of rare enjoyment. These rocks are grand, picturesque, and peculiar masses of old red sandstone, and lie in an almost regular line, and in every variety of shape, at the foot of the mountains for nearly twenty miles, and appear in their greatest grandeur and profusion in the Garden of the Gods. They sometimes assume immense massive forms, like Cyclopean structures; then lighter forms, like those of half-ruined Gothic architecture, — towers, and turrets, and keeps, and pinnacles, — some of them three, four, and five hundred feet high. What, to these, were old Rhine castles or the ruins of Kenilworth and Melrose?

The views from this wild park of the Red Rocks are indescribably beautiful. A spot more quiet and lovely for a summer retreat could hardly be found, even in this wonderful mountain-land. I predict that within twenty years there will be a score of elegant cottages here. Perhaps the princes of Tammany will retire from the world to this peaceful spot. But I will not anticipate evil for this region. Secluded as it is, the park will soon be easily accessible from Denver, as the new narrow-gauge Denver and Rio Grande Railroad will pass within sight.

A short distance down, on our homeward way, we passed a low, marshy hollow, containing a little water, in an almost black pond, which reminded me of the pool in which Eugene Aram told of hiding the murdered man, "in a dream." Mr. Byers, who knows this country as Sir Walter Scott knew the Highlands, and can point out the scene of every dark legend of the early days, told me that only a year or two ago a young sportsman, while duck-shooting here, was shot and scalped by a roving Cheyenne, or Arapahoe, a savage knight-errant, who knew not Vincent Colyer and had not "come in."

A few miles farther on, as we were crossing a bridge over the Platte, I was told that some two years ago a lady, who was riding over it alone one morning early, chanced to look over the railing, and saw a man hanging by the neck, the dead and ghastly face upturned. It was the body of a notorious horse-thief, who had been caught by his neighbors and summarily dealt with. We shuddered, and thanked God that such days of violence were over; and yet, a little way farther on, in the farm-yard we passed unconsciously, there lay a dead face blackening in the sun,—the face of the murdered young farmer, discovered under the sheaves, and waiting for the coroner.

Yesterday's event and sensation was an excursion by a party of agricultural editors from the East, on the narrow-gauge road, from the city, over the entire distance the rails have been laid, — some three miles. I hear that the excursionists — a brave set of fellows — went off quite cheerfully, taking a calm leave of their friends, — indeed, rather hurrying matters to have the thing over. They were wonderfully sustained, considering that "no wines or spirituous liquors" were allowed on the train. Their agricultural report of the region through which they passed on that memorable excursion will be looked for with much interest.

August 29.

Soon after my last writing, feeling in need of a little dissipation, I ran up to Greeley for a three days' visit. The morning of my journey was the hottest I have known since I came into the Territory, and the dust was something fearful. I was as gray as a gopher before we had made the first station. The great circus company was on the train, travelling like common mortals, and looking strangely quiet and subdued. The wonderful Lee Sisters, the daring Polly, the dashing Rosa, who had seemed such bewildering, flying visions of the night, in blue tarleton lit with starry spangles, had an air of weariness and dejection. Such vain and hollow and unsatisfactory things are fame and the applause of the multitude! Even the trapeze performers seemed oppressed, perhaps by too much costume; and the clown was pensive and sad, as though haunted by his old dead jokes that "will not down." The "infant gladiators" presented anything but a classic appearance; and the smallest performer of all, who had seemed such a cherub in tights, showed as a very ordinary child of earth in a dilapidated blue-check pinafore. In short, all was disillusion and dreariness. So do these splendid creatures who, like the fairies, dazzle and disport at night, essentially disappear at morn, leaving only a magic ring to prove that they 've "been yar." The only unchanged countenance in the party was that of the stern father of many acrobats and equestriennes, who trains up sons to "make both ends meet," like poor government clerks, and throw somersaults like model politicians; and daughters to ride a two-horse act with equineimity and intrepidity, and move in the difficult and exalted sphere of a hoop set with knives. To that Spartan father the quiet little girl at his side was but a small female centaur, the lively baby in arms but a nursing athlete of infinite acrobatic possibilities. In the worn faces of all these unchildlike children there was no look of relaxation and relief. All seemed to say, "From sawdust we came, to sawdust we must return."

The entire morning after my arrival in Greeley I spent in driving about with some kind friends, and seeing everything of interest. We drove up to the head of the great irrigating canal in the Cache-la-Poudre River. The drive over the rolling prairie that breezy morning, with the green track of the beautiful stream, and the grand mountain ranges in sight, was very charming; and not the least of my enjoyment came from observing the fine condition of the flocks and herds all along our way. The terrible prickly-pear cactus was so thick that I could not see how, without iron-clad noses, the poor creatures could graze amid it; but they manage somehow to pick up a good living. Wonderful are the compensations Nature grants us, even in her most harsh and niggardly moods. This ugly, bristling, ubiquitous cactus of the plains when in flower makes the wild waste one vast deep blush of bloom. Then its nutritious fruit, much like the mandrake in taste, and even the pulpy inside of the plant itself, has saved many a lost or belated emigrant's life. They tell me, too, that the antelope uses a thicket of cacti as a sort of *chevaux de frise* when pursued by prairie wolves. With cactus on every side, she and her young ones are safe from their soft-footed, howling besiegers. So the ugly, bristling patch wherein they stand intrenched is to the antelope family pleasanter than a garden of roses, — is a prickly pear-adise.

The principal irrigating canal of Greeley is said to be twenty-six miles long. Branching out from this are countless ditches, each of which calls bloom and verdure, fruit and grain, from the brown, hard soil that has lain fallow for uncounted centuries. Every tiniest shout or gurgle of the swift, clear water is like a trump of resurrection to the dead earth. They have almost too much of a good thing here. They are intemperate in the use of water. They revel and riot in irrigation, and some points of the town, where the element seems to "wander at its own sweet will," bid fair to produce an unparalleled crop of mosquitoes.

The growth of foliage here is something marvellous. Trees which in June last were bare as telegraph-poles, now wear great crowns of leafy branches. It seems like the miracle of the Monk of Innisfallen, who planted his old staff in the sand, and it leaved out, budded, and blossomed on the instant. And yet they call Greeley "a slow place." Said one traveller to another on the cars the other day: "Don't stop in that town; you 'll die of the dulness in less than five hours. There is nothing there but irrigation. Your host will invite you out to see him irrigate his potato-patch; your hostess will excuse herself to go and irrigate her pinks and dahlias. Every young one has a ditch of his own to manage; there is not a billiard-saloon in the whole camp, nor a drink of whiskey to be had for love or money. The place is a humbug. Its morality and Greeleyisms will bust it up some day."

It is a fact that Greeley is a model temperance town. In every deed given for land is inserted this clause: "That it is expressly agreed between the parties hereto, that intoxicating liquors shall never be manufactured, sold, or given away in any place of public resort as a beverage on said premises; and that in case any one of these shall be broken or violated, this conveyance, and everything herein contained, shall be null and void."

Bad Tammany politicians will go to Greeley when they die. Yet I heard a curious story the other day. A traveller about starting for Long's Peak, from Greeley, wished to procure some whiskey as an antidote for the bite of the rattlesnake. Of course it was not to be had there, but he was advised to procure instead spirits of ammonia at the drug-store. Thinking, perhaps, that rattlesnakes at this season might be uncommonly thick and venomous, he had his quart flask filled, and he afterward said: "Really, if I had n't known better, I should have taken that ammonia for whiskey, and as good whiskey as ever I drank."

The women of Greeley seem to me to have great spirit and cheerfulness. Yet I felt that with their new, strange, wild surroundings, — the illimitable vastness of earth and sky, — with new labors and hardships and deprivations and discomforts, — with the care of all the ditchers that cometh upon them daily, — they must be discontented, unhappy, rebellious; and I tried to win from them the sorrowful secret. I gave them to understand that I was a friend to the sex, ready at any time, on the shortest notice, to lift up my voice against the wrongs and disabilities of women; that I deeply felt for wives and daughters whom tyrant man had dragged away from comfortable Eastern homes, neighborly cronies, and choice Gospel and shopping privileges. But the perverse creatures actually declared that they were never so happy and so healthy as they are here, right on the edge of the great American Desert; that they live in the sure hope of soon having more than the old comforts and luxuries around them; that, in short, the smell of the "flesh-pots of Egypt" has gone clean out of their nostrils.

In fact, I find Colorado women everywhere, on mountain or plain, in town or ranch, singularly courageous and cheery, and I think that the cause in great part lies in their excellent health. The pioneer women of Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois had in their time to endure similar hardships and privations, with ague and fevers thrown in. The spirit shook with the body; when the liver gave out, the heart soon failed.

If I was astonished at the buildings, fields, and gardens of this year-and-a-half-old colony, I was more astonished at the sight of the colonists, as I beheld them one night gathered in the Town Hall. There were so many of them, and they formed so gay and smiling a crowd, that I almost looked for the trap-doors, up which it seemed they must have come like the fairy folk in a Christmas spectacle; yet they looked like anything but fairies, — good, solid, earnest men and women, and stalwart lads and blooming girls. The faces of the men showed that they took the great New York journals, and were alive to all the issues of the day; and the fashions of the ladies showed that "Harper's Bazar" had found its way to their new homes.

Greeley is supposed to be essentially a "Tribune" community, or, for short, a Tribunity; but, though doubtless honoring their illustrious godfather, that their days may be long in the land they have irrigated, these colonists are people of independent thought and action, having their own ideas on morals, religion, and politics, and even on questions of amnesty, suffrage, and farming; very few of the colonists are agriculturists "to the manner born"; most are professional men. One whom I had seen last in college, I found moulding adobe brick with his own hands.

I don't believe that he turned out a poorer adobe article for knowing Latin and Greek. His fair wife, from a four-months-old garden, had produced fifty varieties of pink, besides hosts of other flowers. She says Nature, in this regenerated and baptized soil, seems resolved to make up for lost time by producing flowers in matchless profusion and brilliance of coloring. But it seems to me that she sends them out in such haste, that she forgets to scent them. They rather lack fragrance.

I have said a good deal about Greeley, not because I am particularly interested in it, but because I believe in the colony system out here, and this is the only one I have yet visited. I am told that the Chicago Colorado Colony at Longmont has a situation of unrivalled beauty, is in the best of hands, and "flourishes like a green-bay tree," or a young cottonwood. The St. Louis Colony, whose head-quarters are at Evans, a few miles this side of Greeley, is also full of promise, agriculturally and morally. It is young, but after the success of Greeley and Longmont it has no doubtful experiment to try. I am sorry it has not followed a good example in adopting a temperance constitution.

If you question Colorado settlers anywhere about those pests of the plains, alkali and rattlesnakes, they will answer like Michigan people about fever and ague, and Mississippi River people about mosquitoes, "None here, but a little farther on look out."

I always inquire about the rattlesnake, for the subject, like the reptile, has for me a fearful fascination. I came out to this Territory with almost a foreknowledge that I should encounter one on his native heath. I never see a prairie-dog, sitting at the door of his little house, without thinking of the horrible parlor-boarder below.

I started on our excursion to Platte Cañon the other day with a presentiment which amounted to a moral certainty that I should see a rattlesnake. I believe in presentiments,

> "Believing that they are
> In mercy sent, to warn, restrain, prepare."

This hung about me all day. I knew it must come, — a sight, at least of the deadly creature. At last, while following a narrow trail up the cañon, by a mysterious sort of mental illumination

I saw, just around a point, a large flat rock, and on that rock, coiled and ready to strike, the snake! Yet I did not turn back; I only went forward more slowly and cautiously, all sense resolved into sight and hearing. I rounded the point, and there, just as I had foreseen it, I found the flat rock, but not the snake.

September 4.

I should have chronicled some time ago an excursion on the Denver and Rio Grande Narrow-gauge Railway. We went out about fifteen miles,— as far as the rails were then laid. It was a charming day. We had a pleasant company of citizens and tourists, and all went "merry as a marriage-bell," in the old days, when marriages were of some account. On this railway you are struck at once with the reduced proportions of everything,— from the locomotive, which seems like a small variety of "the iron-horse," a fiery little Mustang, to the windows and lamps in the cars. The cars themselves are bright, pretty, diminutive affairs, cosey and comfortable. It seems like playing at railroading, especially as there is marvellously little noise or motion. Never have I known a train glide along so smoothly and quietly. The little engine "buckled right down to her work," like Chiquita, and made no ado about it for several miles, when, I grieve to say, she suddenly balked and had to be "switched." We took another horse, and went on merrily to the end of the road. Here we all alighted, and watched the men laying rails and driving spikes. The remorseless officers of the road insisted on my paying my way by driving a spike. It was a cruel tax on my "muscular Christianity." The newspaper report said that I "drove that spike home triumphantly." But I really thought it "would n't go home till morning."

This narrow-gauge road, when finished to El Paso, will be a wonderful route, for pleasure as well as commerce, as it will be almost unrivalled for variety and grandeur of scenery. The mountain views, the pictures of river and park and plain, between Denver and Colorado City, are especially magnificent.

On the 24th ultimo I started for a four days' tour among the mountains, with some kind and hospitable friends. We went first, by rail, some fifteen miles to Golden City, — "Golden," for short,

—which I found very picturesquely situated, backed by mountains, and barricaded, except at a grand natural gateway, by high rocks, some like palisades, some of a peculiar castellated form. Though Golden is a mining town, its mines are not of gold or silver or copper, but of coal. These lie in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are said to be of excellent quality. Golden is also a manufacturing town. It has fine water-power, running flour-mills, a paper-mill, a tannery, foundry, pottery, and several brick-yards. At present, the town has, notwithstanding its grand and picturesque surroundings, a bare and desolate aspect, owing to the lack of foliage. They have but lately had water enough to make the growth of even the cottonwood possible. Now that they have built aqueducts, and dug ditches, and made a requisition on Clear Creek to supply their deficiencies, there is a fair prospect of gardens and boulevards that will utterly transform this brown and arid spot, and make it worthy its enticing name. Clear Creek is a misnomer. Its once translucent current has of late years been roiled and spoiled by gulch-mining and crushing-mills in the mountains.

There is a wild Golden legend that tells how that venerated friend of Colorado, Hon. Horace Greeley, once came near losing his valuable life in Clear Creek. A vicious mule flung him off, right into the muddy torrent. He recovered himself, and calmly waded ashore; but he lost his hat. That also was finally recovered; but, alas! it was white no more.

The first college of the Territory, Jarvis Hall, a fine, picturesque edifice, with a grand, airy situation (it was blown down one night), is at Golden. It is under the especial patronage of Bishop Randall, and is an excellent institution.

Here is the present terminus of the Colorado Central Railroad, and from this point they are now working on the new narrow gauge up Clear Creek Cañon, to Black Hawk and Central. This road is to be finished next summer, and will be an incalculable benefit to both the mining and agricultural interests of the Territory. Captain Fred. Grant, son of the President, is doing engineer duty on this road, and is just now stationed at Golden, where he is very popular; winning, in fact, "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

Doubtless this is going to be a great place in the course of time, busy and noisy; but at present it is a nice, quiet retreat for invalids. It boasts a fine hotel, well kept. By the way, the landlady, Mrs. Abbott, was once a passenger in a stage-coach which was attacked on the plains by a band of chivalrous Cheyennes. She escaped, with several arrows sticking in her arms and shoulders. These romantic mementos, these primitive relics, should doubtless have prompted her and her friends to deal gently with the erring red man, but I don't think they did.

The head of our party, Mr. E. M. Ashley, of the Surveyor-General's office, had preceded us with his carriage, which we took here, and travelled the rest of our way with the utmost independence and comfort.

A little way out of Golden, where the road led up the bare, bleak, immense foot-hills, a bright vision flashed by us. It was a beautiful young lady on horseback, elegantly dressed and mounted, and riding superbly. In that wild and lonely spot, the effect was absolutely startling. The road from Golden to Central formerly led up Clear Creek Cañon, a grand route; but floods rendering that impassable, the present mountain road was constructed, which, though less picturesque, is far more safe and easy. Still it has its grand points. From the summit of Guy's Hill you have enchanting views onward to the snowy range, and back over the plains; and the descent, a marvellous winding way, is a magnificent piece of engineering. Indeed, our whole drive till we struck Clear Creek, in the neighborhood of Black Hawk, was a succession of vast and beautiful pictures. The mountain roads have astonished me by their excellence. The ascents and descents are admirably managed everywhere. I was agreeably surprised by the beauty and profusion of flowers and foliage on our way, though in too many places the mountain-sides had been ruthlessly denuded of all large timber, and there were here and there dark, desolate tracts, where fire had done its terrible work. We saw, as we ascended, few signs of animal life. All was stillness and quiet; not a mountain-sheep or young lion cheered our sight, not a wildcat or a bear enlivened the solitude. Now and then flocks of crows flung swift, black shadows on our way, and along the roadside, from rock to rock, "leaped the live lightning" of the ground-squirrel, and the shy gray gopher darted in and out of its hole in the bank.

By and by the holes in the hillside grew larger, and

I was told they belonged to human gophers,—were the marks of prospecting or the mouths of tunnels,—and I knew we were nearing the great mining region.

At the point where the road enters Clear Creek Cañon all beauty ends, for gulch-mining begins. It were, I fear, impossible to give one who has seen nothing of the kind an idea of the fearful transformation which this process works in a clear, beautiful mountain stream; of the violence and cruelty and remorselessness of its course; how it heads it off, and backs it up, and commits highway robbery upon it,—"Your gold or your life!"—how it twists it and tortures it, and dams it (no profanity intended), and ruffles and roils it by panning and sluicing and shaft-sinking, till its own pure mother-fountain up among the eternal snows would n't know it!

The sluices which abound in this gulch are narrow wooden channels with riffles in the bottom, up against which lurks the detective quicksilver, to arrest and hold the runaway particles of gold in the swift water. About once a week the water is turned off, and the gold collected. Men are kept at work carting gravel, or wheeling it in barrows, for these sluices. In some places they stood knee-deep in water, dipping up the precious mud. A more slavish business could not well be imagined. All the way up this deep gorge, on each mountain-side, are pits and tunnels of gold-seekers, most of them abandoned, and every few rods you come upon an idle shaft or crushing-mill, going to ruin. Many of these are but proofs of individual failure, lack of means, courage, or capacity, not of the absence of ore at those points. More are the monuments of stock-jobbing and all sorts of swindling enterprises. Many idle crushing-mills belong to companies owning rich mines, but at present paralyzed by the "freezing" operation; some few members, or one member owning a controlling amount of stock, having decided to stop work under pretence that the lead has given out, or does not pay. Of course, when the stock becomes satisfactorily depreciated, these clever managers buy it all up, and after a decent interval recommence work. They can afford to wait, the gold will not run away. Transactions of this kind, not taking into account "wild-cat" speculations, have done immense injury to the reputation and the interests of Colorado. But there is gold here, plenty of it, in spite of all these failures and disasters and monstrous swindles and mountainous lies, — gold, virgin pure, and waiting only for honest enterprise and manly energy and constancy. She waits for miners, not gamblers.

Though several large stamp-mills are at work in Black Hawk, I believe the smelting process is thought to be the best, as saving the largest percentage of gold. Hill's smelting works are the most extensive. In a large yard the ore is first subjected to a desulphurizing process. Wood is piled up as for charcoal burning, the ore laid on it, and covered with earth; then the wood is fired, and the precious mass above compelled to render up its unpleasant ghost. The smoke of its torment ascendeth up, and chokes the traveller on the high road. There is something fearfully suggestive in that dark hollow, with its never-quenched fires, and those columns of yellow, suffocating smoke; and I did not doubt the story I was told of a drunken man, who, having wandered in here and fallen asleep, awoke in the sulphurous atmosphere to gasp out, "In —— at last!"

Black Hawk is built on the little space of Clear Creek valley that mining could spare, and on the sides of two gulches, — Gregory and Chase, — all torn and tunnelled and riddled, almost tumbled into chaos by miners and panners and crushers and smelters; yet still the place had for me, as had Central, a profound, almost a tragic interest,—an impressiveness far beyond beauty of scenery or pomp of architecture. Here heroes have grappled with the hardest and dreariest conditions of life; have wrestled with nature for the possession of the secret so cunningly hidden for uncounted centuries; splendid minds have burrowed in these tunnels; great, loving, homesick hearts have toiled for love's and home's sake, down in these dark shafts,—have toiled till they broke. Rich as is all this wonderful region in silver and gold, it is yet richer in the heroic and pathetic elements of human life; in the strength and tenderness, courage and self-sacrifice, whose history can never be written. These are the best treasures of this rude mountain land; no human assayer can value them, no scales are fine enough to weigh them: imponderable, yet imperishable are they.

Narrow and dingy as is this mining town, its people are making a brave effort to give it a look of comfort, in pleasant private dwellings, neat churches and fine school-buildings, perched up against the mountain-side, where it would seem no building larger than a miner's hut could find lodgement. Scarcely a tree or shrub is to be seen, or even a flower, except it be in some parlor window; but, as we drove up into Central, we came upon a very pretty conservatory, attached to a neat cottage. It was something strangely cheering, yet touching, in the universal dreariness. It was like a stray leaf out of "Paradise Lost."

As we drove up the principal street of Central, which seemed to me narrower and steeper than almost any street in Edinburgh, Old Town, Mr. Ashley pointed out to me the sites of the famous Gregory and Bobtail lodes. The latter was named in memory of a certain unfortunate ox used by the original miner in drawing surface earth, in which he had discovered gold, down to the creek for washing. Would it have comforted the poor animal in summer-time to know that his abbreviated tail would be thus prolonged in history?

Central is a wonderfully busy and interesting place. Through its steep, rugged, and narrow streets pour swift, ceaseless currents of travel and traffic, — carriages, stages, loaded carts and wagons, trains of packed mules, miners in their rough, but picturesque garb; mounted drovers, eager-eyed speculators, sleepy-eyed Mexicans, sullen Indians, curious squaws, sunburned, lounging tourists. But the picture were somewhat somber, but for the pleasant lights given it by groups of merry children and bright-faced, handsomely dressed ladies. It is evident that there are happy homes in Central, and churches and school-houses, and that people think of something beside mines, though the town is built on Pactolean gulches, seven times washed; though the hills above it look like the walls of gigantic fortresses, thickly pierced as they are with tunnels, like monstrous portholes; though hundreds of men in it lie down to prospect in dreams, and rise up to pan or dig; though for many the gold fever dries up the very juices of youth, tinges all life with a fearful moral jaundice. People here, they say, mine in their cellars and wells and back yards, and a careful housekeeper examines her tea-kettle for gold deposits once a week. Gold is "i' the air" in dusty weather; and if you live long enough here, you may "eat your peck" of gold, instead of dirt of the common sort.

Colonel Frank Hall, the secretary of the Territory, to whom I fortunately had letters, did the honors of the town for us, — took us to the Miners and Mechanics' Institute, where we saw rare and beautiful mineral specimens; to shops, where elegant jewelry and silver-ware of native ore and home manufacture are sold; to the banks, where we saw both silver and gold, in bewildering quantities and in all forms, — nuggets and bars and dust, and in the ponderous shape in which it comes from the crucible. All this kindness, and much beside, was done with a charm of finished courtesy which, though it did not "gild refined gold," made us realize that there was something in Central better than gold.

We left Central about midday, and reached the new mining town of Caribou before sunset, — driving leisurely up and down, mostly up, excellent roads, and feasting our eyes all the way on beauty and sublimity. After rounding mountain point after mountain point, and passing several thriving mining settlements, we came, almost unaware, upon Caribou. This wild young city is the utter opposite to Central. Though nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is in a broad, deep, bowl-like valley, green and beautiful. Young as it is, — scarcely a year old, — there are evidences here of prevailing ideas of comfort and taste. It is compact, neat, and homelike. The stately evergreens with which this region abounds have not all been ruthlessly sacrificed. Beside almost every miner's cabin stands a tall pine, like a sentinel; and all the way up the valley, on the ground not built over, are lovely clumps of those steadfast comforters of a wintry climate and a "weary land." The whole place looked to me marvellously cheerful, as, embowered in unchanging green, it smiled back a brave answer to the threatening glare of the eternal snows, a little way above.

Still, to me, personally, there was a dreary sense of wildness and strangeness here. I knew not one of those brave miners, of those heroic women, who had set up their tabernacles here in the wilderness, just under the clouds and the snow. I could not think that a soul in all that busy community would have any interest in me. But when we stopped at the pleasant Planters' House, and the landlady, a bright, cheery, cordial-looking woman, came out to meet us, and said, "I am glad to see you," and spoke of having long ago read things which I supposed were long ago forgotten by all the world, and which I had tried to forget, I was strangely touched and cheered.

That evening we sat down to supper with a goodly company of "honest miners,"— men in rough clothes and heavy boots, with hard hands and with faces well bronzed, but strong, earnest, intelligent. It was to me a communion with the bravest humanity of the age, — the vanguard of civilization and honorable enterprise. I believe that Caribou is remarkable, even in this wonderful country and time, for the orderly, moral, and intelligent character of its people. Born after the evil reign of excitement and reckless speculation was past, mining life here is sober and laborious and law-abiding; we, at least, saw no gambling, no drunkenness, no rudeness, no idleness. A New England village, resting under the beneficent shadows of the school-house, an Orthodox church, and the county jail could not present a more quiet and decorous aspect. At night we fell asleep amid utter stillness and peace, and should have slept on till morning, but for the welcome disturbance of sweet music, — a really delightful serenade. We were almost as much charmed and bewildered by those exquisite strains of the violin and guitar, which seemed to us to come out of the moonlight and the soft night-winds, as was Prince Ferdinand by Ariel's music, in the wild air of the enchanted island. And yet it was in perfect harmony with the scene. It seemed like the shine of mountain-streams, the solemn shadows of pines, the glimmer of floating mists, and the purity of snows "sparkling to the moon," all translated into sound. In the morning, escorted by a gallant young miner, who won all our hearts by perfect courtesy, we set out for a toilsome climb up the mountain, to visit the great Caribou Mine. The ore of this now famous lode is exceedingly rich and practically inexhaustible. It was proposed that I should descend into this mine by the shaft, which is now sunk more than 200 feet, but my enthusiasm was soon damped by proving the moist and muddy condition of the ore as it came up. So I went farther up the mountain, to a moderately deep and dry mine, which I bravely descended in a bucket, and with my own hand chipped off a bit of silver ore, which I expect my posterity will piously preserve. It is all of that sort of thing they are likely to receive from me.

We then ascended the highest point in that immediate region, which was thereupon named after the one of the party least deserving of an honor, which should, I think, be conferred only on an actual settler. Nevertheless, I hereby warn all miners against prospecting or otherwise trespassing on my knob.

On this last ascent we were piloted by Ulysses Pugh, an old pioneer, bear and elk hunter, and miner of course, and he said we must see Samuel Conger, the hero of Conger Mountain, one of the discoverers of the Caribou lode, practical miner, and ex-Indian fighter. So we went to the shaft in which he is now working, and Samuel was evoked, and came up, like Samuel of old, only by a rope, hand over hand. Then we all sat down on the timbers by the mine, and the boys quit the windlass and stood by, and — but how can I describe the scene? The sunny slope of the mountain, all grassy and flowery, the murmuring pines and whispering aspens about us, the lovely valley below, the grand heights above, the deep cañon of the North Boulder at our right, glistening snows to our left, and underneath us silver enough to furnish tea-sets for every family in New England, and pap-bowls for all the babies. And the day,—just warm enough, just cool enough, balmy, beautiful, benignant, perfect,—one of God's own days. So, to sit there idling on that aromatic log, and listen to hunting and mining adventures and Indian stories which were the real thing, and no make-believes, from Samuel and Ulysses, ah! that was "richness." We parted from these two at last as from old friends, and they went back into their mines, from which may they come up some day rich as Eastern nabobs, and twice as jolly!

Our twenty miles' drive to Boulder City, over grand heights, through lovely little parks, and wild pine forests, and by the newly opened route down the North Boulder Cañon, then thrilled me with wonder and delight, and now fills me with despair. I know it is utterly indescribable. I have seen nothing in America that has so impressed and enchanted me. All the way, height and depth, and the immensity of mountain and gorge,—sheer granite walls, and massive, castle-like rocks,—are softened and shaded and glorified by beauty incomparable; by swift, bright, gurgling waters and silver cascades, and by luxuriant foliage of every imaginable shade of green, touched here and there by scarlet and gold and tints of ruddy brown, while every shadowy place is illuminated with flowers.

Boulder is a remarkably pretty town, exquisitely situated, just under the foot-hills, looking out on the prairie. It is well watered, and is in the midst of an agricultural region of great capabilities. The Buttes — sharp, bare, rocky elevations, a mile or so to the left of the town — make a striking and picturesque feature of the town landscape. On the sharpest of these, I was told, the Arapahoes once "corralled" a band of Utes, and kept them there several days. When the besiegers undertook to storm the heights, which their arrows would not reach, the Utes rolled down rocks, and so kept them at bay till relief came.

By the way, I met at Boulder, and freely conversed with, several old Indian fighters, — men to whose hardy valor and more than Roman firmness hundreds of the citizens of Colorado to-day owe their safety and the safety of their property. These frankly acknowledge that they were in the terrible battle known to us as the "Sand Creek Massacre"; and after hearing their several simple, straightforward statements, agreeing in every essential point, I should, had I been doubtful before, have been convinced that there were two sides to that dark and dreadful story.

I fully believe that these men felt driven by an awful, imperative necessity, when, after having been almost starved in their mountain camps by Indian depredations, and the cutting off of supplies, after coming upon the bodies of whole families of their friends and neighbors literally chopped to pieces, after having bodies of murdered women and children shown in the market-places of their towns, with wounds more eloquent than those of Cæsar, after despairing of efficient government aid, they undertook that long winter march, surprised that treacherous Indian camp, and made short, sharp work in dealing with its inmates. If the slaughter was indiscriminate, still I doubt not they were actuated by as stern a sense of duty as ever impelled to deeds of vengeance and extermination our pious Puritan sires, whose valiant deeds we glorify every Forefathers' day.

Still, I will add that these Sand Creek men, so frank, so manly, and withal so gentle now, were guilty of some excesses on that occasion. They fired alike on the squaws, who stood and fought, and the braves, who ran away; and they pillaged as well as slaughtered: for it has not been denied that they took from the wigwams of these "friendly Indians," peacefully camped "under the protection of Fort Lyon," stores of coffee and sugar, goods and bills of lading just captured with trouble and peril from trains on the Platte, and took also greenbacks and boxes of boots and shoes, and clothing of all sorts, only a little the worse for wear and blood, and precious relics, scalps of white women and children not yet dry. One soldier confessed that he brought away a delicate pair of shoes, a woman's shoes, which looked, he said, as though they had been filled with blood. Another soldier has ever since preserved as a memento, but has now given to me, a gayly painted shield, which he took from a slain brave, and which should have been tenderly buried with him, for it was doubtless a precious possession to the young man, being tufted with many eagle feathers, and especially decorated with a large scalp of fine, soft, brown hair, evidently that of a young white girl. But really now, my dear friend, if those gory shoes had belonged to your mother or mine, and if that beautiful hair had been torn from the head of your dear daughter or mine, and we had not been prejudiced in favor of the Indians, we should, perhaps, have thought that measures of retaliation and protection, somewhat severe, were about that time justifiable. In our human weakness, we might have said, The swifter, the sterner, the more terrible and thorough the punishment for such deeds the better. We might at this day be less hard in our judgment on the desperate men pointed out as "the savage leaders" in that massacre, and less inclined to pen savage "leaders" against the poor harassed settlers of Texas and Arizona. All through our beautiful drive back to Denver, over those soft rising swells of the prairie which merge into the billowy foot-hills, out of which tower the mighty granite waves of the great range, — through all those smiling, peaceful scenes, I carried that barbaric shield, a hideous memento of a time of terror and bloodshed only a little way back in the past. Every now and then those soft, girlish locks were blown against my hand, and always the touch sent to my heart a thrill of wondering pity. Poor child! "Who was her father? Who was her *mother?*"

That night the strange trophy was in my chamber, and I could not sleep. I seemed to be alternately haunted by the murdered girl, who was the original owner of the scalp, and by the bereaved brave to whom it had belonged by right of conquest.

Captain Aikens of Boulder, a hardy, handsome old pioneer, told me some interesting Indian stories, which I regret that I have not room for here. One of his peculiar expressions amused me. Describing the astonishment of an Arapahoe chief who came to warn him away from his mine, and whom he in turn threatened and defied, he said, "Why, you could have lariated his eyes!"

Another miner, while gazing on a friend whom he found after an Indian raid, lying by his cabin dead, scalped, and stuck as full of arrows as a St. Sebastian, said, mournfully, "Poor fellow! he has gone over the range."

Another, on seeing a bald-headed stranger approaching the camp, exclaimed, "Hello, boys! here comes a man with his head above timber line."

IDAHO SPRINGS, COL., September 9, 1871.

I left Denver on the morning of the 7th by stage for this celebrated mountain watering-place. I was an outside passenger, — indeed, had the place of honor by the side of the driver, a famous Jehu, known only to me as "Hi," which is probably "short" for Hiram. Along the wildest and steepest parts of the route he drove six fiery steeds in a delightfully reckless style, spinning along by quite satisfactory precipices. Over one of these, he told me, his leaders once fell and dangled and "screamed," and he alone held up the others and saved the coach! How is that for Hiram? And we had a "thunder-storm in the Rocky Mountains," which approached as near the real thing as nature can get to Bierstadt, and saw real Indians lurking under the aspens by the roadside. It is true the storm was soon over, and the savages consisted of a small brave of some twelve summers, two squaws, and a pappoose; but such little incidents give a dash of adventure and romance to travel in this dull country, where there are no railroad disasters and no brigandage. The Indians about here are mountain vagrants, belonging to the "friendly Ute" tribe. These are they who rallied to the protection of our beloved Vice-President and his party against a threatened attack from the Arapahoes in the Middle Park, some three years ago, and who afterward gave their distinguished *protégés* rather more of their society than was quite agreeable; there being at the best more of the *Utele* than the *dulce* about it.

By the way, a pleasant fellow-outsider entertained me that morning with some accounts of Indian fights and scares, and one quite singular Indian ghost-story. An officer of the commissary, he said, related that once, while on a business expedition to one of these mountain tribes, he was sitting at night in a wigwam with several chiefs, smoking and conversing amicably, when suddenly the Indians sprung up with looks of terror and ran out. He followed and inquired the meaning of the stampede, and was told that the ghost of a lately deceased brave had appeared in their midst. He looked back into the wigwam and saw only the favorite dog of the departed chief, which was behaving very strangely, leaping up and fawning on the air, with every sign of canine delight and affection. The awe-struck Indians said, "He sees his master."

How *they* saw him, when the white man could not, I did not learn, nor how long for the dog the vision lingered, but it is pleasant to think that the poor animal's loving demonstrations could not have been cut short by a brutal blow or kick. I think, if I were the dog or the squaw of a noble savage, I should prefer him in such an unsubstantial shape.

This animal seership is not a new idea. I remember a beautiful old picture of the "Nativity of the Virgin," by Murillo, I think, in which no one of a large group of elderly gossips and pretty maidens, come to see the baby, perceives an angel also looking on with mild interest, but a dog evidently sees the celestial visitor, and is sniffing in an awe-struck manner at his cerulean robes.

The fellow-passenger I have referred to I found a refined and cultivated gentleman. He came to Colorado several years ago, fresh from Harvard, and has been ever since engaged in mining or superintending a mine. Though all his golden dreams have not been realized, he loves this grand mountain-land too much to leave it. Another gentleman tells me that in some localities three out of five of the practical miners are college-bred men. Two ex-professors of Yale are said to be mining at Caribou.

Idaho is cosily ensconced in a most picturesque valley, on the south branch of ubiquitous Clear Creek. It is still a modest little place, but it has two excellent hotels, and the sulphur springs and soda-baths are making it a most attractive point for invalids. The warm swimming-baths are especially delightful, and are said to be most efficacious in cases of skin disease and rheumatism. The water is singularly buoyant ; one would find it difficult to commit suicide in it, without, like Merdle, calling in the aid of a penknife.

I have not been able to make any excursions, or to visit any of the mines in this vicinity, as the "big rains are in," and after such an unprecedented dry season, we can hardly count on fair weather very soon. I found here Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Cox, old Columbus and Washington acquaintances, genial companions always, but now, with their sympathies quickened and their pleasant wit stimulated by deep draughts of the new wine of life from the wild vintages of California and Colorado, they overflow with kindly feeling and joyous spirits. There is also at this nice hotel — the Beebee House — a delightful family from my native State, who, having spent a whole summer here, are yet unwilling to depart. Everybody seems friendly here. Very slight, sometimes, are the grounds of special sympathy and acquaintance. Mr. Cox says it reminds him of a friendly innkeeper at Alcantara, who, on hearing he was from New York, said, with generous effusion, "Ah, Señor, I feel acquainted with you! I have a friend in Brazil."

Idaho is thought a better point for consumptives than Georgetown; but I think, from all I can learn, that such invalids should not come into the mountains at all, but stop at Greeley, Denver, Golden, or Boulder, or at a lovely place among the pines called "Wilson's," about half-way between here and Denver. The very quality of this upper mountain air, which renders it almost a certain cure for asthma, its extreme rarity makes it hurtful to lungs badly diseased. There have been several sad cases this year of sudden deaths from hemorrhages. Invalids, intoxicated by the ethereal purity of the air, stimulated by scenery so new and grand, led on and up by the enticing mysteries of mountain gorge and torrent and lake, and by the splendors of snowy heights, that mock and yet allure, exhaust themselves before they are aware, and sink with fearful rapidity.

I have no doubt, however, that with proper care and comfortable and quiet living, decided consumptive tendencies can be overcome, and firm health established in Colorado. Bronchitis and sore-throat are usually cured, but catarrh is likely to be aggravated on the plains and foot-hills at least, probably by the dust and wind-storms.

As for confirmed asthmatics, — unhappy men and women who, like shipwrecked mariners perishing of thirst, with "water, water everywhere," gasp and fight for their scanty breath in a world of air, — they who find it not difficult to realize the sufferings of men suffocated in mines, or the horrors of the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, — they who once a year at least must rehearse the death-agony, yet cannot die, — for them, brothers and sisters in affliction, I have to say that I do not believe there is out of Heaven such a place as the mountain land of Colorado. The higher I have gone thus far, the better it has seemed for me. Even the brief dampness which here follows a storm seems not to be hurtful, so unlike is it to the harsh, raw dampness of the East and North. But when the air is perfectly dry it is to me the most buoyant and delicious. It has all the ethereal properties of champagne. I drink it in long, deep draughts. The worst of it is, it goes to my head, and I do not sleep well. I have here a peculiar lightness of the brain, as well as of the spirits. This may be a temporary effect, due in great part to mental excitement. Real mountaineers are famous sleepers, I believe.

This Idaho valley, now so bare of all verdure and foliage, was once grassy and thickly wooded. It has been wasted and despoiled of all such beauty by the gold-seekers, principally gulch-miners. In one place the golden stream had been so severely dealt with, — its very bed taken out from under it, pits dug beside it, rocks tumbled about, — that I exclaimed, "Surely, mining did not do all this; it looks like a convulsion of nature!"

"A convulsion of *human* nature, madam," said a fellow-traveller.

Towering above Idaho, in full sight from the hotel, is that interesting family group of mountains called the Chief, the Squaw, and the Pappoose, — the only dignified "noble savages" and really "friendly Indians" I have yet seen, and the only ones not likely to move on. The poor Chief has lost his scalp-lock; that is, his head is "above timber line," being over eleven thousand feet high.

It is so rainy that we cannot make the acquaintance of this aboriginal "first family." Mr. Cox, with an adventurous friend, did make the ascent day before yesterday to Chicago Lakes, to seek the scene of Bierstadt's "Storm," and got it, — the storm. The grand scene kept up its reputation, hailed the distinguished gentlemen, gave them a thunderous greeting, and illuminated for them with sharp lightnings. Old Congressmen as they were, and accustomed to public appearances, they were quite overwhelmed with their reception; and when they retired to rest in an abandoned log-cabin, lacking the little luxury of a roof, and the demonstration was kept up, they confessed that it was possible to have too much of the sublime and beautiful — of the Bierstadtic order. During that night of grand storm "effects" and unusual length, our poetic Democratic friend was never once heard to quote appropriate passages from "Childe Harold," but, strangely enough, as he lay there cowering under his blanket, and clinging close to his companion, an old schoolfellow, his lips every now and then gave forth a well-remembered cry of his childhood, desolate and wondrous pitiful, "O Mark, I want to go home!"

The great painter of twenty-tnousand-dollar pictures should have been there again, to have painted "Sunset" on the Rocky Mountains.

GEORGETOWN, September 20.

On a fair but fickle morning succeeding a night of storm, I drove up from Idaho with my genial friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cox. The valley of South Clear Creek is, between the Springs and Georgetown, peculiarly picturesque and lovely. Every now and then it opens out into miniature parks, green and flowery; and the stream itself — now sweeping along in the shadow of grand mountains, now flashing in the sunlight — is not only beautiful, but has a charm of its own, of mystery and destiny, is suggestive, with its alluring shine and silvery tattle, of vast treasures hid away in the wilds from which it comes. This Clear Creek, in all its course, in all its branches, is a marvellous, enticing stream.

Georgetown nestles like a darling close up against these great mountains, that tower protectingly above her some two thousand feet. It lies most of the day in shadow. Old Summit heads off the morning light; Republican anticipates "the evening shades." Here we see neither sunrise nor sunset. I miss the latter; the former is not of much account.

At the Barton House, the fashionable hotel of the town, we met some friends who had previously invited us to a "miners' dinner," at a mountain ranch about two miles above the town. We followed up the cañon by a steep, wild, winding road, amid gathering mists and under heavy threatening clouds. On the way, the gentlemen left the carriage to follow out a rocky point, from which to look down on a peculiar, narrow passage in the creek, called the Devil's Gate. This I have since seen, and found really grand. A lady tourist visited it awhile ago, leaving her little daughter in the care of a friend in Georgetown. On her return, the child ran up to her in great excitement, exclaiming, "O mamma! was the Devil at home?"

The ranch to which we had been invited belongs to the rich Silver Plume Mine, and is perched up among the pines on a grand rocky ledge, commanding one of the most wild and striking, yet lovely views of this region. The house, neat, commodious, and even picturesque, is Bachelors' Hall, where no feminine housekeeper intrudes, where no Dinah molests, and no Biddy maketh afraid. Two of the managers of the mine, Mr. S—— and Colonel G——, are the proprietors of the establishment, though their friend, Judge B——, has all the privileges of the house, — to eat, and sleep, and cook, and wash dishes. There our hosts, courteous and cultivated gentlemen, set us down to a well-appointed table, and served us to course after course of meats admirably cooked and vegetables in bewildering variety. For dessert we had pudding, fruits, and three kinds of pie. I have always had a misgiving that our monopoly of the kitchen department is a usurpation, and this experiment convinced me that we have carried things with too high a hand. After that most remarkable and jolly dinner — a revolutionary banquet — was over, Mrs. Cox and I meekly proposed to assist in the "clearing up," and were finally permitted to wipe the dishes. We did our best, perceiving that ou formance was watched very critically. Such ne ness, such order in kitchen and pantry, filled us with envious despair. Yet I would not have men displaying such domestic faculties disfranchised. I would rather, if I could, encourage such rare virtues by frequent visits to the Silver Plume House.

By the way, gentlemen visitors before accepting the hospitalities of our brave mountaineers, bachelors for the nonce, are required to subscribe to the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. Guests, upon arrival, will divest themselves of their hats and coats, and proceed to make themselves useful.
2. Meals served when they are ready.
3. No lights allowed in the rooms after the candles have burned out.
4. No gambling allowed in the house unless the landlord is in the game.
5. If you wish any water, the creek is seventy yards south of the house, and the pail in the kitchen.
6. No complaints of the servants will be tolerated.
7. If your boots require shining, the blacking and brushes are behind the door, — shine away.

8. If the cooking does not please you, the larder, stove, and wood are at your disposal.

9. The only brand of spirits or wines allowed to be drunk in the house is the O. P. (other people's) brand.

10. Any guest not liking these rules is at liberty to help himself to mustard.

The "Silver Plume" is one of the prettiest and most suggestive names yet given to a mine. Some are very striking, like the "Terrible," and some odd and ludicrous, like the "Bobtail," the "Big Thunder," the "Spondulics," the "Poor Woman," and the "Spotted Jack." The legend of the latter is, that as a prospector reached a certain point on a mountain trail, his pack animal, a piebald Jack, stopped short, braced himself, and utterly refused to budge another step. Neither blows nor blandishments had any effect. Could he have spoken, as spake one of his kind when belabored by the Prophet Balaam, he might have said: "Why beatest thou thy servant? Beholdest thou not the angel of fortune standing in the trail before us, with a drawn silver sword? Seest thou not the 'blossom rock' at thy feet?"

At last the miner chanced to perceive in the soil on which he stood the sure indication of ore, and in his gratitude, and as an *amende honorable* for the beating, bestowed upon the lode then discovered the name of "Spotted Jack." Here may have been a donkey diviner, an inspired ass. Such things have been.

The next day's event was a horseback excursion to Green Lake, a beautiful and unique sheet of water, lying high up among the mountains in a deep, dark privacy of rock and pine. Just beyond it is a wonderful wild spot, known as the Battle-Ground of the Gods, where the valley is covered many feet deep with rocks, immense boulders, which have been hurled down, in some awful tumult of the elements, from the mountains on both sides.

Green Lake is a pleasure resort, with nice buildings and boats, at present in charge of three young miners resting from severer labors. We found them remarkably cultivated and courteous young gentlemen. They rowed us to the upper end of the lake, where there is a singular natural curiosity. Far down under the clear, green water are to be seen large round rocks, covered with a peculiar kind of moss, which gives them a remarkable resemblance to the lobes of the human brain. I remarked to the honorable gentleman from New York, that it was a pity this great natural deposit of brains was not more contiguous to the capital of our country, — there might be a chance for a contract to supply Congress. Came the withering reply, "Yes, madam, and the newspaper people; I'm opposed to monopolies."

We made very good time down the mountain, hurried by low, muttered threats of thunder, and gentle hints of lightning, with a mild suggestion of drizzle, and, finally, unequivocal expressions in the shape of big, dancing drops of rain. Just as we reached the sheltering porch of the hotel, a silvery sheet of hail shut down upon us like a portcullis.

That afternoon my pleasant companions left me, left with Colorado not half seen, — he at the call of his country and the Ku-Klux committee, she at *his* call, though Snake River Pass beguiled and Gray's Peak allured. All that dreary night it stormed, and in the morning the mountains on three sides of us were white with snow. O strange, wild scene!

O marvellous leap, from midsummer into December!

But the next day was mild and bright, and election day. I watched the gathering of the clans, the passing of processions and brass bands, with unusual interest. These manly men, brave pioneers and miners, seem to make much of the privilege of electing their county officers, are thankful for small favors in the way of the franchise. I never looked upon an election crowd more earnest and orderly, or so intelligent looking. The "mire of politics," the corruption of the polls, did not seem to have hurt them much. The Judge of Probate, elected by an unprecedented majority, is a young man of twenty-four. Colorado is the paradise of young men; but they must be young men of talent, energy, tact, pluck, and of a fiery yet chivalrous spirit.

I was that night present at a sumptuous supper given by the Judge elect, in his elegant house, to the band, — all young Englishmen, and all miners on the great "Terrible" lode. They were accompanied by the foreman of the mine, a very intelligent Cornishman, and by their superintendent, Mr.

Olds, a gentleman of remarkable talent and cultivation, and the pleasantest of companions. It was, I confess, something of a surprise to me to find all these "Terrible" fellows so intelligent, so well dressed, so agreeable. Transformed from gnomes into very agreeable fellow-creatures, they passed with ease and dignity from the "shaft" to the stairway, and from the "drift" to the drawing-room.

The candidate they honored did not treat them, had not treated any man that day to anything stronger than coffee and cigars. "O wise young Judge!"

A day or two later I rode up the creek to the "Terrible," kindly escorted by Mr. Olds. Here I first entered a great tunnel, lighting my own way by a flickering candle. Twice we had to stand aside, — cower close up against the wall, out of the way of a loaded car, — and once we were arrested by miners running out of a "drift," with the warning cry of "Fire," followed almost immediately by the dull thunder of a blast. After the suffocating smoke had somewhat cleared away, we followed up the "drift," and clambered over the fresh heap of rock torn down by the blast. That and the great timbers at the entrance of the drift, and the steep iron ladder reaching to the level above, gave me my first full realization of the stupendous, titanic labor necessary to the mere opening of a mine; for though the "Terrible" has turned out a great deal of excellent ore, its superintendent considers that they have only yet made "a small beginning." The great "Burleigh Tunnel," a little way down the valley, has gone in nearly twelve thousand feet, and has not yet reached "paying ore." This great work is being executed by monstrous drills, driven by atmospheric pressure. Of course, just before those mighty engines shines the great lead.

After leaving the tunnel we visited the other works, and I became tolerably familiar with all the laborious processes of sorting, dressing, and washing the ore. Everything of the kind is strangely interesting to me, and the faith, the energy, the constancy, the hard, heroic industry of these men excite in my heart the most respectful admiration.

In the cabin of one of the miners I saw an engaging pair of pets, — a pretty black-and-tan terrier and a peaceful tiger-marked cat, — who are the most gentle and jolly comrades, frolicking together by the hour, and going off together to hunt the ground-squirrel. Together, they follow the miner when he goes sporting or prospecting, trotting after him all day, and creeping under his blanket at night. The terrier is called "the dog of the mine," ready to be caressed by every hand; but the cat is exclusive in her devotion, and it is scarcely safe for a stranger to touch her. She seems to take the caninity from her playfellow, and to have bestowed her felinity upon him.

On our way down the mountain we met the Green Lake boys, out on a prospecting tour, probably. When they first came to the Territory they invested all they possessed in a mine, which proved a failure; but not daunted or discouraged, they are as ready as ever to hurl all their energies and resolve at the stony heart of the mountain. I wish them good luck, yet all I see here convinces me that mining without capital is a phantom. Only large means can insure large results. It is only when the greedy earth is gorged with a great deal of money, that it will disgorge a little gold and silver. Capital bears as hard on labor here as elsewhere. I am told the law requires that the poor miner, before he can even get out a patent to secure his claim, must put upon it $1,000 in labor and machinery. This and his surveys necessitate an outlay of $1,200 to begin with. Then there is his support, and often that of a family, with the cost of living fearfully high. So it is that we find the ground in some mining regions honeycombed with abandoned claims. Boarded-up tunnels and idle windlasses are far oftener indications of the failure of means in the miner than of ore in the mine. The running of railroads into this region, and the consequent reduction in the cost of transportation, labor, and living, will work a great revolution. Colonel Thomas A. Scott is the "coming man" for Colorado. His name, if he carries out the grand enterprises ascribed to him, will be lettered in silver and gold on the granite of the Rocky Mountains. But for the present let the poor man come here, if come he must, with no wild dreams of sure and speedy success. Fortune must here be wooed, not only with heart and a strong hand, but a full purse.

September 22.

There is in Georgetown a certain old pioneer, prospector, soldier, journalist, philosopher, and friend, by name Stephen Decatur, but accosted everywhere in the Territory, where every man must have a title or a sobriquet, as "Commodore," — a man known of all tourists, and well beloved of miners and little children. To this pleasant and well-informed acquaintance I am indebted for the crowning pleasure of my visit to the mountains, — an excursion to the Divide and Snake River Pass.

We set forth early this morning under a glorious assurance of sunshine and clear skies, which held out to the end. The drive of ten miles through a lonely valley, along a winding road continually ascending, was to me a succession of delicious surprises. The aspens, which grow profusely along this creek and for some distance up the mountain-sides, and the low shrubs and plants, were touched by late frosts into exquisite shades of gold and scarlet and crimson and brown, lighting up the grand gloom of the pine and spruce; then the mountains, towering above us in majestic beauty, marred here and there though their stern faces were by tunnel-wounds and boom-ditch gashes. It makes one dizzy to look to some of the points at which the miners are at work. They have tapped the mountain at elevations one would say only a wild bird could reach. At last gleamed before us, above the gloom and the green and the gold, the distant, defiant peaks, where eternal snow and silence and mystery brood over the secrets of nature, which as yet men can only guess at.

As we drew nearer to the snow-crowned mountains, and wound up toward the pass, it was curious to mark the gradations by which the foliage of the valley disappeared. The aspen, trembling and shrinking more and more, gave out first; the sturdy pine kept on bravely for a while, but seemed to cower toward the earth, became cramped and distorted, "peaked and pined," straggled in the march, and at last fell back. We had passed "timber line;" and there remained only a few scant grasses and brave little flowers and small lichen-like plants, which kept along with us to the very summit of the pass.

Fortunately, the air was soft and almost perfectly clear, so that it was pleasant for us to linger on the very highest point of the pass, and possible for us to see a great distance on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides of that wonderful mountain world. Six miles to our right was Grey's Peak, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It scarcely seemed more than two miles away. We could easily see a party of tourists toiling up to the dazzling summit. When we marked through what heavy snows they were obliged to make their way, we were quite content with our 12,500 feet. There were a few patches of snow on the point we occupied, quite enough for the indispensable snow-balls, and not too much for comfort. I sat there on that bare, desolate peak long enough to let the vast, grand scene sink deeply and ineradicably into my memory. It was more solemnly grand to me than any Alpine scene I remember. The Alps, I think, are more wild and broken and jagged; they lack the awful repose of these stupendous shapes; they dazzle more with their glaciers and astonish with their white, sharp heights: these overwhelm one with their vastness, their solidity, their mighty, dome-like swells. They seem to be taking a continent to themselves; you can scarcely imagine any land beyond them. It strikes me it is like the difference between a sea tossed by a sudden tempest, broken, tumultuous, and foaming, and a sea subsiding after a great storm, rolling, dark and sullen, in mighty swells, with only the mightiest capped with the white froth of its fury.

The road leading down into the valley of the Snake River seems one of most enticing perilousness and beauty. It was hard for me to turn back without exploring it and the lovely parks and wild cañons beyond. But the time is almost come when I must turn my steps from Colorado altogether.

We ate our lunch, seated among the rocks by the roadside, sharing our "grub-pile" with the road-master and toll-gatherer, — a Colorado soldier, a man of much intelligence and genial feeling, whom it would be pleasant to meet anywhere; and before we left the range there came along a young prospector and hunter, who told me how he had been "corralled" up a tree by a she-grizzly, which also was a pleasant and piquant incident.

I must not forget to record still another little incident of this day of days.

Just as we passed "timber line," in our ascent, a little brown bird started out from a bush by the roadside, and flew along before us, evidently leading the way, giving out now and then a cheery chirp of welcome and encouragement. From rock to rock, up all the dreary way, past steep declivities, over banks of snow, it flitted; pausing, when we paused to give our panting horses breath, and looking back at us, always with that patronizing chirp and a pretty sidelong bob of the head. Dear little friendly creature! Blithe spirit of the solitude! A palpitating joy, — vocal, yet unconscious love and courage and thanksgiving, — unawed by those awful white heights, by those dark depths, by the vastness and loneliness and solemn silence of that upper world, it bathed in the soft air and radiant sunshine, and so nestled in the bosom of Nature and of God.

I shall leave Georgetown, and particularly the house in which I have been most tenderly entertained, with keen regret. The town itself, though charmingly situated, is not attractive to Eastern eyes. It sadly lacks foliage; it is rocky and stumpy; and some of its streets are needlessly rough and steep. But the people are singularly cordial and agreeable. They are truly democratic in their greeting to strangers. The rich capitalist is received as handsomely as the honest miner come to seek his fortune. The elegant tourist or sportsman, even if he be an English lord, is treated kindly, if he shows a disposition to rise to the conditions of the new life around him, and rough off his rank.

The new narrow-gauge railroad from Golden to Central is to be continued to Georgetown. This will not only be an immense help toward the development of the mines, but will make the town more than ever the resort of tourists and invalids. New hotels will be built, and rustic cottages; and the suffering and the sensible, and, alas! the fashionable and the pretentious, will set in upon it in crowds. Saratoga trunks, if they can get on the narrow-gauge, will come in. Hitherto, the immense charges for extra baggage have almost laid an embargo on them. Actresses coming to Colorado have been compelled, at a painful sacrifice of their modesty, to "shed the light frivolity of dress" in a great measure. But by another season or two, belles in distracting French toilets will invade tunnels and crushing-mills, and descend into shafts, and plunge into drifts, and storm the "Devil's Gate."

DENVER, September 27.

A week ago I came down from the mountains, and somehow have not felt much like finishing my letter since. An outside stage-coach drive of fifty miles, beginning at 6 A. M. in a shadowed mountain valley and a mild November temperature, and ending at 2 P. M. in the unmitigated sun-glare of the plains, in the dust and fierce heat of midsummer, was not altogether an agreeable or healthful little trip; but I lived through it, — just. If I were not in Colorado, I should think myself ill.

Our coach was heavily loaded with passengers and mineral specimens bound for the great State Fair at Denver, and our driver remorselessly bent on making the best time possible; and yet no accident happened, except at the very start, when the renowned Hiram's whiskey-flask, lying on the seat behind him, became uncorked, and the precious contents ran all abroad. Rather more than was quite agreeable came on to my side. Some vile punster in the company remarked that it was "a good thing to start on a journey in a fine flow of spirits." We laid the dust with "mountain dew," — we made the very air drunk as we dashed along. Hiram's last name is the same as that borne by a family somewhat eminent in American politics, and of which four brothers were once in Congress together. I ventured to ask him if he also was of that family. The honest fellow drew himself up haughtily, touched up his leaders, and replied, "No: there are four brothers of us, but we are all stage-drivers."

The first distant view of the plains stretching out beyond Table Mountain, as you descend the foot-hills, is surpassingly grand. To me it was even grander than the mountains in the background, — so vast, so illimitable it seemed. And the sight was strangely touching as more suggestive of human life and death, of enterprise, of struggle, of suffering. And how inspiring was the first view of Denver! Young Empress of the Plains, to whom the old, kingly mountains pay tribute from their hidden treasure-chests, — fair desert child of this wondrous golden age, with her stirring yet pathetic legend, strange and wild and tragic, — a city founded in peril, isolation, hardship, and heroism.

October 4.

On coming down from the mountains I found the great fair in full blast. On the second day there were some very exciting trotting-matches between Colorado Chief and Richard the Third. If the horses were not quite equal to Dexter and Goldsmith Maid, our crowd was quite as enthusiastic as a Long Island crowd could be, and bets were lively. I observed one venerable man betting with a small boy, in an instructive moral way; and when his horse won, he pocketed the little fellow's three cents "with a smile that was childlike and bland." There was some good running of handsome horses; and how restive and fiery they were, and how many men it took to hold them! They were ridden by gayly costumed young jockeys, quite in the style of our pious ancestors. There were mule-races wild and laughable, and on the last two days "the ancient tournament," and racing by "friendly Utes." In the tournament appeared gay young knights, gorgeously apparelled, of all known and unknown orders, who, with gleaming lances tilted gallantly, not at one another, but at rings suspended over the track before the judges' stand; and a Scotch knight, a modest youth of seventeen summers, having borne off the most rings, was at last declared victor, and crowned with a resplendent wreath which he afterward, under the direction of the herald or marshal, placed on the fair head of his chosen "queen of love and beauty,"—all of which was very fine and feudal, and suggested Ivanhoe and Eglinton and Astley's.

The Indians were to race for two dazzling prizes,—a saddle and a bridle, manufactured especially to suit their sumptuous taste. They were a rather melancholy band of Utes, mounted on sorry ponies; and some came on the ground accompanied by their squaws and pappooses, wearing like them an appearance the reverse of festive. The Ute is of a squat figure and of a broad, blank countenance. It is difficult to tell the mounted braves from the wild belles who gallop through the streets with them; for alike they wear rouge and ear-rings, part their back-hair, and ride astride. With my advanced ideas on the woman question, I have been gratified at this indication of natural equality,—gratified to see that the noble red woman so nearly resembles the stern lord whose burdens and blows she bears; that her countenance is marked, equally with his, by that lofty stoicism and quick sensibility, that princely pride and native modesty, that keen-eyed sagacity and childlike trustfulness, that matchless subtlety and fearless honesty, that iron resolve and plastic gentleness, which we read of in the pleasing romances of Cooper and the Peace Commissioners.

The first preparation made for the race by the Indian competitors was the stripping off of saddles and all unnecessary ornaments from their ponies, and the discarding of a large portion of their own classic drapery. It was an audacious undress parade. The ponies, thus lightened, ran astonishingly well, and the prizes were borne off by the victors in stolid triumph. All the Indians, to my surprise, rode in solemn silence. I was afterward told that the usual savage yell had been prohibited by the marshal. It was one of the reserved rights of the civilized Caucasian crowd, and you would not have known theirs from the native article.

In the next day's race, one of the two best ponies balked, when about half round the course, and the singular sight was presented of the rider of the other horse pulling up, and waiting till his rival should be able to go on. Here is a fact for the philanthropists and a lesson to the Christian jockey.

Just before the Indians started on the first race, it was perceived that the iron tournament-rings hanging over the track had not been removed. They were hastily taken down, and perhaps a sad accident averted. Ah! had the danger been overlooked, — had the poor Indian, ever the victim of "rings," dashed out his brains against one of these, — what a sensation it would have created in exalted Eastern circles! what a story would have gone forth of the unsuspecting Ute, decoyed into the fair-grounds, and "butchered to make a Denver holiday!"

There was the usual display of lady equestrianism; a good deal of solemn cantering around the track, and up and down before those awful judges; and all was very proper and commonplace, except the performances of a certain young lady, who rode "a bare-back act" on a spirited white horse which she sat with the utmost ease and dignity, and managed admirably. Unlearned in the mysterious ways of fair committees, I supposed that here was, of course, the "elect lady," who would take the first prize by acclamation. But she did not take it, nor the second, nor the third. I should have liked to set those inscrutable judges, and that gay young man, the marshal, each on a bare-backed, high-mettled steed, and I would have compelled them to ride sidewise and encumbered with a long, heavy skirt. After galloping and caracolling about that course for a few times, I think their respect for such performances would have increased. But perhaps they thought bare-back riding something unfeminine and reformatory, and were of the opinion that the side-saddle was one of the sacred emblems of a model woman's lop-sided sphere. But, for all that, I hold the lady displayed rare horsewomanship.

I have dwelt much on the equine character of this great occasion, because, like most State and county fairs nowadays, it was little more than a grand horse-show, with an agricultural attachment, and some original and ab-original features.

Still, the buildings devoted to farm products and mineral specimens were always crowded, and were to me by far the most interesting departments. I had seen elsewhere as grand-looking stock; but nowhere on earth had I ever beheld such immense, such Brobdingnagian vegetables. Think of early potatoes, sound and sweet to the core, weighing six pounds apiece! Consider a turnip weighing twenty-two pounds! Bring your mind up to a cabbage of fifty pounds! Shudder before an awful blood-beet of sixteen pounds, and make obeisance before a pumpkin actually weighing a hundred and thirty pounds! I really reverence that pumpkin, that mountain avalanche of summer sunshine. I would make a pulpit of it, or the platform of a woman's rights convention, or put it to some other sacred and dignified use. Think of Spanish cucumbers by the yard, and wheat, oats, and barley more than six feet tall. You need not be surprised to have a Colorado friend write to you from his ranch in this wise: "Sitting in the cool shade of a stalk of barley growing by my door."

In examining some beautiful specimens of grains, I fell into conversation with the exhibiter and producer, a fine-looking ranchman named Everett, an intelligent, thoughtful, independent farmer from Ohio, where "they make 'em;" and the story of his first enterprises and struggles of a Colorado ranch was more interesting to me than the most thrilling novel.

The display of gold and silver ores was astonishing, and must have been very tempting to one who would "make haste to be rich," knowing not through what weary, painful days, with what wasting fever-dreams, what sickness of "hope deferred," the shy vein is followed to its deep, dark, secret lair, and by what fierce toil its precious prey is torn from its granite jaws.

After all, the finest part of the show, affording the most interesting studies to me, was the crowd of people. Such an immense gathering, and augmenting on each of the five days of rural revelry, and such infinite variety. There were the rich and fashionable in elegant turnouts; there were well-dressed ranchmen, with their families, in heavy wagons; miners on horseback; tourists, journalists, and mine superintendents looking at ores; Mexicans, with wild but sleepy dark faces, costumed roughly yet picturesquely in prevailing tints of brown, — very much such figures as I once saw at the Italian Fair of Grotta Ferrata; Chinamen, gliding about in their silent, deprecating way, with their mild, melancholy faces; Indians, with their broad faces painted out of their natural resemblance to humanity; colored citizens, escorting their families with a glad sense of undisputed ownership, lifting up their heads in the yet fresh air of the Fifteenth Amendment; brave, healthy-looking young housewives, inspecting the fruits and flowers and sewing-machines; nice elderly ladies, examining the prize quilts and dairy products; pretty, smiling girls, with their gallant rustic attendants; and, best of all, rosy, chubby, happy children everywhere. Once, in making our way into the dining-hall, we got into a fearful crowd of hungry people, which faintly reminded me of scenes at the great Inauguration Ball; and I shuddered to think to what depths of metropolitan and Federal rudeness and barbarity even this virtuous and courteous people might come, under similar circumstances. But at all other times this great assembly seemed to me wonderfully pleasant, orderly, and kindly. It was made up, in great part, of strong, hardy, earnest, and intelligent-looking men, — excellent representative men of this noblest of the Territories. As I regarded them, I could but think it hard that they should be cut off from any of the political privileges and dignities of American freemen; that, after adding so much to the wealth of the Republic, after having rallied so bravely for her defence, they should see their beloved Territory barred year after year out of her bright company of sovereign States.

In fact, I hear dissatisfaction expressed on all sides with the existing political condition; and this sort of semi-vassalage of a people, strong enough in character, wealth, and intelligence to govern themselves, does seem, at the best, an anomaly under a republic, a form of government whose very name implies that it is "a thing of the people." It is hard that a splendid young province, with, as Mickey Free says of Charley O'Malley, "as much divilment in him as thim that is twice his age," is compelled to thus "tarry at Jericho till his beard be grown." I understand now why suffrage was first granted to woman in a Territory. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I doubt not that political critics here are harder in their judgments on governors, and other officers appointed by the President, than they would be on men of their own selection and election. Even the Indians are critical. Their favorite was that general favorite in Colorado, Governor Hunt. Of him a shrewd Ute chieftain once said, "Heap 'how'! — heap swap, heap biscuit, — good!" When asked his opinion of Governor McCook, his dark brow lowered as he replied, "He? No 'how'! no swap, no biscuit." At the name of another Governor, his haughty lip curled, his eye flashed scorn: "Ugh! heap 'how,' no swap, no biscuit, d—n!"

It seems to me that this "satrap system," as I hear it called here, can best be defended on the principle of Guizot, that "the best government for the people is that which the people like least."

I sincerely hope that, when Colorado comes into her appointed place among the sovereign States, she will not be beguiled by demagogues and political tricksters, but will choose for her rulers and representatives true representative men, actual settlers and pioneers, — men who, in the early, tumultuous, critical times, established and defended law and order, often at the risk of their lives and property. There are among these same "old pioneers" men, yet in the prime of life, who know these mountains as Tell knew the Alps, and Bruce knew the Highlands, who love Colorado with a proud, manly devotion, who understand her resources, her interests, and her needs as no newcomer can, and whom she should honor, as they have honored her.

I shall be obliged to leave Colorado without seeing Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. The cold I took in coming down from the mountains resulted in quite a serious illness, which almost laid me aside altogether. Colorado catarrhs, like Colorado cabbages, are monsters of their kind. I hope I shall live through mine, — that it is giving way at last. It may have saved me from something worse, — asthma, for instance. But it has not exactly rejuvenated me, made me stronger than I was before on platforms and constitutional amendments; in short, has not done all for me that a stroke of paralysis does for a great statesman.

It may be that heretofore my descriptions of life here have been colored too much by my own pleasant personal experiences. Other tourists, less fortunate or enthusiastic than I, might tell a slightly different story. A friend now living in Georgetown told me the other day that he was once so unlucky as to travel from Cheyenne to that place just behind Vice-President Colfax, Mr. Bowles, Governor Bross, and others, — a large party of gentlemen and ladies, — and that he actually suffered for lack of food. Now, it is easy to understand how Colorado, a land fruitful in delight to those distinguished locusts, should wear quite another and a more prosaic aspect to the poor fellow who followed and starved in their track.

But well fed, well cared for in sickness and in health, I can only paint the Territory as I see it, — full of beauty and grandeur and promise; and the people, as they have shown themselves to me, full of kindly and generous sympathies. If this be exaggeration, citizens of other Territories must make the most of it.

I must not omit to mention an imposing and important ceremony which lately took place in this vicinity. A party of clergymen assembled on the very summit of a certain lofty eminence, and just at sunrise solemnly dedicated the Rocky Mountains to the Lord. It was no light undertaking to forsake a comfortable bed, and make that steep ascent on a donkey and an empty stomach in the dreary morning twilight and chill mountain air; and none but a body of pious, devoted men, bent on a great work of practical benevolence, a wholesale missionary enterprise, could have been equal to it. But now it is done; and we may hope that stock-gambling and all other forms of gambling, all "wildcat" operations, all unbrotherly "jumping" of claims, all whiskey-drinking, sabbath-breaking, and profane swearing, will speedily cease throughout that vast consecrated region. We may expect the heathen Utes to "come in," and look for larger Republican majorities than ever. In short, I shall leave the Rocky Mountains feeling tolerably easy in my mind.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY, October 13, 1871.

WE left Denver, my brother and I, on the 9th. The morning was clear and brilliant, but very cold; the great range was white with snow, and shone in the fair sunlight with surpassing splendor; while beautiful beyond all imagination were the purple and violet tints of the lower range and the foot-hills. I really grieved at parting with these grand shapes, so majestic, yet so lovely, so stupendous and so awful, yet so gracious, so benignant, uplifting the soul, and filling it with thoughts of divine affluence and power and eternal repose.

At Cheyenne we found the ground white with snow, and the air that of December. But we soon forgot all these things — the winter chill, the leaden sky — in the sorrowful news which here met us of the terrible fire in Chicago. We felt that it was almost cruel and cowardly in us to pursue our way westward; to go farther from dear friends, suffering or in peril. At every station, till we reached Salt Lake City, the reports grew more sad and appalling. It almost seemed that the fierce flames followed us on the telegraph-wire, and burned the cruel tidings into our hearts. The sadness and anxiety would have been almost intolerable but for the sympathy and pleasant companionship of friends whom we were fortunate enough to meet at Cheyenne, — Senator and Mrs. Morton, their young son, and a party of ladies and gentlemen from Indianapolis. We were kindly invited into their special car, and owe to them much of the pleasure and comfort of the journey.

Laramie, where we took supper, seems to me a town of considerable promise. It is situated in a beautiful valley, and has a spirited, cheerful air. We reached Sherman, the summit station, in a driving snow-storm, with heavy darkness in the southern horizon, — a drear, wild scene. But, even while we paused there, the sun broke forth radiantly; and we hailed it as a happy omen as we took our first plunge down toward the Pacific. I was amused while at Sherman by watching a little five-year-old vender of quartz crystals, who stood behind a rude counter near the railroad track, carrying on a brisk trade with the passengers. It was a very small girl, with a very large bonnet, — a quaint, droll little figure, which Leech would have delighted to sketch. The wind was high, and had a way of snatching off her bonnet just as she was engaged in making change, or putting her little *portemonnaie* into her little pocket. She alternated her commercial transactions with struggles to retain or regain her preposterous head-covering. To increase her embarassment, I flung her some fruit; and the last I saw of her she had just succeeded in capturing a pear, which had rolled down an embankment, and was again in wild pursuit of her bonnet. Along here we found snow-walls and snow-sheds, and sharp, bristling rocks, which, with the wild wind and the black, stunted pines, made a peculiar and somewhat gloomy landscape. Yet, thus far on this journey across the continent, I have failed to be oppressed by the weary sense of desolation and monotony I have heard so many complain of. Even when, after rising in the morning, I looked out to see only "sage-brush, rock, and alkali,—alkali, rock, and sage," this strange, wild, forsaken region, this fierce, untamable, outlaw land, had not lost for me its grand novelty, its sombre interest. The widest, wildest level plain has to me, not only grandeur, but absolute beauty,—a sort of savagely peaceful and sullenly sublime beauty marvellously suggestive of immensity, of infinity. What divine affluence, what magnificent abandonment, is here! How rich must Nature be to afford to throw away so much! Once I saw from the bluffs above Denver a mirage,—the delusive shining of waters away out on the arid plain. It seemed to me it was the phantom, the troubled ghost, of the sea that once sounded and surged over that silent, motionless waste of sand.

Our way through Echo Cañon was one long panorama of grand and lovely views. The rocks on the right are peculiarly bold in form and of indescribable beauty and variety of coloring. Through this cañon ran the old stage-route: through it passed also the great tide of Mormon emigration. Several strong positions among the rocks are pointed out as having been fortified by Brigham Young when he anticipated an attack from government forces under General Joe Johnston. A little way beyond towers "Pulpit Rock," from which "the prophet, priest, and king" of this strange, devoted people is said to have preached his first sermon on this side the Rocky Mountains. To one who even whirls over in less than four days' time the route which this poor people toiled over through weeks and months, there must come a new and wondering realization of the heroism of that emigration, — an exodus into a land of dim promise, but of sure peril and privation, of mystery, of isolation. They fought with savage foes, they suffered, they starved: their graves yet mark the long, long way; but they never murmured, nor rebelled, nor entreated to be led back to Egypt or Iowa. No cloud by day and no fire by night led them on, as they toiled over the mountain and crept across the plain; but instead there shone before them, perhaps, a prophetic vision of this pleasant city of refuge, and of the great white tabernacle of the Saints. Anomalous and anachronistic as is the faith of this people, there is an antique fervor, a rugged sincerity, a stern persistency, an unconquerable constancy, about it which we *must* respect, even now, when fast on their hard-earned peace and prosperity comes the troublous time, the tempest of "judgment and fiery indignation," so long looming in the horizon.

Weber Cañon is scarcely so grand as Echo, but is very lovely and picturesque. It has some peculiar rocky formations and striking points well known to us through photographs, such as the Devil's Gate and the Devil's Slide. Wesley, I believe, objects to the Devil having all the best tunes; and it seems to me a pity that some of the best scenery in the grand New World should be dedicated to him.

Just at sunset we took the Utah Central at Ogden, for this city. The views of the Wasatch Mountains and of the Great Salt Lake, all down this wonderful valley, are indescribably beautiful. We stood out on the platform, and gazed till the purple twilight deepened and darkened, and that strange, lifeless inland sea glimmered and faded away into the night.

On arriving at Salt Lake City, Senator Morton and party were received by a deputation of prominent citizens, Mormon and Gentile. Among the latter gentlemen was our brilliant friend and relative, Honorable Thomas Fitch, at whose charming house we are now staying. Senator Morton was, I think, welcomed by both parties, at this critical time, with much respect and confidence: his logical mind and clear, fearless judgment peculiarly fit him to look into this grave and complicated matter that is now drawing the attention of the world upon them.

The morning after our arrival we drove about town with our kind friend Mr. Hooper, and were (may I confess it?) quite delighted with the general appearance of the city which had so often been held up to our righteous horror as a congregation of "whited sepulchres." One is first struck by the generous width of the streets and the vast number of trees. Few of the dwelling-houses are elegant or tasteful, but they all look comfortable and sufficiently homelike. Embowered by foliage, they have a singularly secluded air. Some of them might have more tidy surroundings, and a brighter, livelier, more hospitable look; but I remarked nothing particularly sombre, pagan, or polygamous about them. The poorest and smallest houses seemed to me an infinite advance on the homes of the English and Welsh laborers I had seen abroad. The little streams of clear mountain water running through all the streets are a bright, peculiar feature; but pleasanter even than running water is the appearance everywhere of quiet industry and brave enterprise, order, and sobriety. Let us confess that this strange people, under their remarkable leader, have done a great work in rescuing this region from the desolation and sterility of uncounted ages; in causing beauty and plenty to smile under the shadow of the dark mountains and along the shore of the sluggish salt sea.

The only odd — that is, monstrously odd — building here is the new Tabernacle. That looks like no other edifice on the face of the earth. So might have looked Noah's ark had it been capsized, and left high and dry on Ararat, keel upward.

In the old Tabernacle we yesterday attended a mass meeting, called by the Mayor to raise money for the relief of the Chicago sufferers. Here we saw Brigham Young; and I must confess to a great surprise. I had heard many descriptions of his personal appearance; but I could not recognize the picture so often and elaborately painted. I did not see a common, gross-looking person, with rude manners, and a sinister, sensual countenance, but a well-dressed, dignified old gentleman, with a pale face, a clear gray eye, a pleasant smile, a courteous address, and withal a patriarchal, paternal air, which, of course, he comes rightly by. In short, I could see in his face or manner none of the profligate propensities and the dark crimes charged against this mysterious, masterly, many-sided, and many-wived man. The majority of the citizens of Salt Lake present on this occasion were Mormons,—some of them the very polygamists arraigned for trial; and it was a strange thing to see these men, standing at bay, with "the people of the United States" against them, giving generously to their enemies. It either shows that they have, underlying their fanatical faith and their Mohammedan practices, a better religion of humanity, or that they understand the wisdom of a return of good for evil just at this time. It is either rare Christian charity or masterly worldly policy; or, perhaps, it is about half and half. Human nature is a good deal mixed out here. But I do not suppose it will matter to the people of dear, desolate Chicago what the motive was that prompted the generous offerings from this fair city among the mountains. The hands stretched out in help, whether polygamic or monogamic, are to them the hands of friends and brothers. Certain it is that the "Saints" seemed to give gladly and promptly, according to their means. President Young gave in his thousand, and the elders their five hundred each, as quietly as the poor brethren and sisters their modest tribute of fractional currency. It is thought that Utah will raise at least twenty thousand dollars.

There is to me, I must acknowledge, in this prompt and liberal action of the Mormon people, something strange and touching. It is Hagar ministering to Sarah: it is Ishmael giving a brotherly lift to Isaac.

October 17, 1871.

The more I see of this place the more I am impressed by the wonderful, wild beauty of its surroundings. Each of two windows out of which I can look as I write is the frame of an enchanting picture, — the green and fruitful valley, dotted with pleasant homes; the distant shining of water; brown plateau; dark cañons; mountains, bold and jagged and snow-crowned, with their bleak slopes softened here and there with lovely autumn tints. The mountains are far less grand than those seen from Denver, but they are much nearer, and are seldom obscured by mists. The cold season was inaugurated here by a furious wind, rain, and snow storm. The nights are almost wintry, but the mornings are brilliant, the days dazzling with keen, continuous sunlight, and the sunsets gorgeous beyond description. On Saturday we drove up the valley, finding charming new views at every rise or turn. The whole region has a singularly foreign aspect, strange and ancient and solemn. In its strong contrasts of gardens and waste places, of busy life and silent desolation, of hoary mount and arid plain, it certainly, independent of Scripture nomenclature, reminds one of Palestine.

In coming in, we drove past the residence of President Young, the Lion House. In that house there are many mansions; that is, the various dwellings required for that vast extension arrangement, the imperial polygamic family, are mostly within one enclosure. The wall is high and broad, and gives a look of seclusion and dignity to the place. Within these walls are also the "tithing-houses," to which the Mormon farmers, gardeners, and fruit-raisers bring yearly a tenth part of their produce. Merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, miners, etc., bring a tenth part of their income. This seems hard in some cases; but I doubt not that in most cases this contribution to the mother church that brooded them so well in their callow days is cheerfully made; and I am assured that, under the direction and superintendence of their wise old leader, workingmen of the classes which here "most do congregate" do far better with their remaining nine tenths than they could do elsewhere without such direction and superintendence. Adjoining the Lion House grounds is Temple Block. Here are, in addition to the foundation of the great Temple, the Tabernacle and the Endowment House. The Temple is to be built of native granite (which, by the way, is of a very fine quality), and is expected to cost several millions. The plan was given to Brigham Young in a vision: let us hope by the spirit of Michael Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren, if agreeable to them. Architecturally the new Tabernacle is scarcely an improvement on the old, except in size. It is the plainest possible structure; but there is about it a sort of grotesque grandeur, of originality and immensity. Acoustically it is thought a great success; but when not filled, there is an unpleasant reverberation, giving the effect of two distinct services in full blast. The other day, when one of the Mormon preachers was defending "the institution," and waxed bold and passionate, a clear, emphatic echo to each word seemed to come from somewhere away down below. The Endowment House is where the "plural marriages" all take place, with various forms and ceremonies. I am told by a gentleman who has access to the records, that within the past year or two there has been a great and significant falling off in the business of this establishment. The numerical majority of women in the Territory is not so great as it once was: railroads and telegraphs, and discoveries of mines, travel and traffic, bring new men, new ideas, new light.

The theatre is a large and handsome building, a really wonderful structure, considering the time when it was built, — before the prosperous days, when everything had to be done by the hardest, — when all materials for building were fearfully expensive, and difficult to obtain at any price, — when, to use the strong language of a poetic friend, "the very stones cost blood." A Mormon gentleman tells me that the theatre was built, more as a necessity than a luxury, to relieve the wearisome monotony and isolation of life out here. The leaders, sagacious as indulgent, saw that the people *must* have some relaxation and recreation. In those early days, there was little money in the town, and people were allowed to pay at the door in grain, potatoes, — almost any marketable commodity.

We attended service in the new Tabernacle on Sunday morning. The building was not filled, — it takes fifteen thousand people to do that, — but we had a tolerably good opportunity to observe the character and appearance of a Mormon assembly. Brigham Young was in his usual place of honor, but did not preach, because of some ailment of the chest from which he is suffering. He is habitually pale of late; but nothing of anxiety or even nervousness is betrayed in his proud, set face. Neither is there anything of bluster or bravado in his manner and conversation. He has rather the look and air of a man who has met and overcome so much opposition, so many difficulties, that a cool and quiet confidence in his own particular star has become the habit of his mind. He would call it reliance upon God; but I believe there is in the man less fanaticism than fatalism, — that magnificent conceit of imperial and magnetic natures, of all moulders of systems, and masters and leaders of men.

The services in that prodigious and portentous temple of this new, old faith — this strange conglomerate of Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism — were quite simple, orderly, and orthodox in character. There was prayer, choir-singing, music of the great organ, and a sermon from a text, followed by two volunteer discourses. The last was by

Brother Cannon, editor of the "Deseret News," one of the ablest speakers, debaters, and writers among this peculiar people, and a very pleasant gentleman. It was noticeable that all the speakers on this occasion were on the defensive in regard to both the civil and religious character of their theocratic government, and especially in regard to the institution of polygamy. There was a large attendance of Gentiles; and the present critical situation of the Mormon Church and its "beloved and venerable head" was touched upon with considerable spirit and feeling, but with, on the whole, caution and moderation. It is true they spoke of possible martyrdom, of holding themselves ready to die for the faith delivered to the Saints; but nothing was said or intimated of actual rebellion against the authority of the United States. Indeed, there were strong professions of loyalty and a law-abiding spirit. Mr. Cannon eulogized very eloquently the general character of the Mormons, claimed that before the influx of the Gentiles they were the most peaceful, contented, industrious, thrifty people on the continent; that they were still the most temperate, virtuous, and inoffensive. He claimed that women were more respected and safer from insult among the Mormons than in any other community; that any woman could travel alone through Utah as securely and honorably as the fair lady of legend and song, who, though "rich and rare were the gems she wore," made a pilgrimage through Ireland in its palmy and pious days. I am inclined to think the speaker in that last assertion spoke only truth. I believe, also, that Mormon husbands are generally kind in their treatment of their several wives. Otherwise, the condition would be too utterly intolerable for human woman-nature, however much sanctified and "sealed."

Though Mr. Cannon handled polygamy boldly and fully, he did not defend it on philosophical or physiological principles, or on grounds of political or domestic economy, but simply on a "thus-saith-the-Lord" presumption, as a religious doctrine and duty imposed by direct Divine command. Here they stand entrenched. No arguments can move them, no logic or sentiment can touch them. Granted the divine authority and inspiration of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, the acceptance of polygamy follows as a matter of course. The speaker declared that the carrying out of this command was a cross to both the brethren and sisters, opposed as it was to the old tastes and prejudices, and especially repugnant to the unchastened impulses of woman's nature. I should think so.

You hear a good deal about that "cross" from both Mormon husbands and wives, but you only see the shadow of it in the faces of the women. I do not mean to intimate that they all look decidedly unhappy. There is rather in their faces a quiet, baffling, negative, and abnegative expression, which certainly is as far from happy content as it is from desperate rebellion. Naturally, they are more alive to the outside pressure of public opinion, more sensitive to the obloquy and ostracism which their position provokes, than men. Patient and passive as they seem, they feel these things keenly, — the more intelligent among them, at least; and, though upheld by a sincere faith in this strange delusion, they have toward strangers a peculiar air of reticence and mistrust, almost of repulsion. I do not wonder at it: their hospitality and confidence have often been abused; they have been intruded upon by impertinent interviewers, and their reluctant answers to persistent questioning published abroad, with startling additions and dramatic embellishments. Those I have met appear to me, I must say, like good and gentle Christian women. They are singularly simple in dress and modest in demeanor. What saddens me is their air of extreme quietude, retirement, and repression. But for the children around them, you would think some of them were women who had done with this world. I am told that the wives of even the highest Mormon dignitaries show little pride in their lords. It were, perhaps, difficult to feel much pride in the sixteenth part of a man, as men go. Even the first wife of a wealthy saint betrays in her husband and household, they say, no exultant joy of possession. An investment in a Mormon heart and home must be rather uncertain stock for a woman. I am assured, though, that the second wife is seldom taken without the consent of the first. Not only are the poor woman's religious faith and zeal appealed to, but her magnanimity toward her sister-woman out in the cold. It must be through great suffering that such heights of self-abnegation are reached. The crucifixion of the divine weakness of a loving woman's heart must be a severe process. But there is some sorry comfort in the thought that for these poor polygamous wives there is no wearing uncertainty, no feverish anxiety; that they are spared the bitterest pain of jealousy, the vague nightmare torture of suspicion, the grief and horror of the final discovery, the fierce sense of treachery and deception. They know the worst. Perhaps it is this "dead certainty" that gives them the peculiar, cold, still look I have referred to. As to the Mormon men whom I have met, mostly leaders in the church, and prominent, well-to-do citizens, I must say that they look remarkably care-free, and even jolly, under the cross. Virgil, I believe, has somewhere the expression, "O three times and four times happy!" Well, that is the way they look.

It was easy to see by the discourses on Sunday that there is in the church something of solicitude, if not consternation, in regard to the situation of its President, arraigned for high crimes and misdemeanors before a hostile local tribunal, from which there is no appeal. But each speaker professed perfect reliance on that God who had once delivered them out of the hands of their enemies, and led them across the desert, and blessed them with peace and abundance in this pleasant land. As they spoke thus, strangely as it seemed to me, mingling faith with fatalism, and submission with resistance, and humility with arrogance, like the specious reasoners, practised debaters, and clever and confident managers of men that they are, the faces of their Mormon hearers glowed with a quiet satisfaction and a revival of the old fanatical fervor which, I am told, had begun to die out of these people, perhaps with the incoming of new social influences, and the increase of worldly prosperity and ease. It only needed a blast of persecution to fan the dying flame.

I marked in this audience many a rugged, manly head, and now and then a fine, strong face, honestly earnest and hungry for truth; but little indication of refinement or culture, or, except among the leaders, of decided characteristic worldly shrewdness. It was a great congregation of common people, rising slowly from an uncommonly low condition of life and intelligence. Utah is the poor man's paradise, and that is the best of it. The worst of it is, that the trail of the polygamous serpent is over it all. Till a laborer gets rich enough to support two wives, he can live as decently and virtuously here as in any tenement-house in New York. None of the religious forms and observances short of those of the Endowment House harm him much. Were it not for this one reproach, the Mayor and Common Council of Salt Lake City could stand up before the chiefs of Tammany and be bold, boasting that they rule over a city where among their own people there are no riots, no rings, no burglaries, no drinking-saloons, no gambling-hells, no disorderly and infamous houses of any kind, no street-beggars, no incendiaries, no prize-fighters, — a city in which wages are high and taxes are low.

Yesterday we drove out into the country to take a look at some of the farms. They have a neat, thriving appearance, with good buildings, and show evidences of having produced fine crops. The irrigating ditches are everywhere beautifying, having more the look of natural streams than those in

Colorado. All the farm-houses are surrounded with foliage. Brigham Young is a great lover of trees, and seems to make their culture a tenet of his religion. As the old lady said of "total depravity," "It's a good doctrine if well lived up to." Utah fruit is not of the finest quality, as little attention has yet been paid to its cultivation, but it is grown in great abundance and considerable variety. It is a consolation, while looking at these pleasant, homelike places, to remember that not more than one tenth part of the people of Utah are polygamists. It is also something to know that even amongst the poorest the different wives do not live actually together. Each has a house, or half a house, or a set of rooms, to herself. Mr. Godbe, the able leader of the leading sect called after him, professes to base his opposition to polygamy on the fact of its being "at variance with the principle of woman's equality with man, and therefore inimical to her happiness." That is the true ground to stand upon.

October 20.

A few days ago we drove out to Camp Douglas, which has a grand position, close up against the mountains, and commanding the town. The late reinforcements, sent on in view of the situation, give to this fine military position a very busy and belligerent air. The barracks seem full, and there are several companies encamped on the first plateau. What a magnificent mark for artillery would the great Tabernacle be from here! It seems to me that a good, moral, monogamous mortar would almost open upon it of itself. But I don't believe that any of these mighty engines of a Christian civilization will be brought into play on the strongholds of the survivor of the famous "twin barbarisms" very soon. I don't believe these brave fellows are to have an early opportunity to mow down saints militant by the score, and make widows by the fourscore. It is true, this people are roused, rallied, and consolidated by legal proceedings, which they consider religious persecutions and blasphemous indignities offered to their divinely inspired leader, and doubtless would break out in open rebellion if he should say the word. But he will not say the word. Age has not only frosted his head, but "sprinkled cool patience" on his bold and fiery spirit. However it was at first, I am convinced that he has grown to believe in himself and his mission. He says, "If my work is a good work, it will stand. If our religion is of God, it cannot be put down." The world he went out of thirty years ago has followed him, and surrounded him in his rocky fastnesses, and he is facing the situation with a good deal of dignity. When arraigned the other day he showed no resentment or dismay, but quietly and firmly pleaded "not guilty" to the charge or charges.

I cannot but think it a matter to be regretted that there could not have been a fair open fight against that most monstrous anomaly of our age and country, that most unnatural and audacious alliance of civilization with barbarism, — the institution of polygamy itself. If that cannot be attacked directly and effectually through present laws, would it not have been better to have waited till laws could be framed to grapple with it and overthrow it utterly? Or could we not have depended on moral means, — brought against a system born of delusion and a spirit of desperate propagandism, and nourished by ignorance and isolation, the power of a higher civilization, a purer religion? Already it is being weakened and undermined by the subtle, restless, perpetually augmenting forces of commerce and social intercourse,—education, literature, free thought,—by the railroad, the telegraph, the printing-press. It is girdled with a fire of intelligence. Light, love, death, are allied against it. As it is, a sort of legal trap has been sprung upon the polygamists. They are arraigned, and are to be tried under an old statute passed by a Mormon Legislature against "adultery," as they understood that crime. Of course, the law must be twisted from the original spirit and intention to be made to bear upon plural marriages. Brigham Young, as governor, signed this statute, the most severe upon record, against that particular crime. He must now regard that signature as the slain eagle regarded the familiar feather "that winged the shaft that pierced him to the heart."

I know that there are at this time many, not only politicians and speculators, but good, honest, Christian people, who look on these prosecutions in Utah with joy and full approval. They see, under the iron grip of the law, polygamy, not only struck with death, but already *in articulo mortis;* but I must confess that, whichever way I regard the probable issue, I feel some anxiety and misgiving. Unless the principal prosecution be carried through sternly and triumphantly, and this powerful, defiant representative of a "polygamic theocracy," this New World Mohammed, be humbled, rebuked, dispossessed of his dominion and his harem; unless he is punished as any poor man would be punished for the same crime, under the same law; if there is any giving way, any retreat, any failure on the part of the government, it seems to me that the result can but be a disaster for us, and a triumph for Mormonism. On the other hand, if the law be inexorably executed, and its utmost penalties inflicted, there will almost inevitably follow trouble, confusion, strife, even bloodshed. Whatever evil can be said of Brigham Young, however dark and blood-stained pages of his record may be, the man loves his fellow-men, in his way, and is loved by them. The poorest and humblest of his followers love him the most devotedly and blindly. The little they have and are they owe to him. He took them from the black mines and crowded factories, from the garrets and cellars and slums of Europe; brought them to a land of promise; taught them how to work, to live; expounded to them a religion simple, perhaps gross enough for their comprehension, yet having about it something that appeals strongly to their undisciplined imaginations. Arbitrary, ambitious, avaricious though he be, he has been to them prince, priest, prophet, and father. I believe they will never quietly look on, and see him imprisoned or any way harshly dealt with. Resistance against the whole power of the United States may be rash and hopeless,—even to them it must look so; but nothing is so rash, so mad, as fanaticism. I believe that in the last extremity they will fight for him, even against his will; and there are a hundred thousand of them. As no Mormon can be expected to render a "just verdict, according to the law and the testimony," in this case, as no polygamist can possibly be qualified, the jury must, of course, be packed. What it was thought not a good or a safe thing to do in Richmond, in the case of the chief of the Confederacy, may, perhaps, be righteously and safely done in Salt Lake City, in the case of the despised leader of an outcast people; but in establishing so perilous a precedent, may we not pay too dearly for even the great good of the destruction of polygamy and Mormonism together, the breaking up of this wicked, thriving community; the scattering of this deluded people as mendicants and missionaries over the world, and the restoration of all this perverted region to its primitive innocence and desolation?

The hardest consequences of the sudden and forcible breaking up of the system of polygamy would be visited on the ones who suffer most everywhere, in social convulsions and overturnings, and are everywhere the least guilty, — the women and children. It would take from hundreds of Mormon wives the little title to the world's tolerance they now possess, destroy their self-respect, and drive them from their — from the places they call home. They have mostly entered on the relation in good faith, in a blind belief that it was of Divine appointment. Even when convinced of their error, dishonor and want have barred their way of escape, and children's arms have held them back. Aside from their own interests or belief, they oppose a measure which would scatter and bastardize their children. For these reasons the women of Utah, though in full possession of the ballot, have failed to fulfil the prophecy of Miss Dickinson, to "vote themselves free and virtuous."

You are struck by the great number of children everywhere here. Some houses absolutely overflow with them, some tables are embowered in "olive branches." The different sets get along very well together generally; but that is little wonder, after the miracle of agreement between the mothers. Polygamy does not seem to spare women the cares of maternity. I know a Mormon household in which two middle-aged wives count about two dozen children between them. I took two little fair-haired girls for twins; and they were a sort of polygamic twins, born almost at the same time, in the same house, of different mothers. It seems to me that the children here do not look as happy and bright as in our towns; I fancy that the little girls, at least, have something of the subdued; repressed look of their mothers. But some few of them are pretty, and nearly all neatly and comfortably dressed. I hear that they have very good schools, and are under good discipline at home, answering to the roll-call at night, and duly honoring their father and their mothers.

Many Mormon wives are sisters, and it is said they get along quite harmoniously. The very nature of women seems to be changed here, and turned upside down and inside out. An intelligent "first wife" told a Gentile neighbor that the only wicked feeling she had about her husband taking a second wife was that he did not take her sister, who wanted him, or, rather, a share in him. She would have liked to have the property kept in the family. I saw, the other day, a pair of young wives, sisters, walking hand in hand, dressed alike in every particular, of the same height and complexion, and of the same apparent age; indeed, looking so exactly alike that it was almost a case of mitigated bigamy. It must seem queer, even to them, to say "our husband," as they used to say "our piano" or "our pony."

The most singular and unnatural marriages here are those of men with their wives' mothers. These are not unfrequent. It strikes me this is a seditious plot against immemorial domestic authority, the most ancient court of feminine appeal, — that it is an attempt to do away with mothers-in-law. When young wives are taken, the three or four or five do not always become one flesh; there is sometimes rebellion and even hostility on the part of the old wife. Occasionally a husband objects to having even a second wife imposed on him. I heard of one the other day who, though he finally submitted to the command of the imperial Brigham that he should take and provide for a certain poor woman, — "a lone, lorn cretur," — declared that he couldn't "abear her," and at once put her away on a ranch forty miles from town — pensioned and pastured her out. This system has its serious and perplexing aspect; it is a fearful problem, which, like the riddle of the sphynx, may prove the destruction of those who attempt rashly to solve it and fail; but it has also its ludicrous, its grotesque aspects, and they always strike me first, though the laugh they provoke is quickly succeeded by a sad realization, sweeping over me like a great, bitter wave, of all there is in it of error, of suffering, and of peril.

October 24.

This is a strange place, full of all sorts of social, religious, and political anomalies and contradictions, where things generally are curiously mixed up and reversed. And now we have a new thing in the legal way, a startling novelty in the long, dull history of jurisprudence. In the trial of Hawkins, the polygamist, last week, a wife appeared in court to testify against her husband in a criminal prosecution, and, by her testimony, convicted him. To be sure, it was a Mormon wife, and Mormon wives are not supposed to be much married; but the fact seems to be significant of something more, perhaps, than extraordinary and extra-judicial proceedings here in Utah. The legal, poetic, and time-honored fiction of the "sacred oneness" of husband and wife has received its first stupefying blow, not in a convention of free-lovers nor from a Mormon high-priest, but in a Federal court and from an orthodox judge.

Hawkins, the man just tried, is an Englishman of the lowest order, and a very disreputable specimen of a saint. There are bad saints as well as good sinners. He had brutally abused this his first wife, the love of his youth, who had borne him many children, and at last he insisted on bringing into the same house two younger spouses. The society of these ladies was not agreeable to her, but he stood on his "Gospel privileges," and compelled her by threats and blows to put up with it. A man who will beat his wife under Victoria, will not always have the grace to spare her under Brigham. Ill-used wives frequently appeal to that power which is absolute and ubiquitous in the Territory, and whose action is usually prompt and decisive. They carry all their intolerable burdens to the Lion House. So these Mormon wives declare that at the worst they are better off here than in the old country, where there was no division in the beatings, and no Brigham to appeal to.

I am told that this wronged wife gave in her testimony against her brutal husband readily, eagerly, as though glad that her day had come at last. Usually with the acceptance of the Mormon faith, the most high-spirited women seem to "suffer a *sad* change, into something *meek* and strange," but there seems to be a good deal of human nature left in this particular woman. I am glad of it, though she has shocked the Mormon community by dragging the sanctities of a polygamic household into a Gentile court. This is the first of these most important trials, and it is a very ugly case for the Saints. I am thankful that I am not a Deborah, set to judge this Israel. But if I were, I should pray God for grace to render a just and impartial judgment, for wisdom and courage and charity. It is hard, perhaps, for a zealous monogamic magistrate to remember that these strange people are our fellow-beings, that the most perverse polygamist of them all is entitled to the benefit of the Golden Rule. Even I, with no political, sectarian, or mercenary interests to bias me, find it difficult to speak temperately of an institution which is for woman a back-set into barbarism, systematized degradation, and torture. I find it almost impossible to believe that Mormon law-makers may be as conscientious in religionizing polygamy as are our Christian legislators in legalizing prostitution. "Plural marriage" is to me, of course, only vice, sanctioned and protected, and must be simply revolting to all who come here from favored and refined communities in the States, where there is nothing of the sort, — under that name at least. It is impossible for me to pass by the prettiest Mormon home without shuddering at the thought of the tragedies in women's lives that may be passing under its roof; of course one never has such thoughts in passing elegant houses in Eastern cities, where wives are free and happy and husbands are loving and loyal. I even find it hard when reading the Scriptural texts on street-signs to refrain from laughing, out of respect to our Puritan fathers and the early Methodists and Quakers, who were also given to cant. I can only have patience with the most ignorant of these people, when they tell of miracles and angelic appearances, by remembering the miraculous things told and believed of the Wesleys and George Fox and countless Catholic saints.

But why should I expect to always "abound in charity," when even ministers of the Gospel sometimes get quite out of the article? Some of them have lately written of the Mormons as being universally, not only as polygamous, but as murderous, as the old fighting patriarchs, as so many Ishmaels and outlaws, vicious, depraved, disorderly, sensual, devilish.

I noticed in a late New York journal the report of a discourse by a distinguished clergyman who has lately crossed the continent, and who complained that, when in this new City of the Plain, he was compelled to stop at a Mormon hotel, and that he was annoyed by Mormon card-players in the next room, whose conversation was neither edifying nor proper. There are Gentile hotels in the town: the reverend gentleman should not be so bent on going to the most fashionable hostelry. His experience reminds me of one of my own, at a hotel in a certain town in the State of Indiana. It was court time, and the next room to mine was occupied till a late hour by a card party of lawyers and judges; the partition was thin, and I was horrified and disgusted by the profanity, and worse than profanity, that made "night hideous." These legal gentlemen were not given to much marrying, but they did a great business in the divorce line. People who have lived here a long time say that such a thing as a card-playing Mormon is almost unknown. Gambling in all its forms is an offence subjecting one to church discipline. The reverend doctor was probably mistaken; the profane midnight revellers at the Townsend House (a hotel which we found remarkably quiet and orderly) may not have been these rude, hard-working Mormons at all; they may have been gentlemen, or Gentile-men.

Another clergyman, one of a zealous missionary band who came out here last summer to hold a great camp-meeting, reported that they only held their sessions in safety and escaped out of the valley alive, through the presence and protection of a volunteer guard of armed miners, five hundred strong. Doubtless the worthy man believes his own astonishing statement, being well exercised in faith; but all sorts of people here, who know the men, laugh at the idea of five hundred busy miners turning out to a camp-meeting, even with the prospect of a fight, as something hugely funny and preposterous. If no converts were made at that camp-meeting from the Mormon Church, it was not because of any special counter-effort or active opposition. The truth is, Brigham Young, with his usual quiet cunning and knowledge of such human nature as he has had to deal with, took the matter very coolly, advised his people to go to the meetings, to calmly listen to all their opponents had to say, and to learn all they could. He sent his bishops to keep order among the younger and more turbulent Mormons; he even went himself, and at one time, while a preacher was bitterly denouncing polygamy and other doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints, and some of those badly hit began to murmur and threaten, and an outbreak seemed inevitable, the mere raising of his hand in a quiet, repressing gesture stayed all violence, hushed every angry voice. His people rest quiet under his strong, supreme will, and actually fancy, because there is no bluster about it, that they have perfect religious freedom. There is little squirming under the velvet paw.

When Christian charity gives out, "Give the Devil his due," is a safe principle to fall back on. This is doubtless a wicked place, but it does not monopolize the wickedness of the great Republic. The Tabernacle has left something to Tammany. Brigham Young may be chief among the left-hand "goats," but he did not carry all the sins of the people into the wilderness.

Now, from all I have been able to observe and from all I hear from intelligent Gentiles long resident here, I am convinced that the Mormon people generally are remarkably quiet, orderly, sober; and industrious, strongly and especially addicted to minding their own business. However much the leaders may be given to proselyting, the common people never intrude their peculiar tenets and ideas upon you; but if you inquire concerning them, they will plainly and seriously answer your questions, and, in most cases, while struck by the absurdity or revolted by the moral obliquity of those ideas, you are convinced of the absolute sincerity of the simple-hearted expounders.

As to Brigham Young, we must all admit, even in this his time of trouble and threatened overthrow, that, considering the elements he has had to deal with, — the rudest, the poorest, the most ignorant classes of men, for the greater part a conglomerate of the lowest strata of civilized societies, — "the offscouring of the earth," as he himself once called them, — considering the hard conditions of early emigration and settlement, he has formed a wonderful working colony, unparalleled for vigor, constancy, and cohesion; has created a State, almost a nation, in this wild, desert land; and, on the whole, has governed it surpassingly well. But for his one fatal mistake, the man might have left to other times a noble fame, if not for inspired leadership, for masterly sagacity; if not as a prophet of the Lord, as a benefactor of the Lord's poor; if not as the priest of a new religion, as the founder of a new commonwealth.

NEVADA.

VIRGINIA CITY, October 24.

I LEFT the quaint capital of Mormondom on the loveliest of a long succession of lovely autumn days. The beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake was brimmed with golden sunshine, and rich purple lights were on all the hills.

Ogden is all alive nowadays with excitement over a great tin-mine, said to be immensely valuable. Experienced Cornish miners report the ore unusually fine, and there are vast deposits.

We had a moonlight night of surpassing beauty, which bewitched me out of half my sleep, and yet I waked in time to see a sunrise painting sky and mountain with wonderful, gorgeous colors. I found nothing tiresome or disagreeable in all that day's travel. I did not rebel against the eternal dull sage-brush below, when the sky was full of ever-varying clouds, and the sunlight touched every object with tender, impartial rays. Even the alkali dust annoyed me little, as it was cold enough to have all the windows closed. Still, it was pleasant to come upon grazing valleys and rocks and cañons again. The palisades in Twelve-Mile Cañon are very grand and beautiful, and the Devil's Peak is a highly satisfactory diabolical feature in the wild landscape; and all along the valley of the Humboldt there are pictures of savage grandeur and quiet beauty which alternately rouse and rest one. On that day we were first waited upon at table by soft-footed, white-robed, moon-faced Orientals. I find the Chinese very agreeable as waiters. They put on no superior Littimer airs, yet are so utterly removed from all interest in you and your affairs, beyond the business in hand, that, with half a dozen about you, you have a delightful sense of privacy, and should no more think of dismissing Chinese servants for better after-dinner freedom in conversation, than of sending away the tea-tray, lest its painted mandarins should listen and gossip. There is "no speculation" in their eyes. "The sleeping and the dead and the Chinese are but as pictures."

At Reno I left the train for Virginia City. It was after midnight, but the weather was mild and the moonlight resplendent; so a mountain stage-ride of twenty miles had no terrors for me. We had six good horses that sturdily toiled up the long grade, and gallantly dashed down the declivities, and whirled us around rocky points in magnificent style. But gradually the stifling dust, the rising wind, and ever-increasing cold, clouds, and mists prophesying storm, and the vice-like jam of an overcrowded coach changed what had seemed to me a pleasant adventure into a most fatiguing and uncomfortable journey. In the gray, uncertain light of a dawn that grew slowly and sullenly into the only dreary, dreadful day I have seen on this coast, I reached Virginia, famous as the home of "Tom Flynn" and Laura Fair, and somewhat celebrated as the "city set on the hill," whose foundations are of silver and gold, and whose gates open downward into the more wonderful underground city of the Comstock Lode.

There was no room for me at the inn. I did not quite lodge in the manger, but in an apartment scarcely more desirable. It was an awful day; the wind rose to the dignity of a tornado, dry at first, swirling about old Mount Davidson, and whelming the town in thick gray clouds of dust; then came the rain, swift and furious as hail. Between the gusts I caught glimpses of the wild and desolate scenery about me. The great brown hills seemed to me, not only utterly denuded, but flayed, stripped of all the outer covering of nature, and gashed and scarred and marred and maltreated in every way. But in happier days succeeding, these same bleak hills grew to have for me a sort of grim grandeur and savage attractiveness. Moonlight, from some atmospheric peculiarity of the region, perhaps, gives to them a strange, mystical, unreal beauty, and a sunset glorifies them wonderfully, but it takes a great sunset to do it.

My sole amusement during that first dreary day was in gazing out upon the street. Here I saw more Chinese than I had before beheld, and more Indians. The latter, I am happy to say, are to a considerable degree accepting the situation, and becoming civilized and Christianized. When sorely pinched the noble red man will bow his proud neck over the saw-horse to earn his daily tobacco and whiskey, and allow his squaw to earn their bread and potatoes by washing. When night came, "I was darkly, deeply, desperately blue." I had as yet no reply to my letters of introduction. I had seen no friendly, familiar face. My sole society had been a fellow-traveller in reduced circumstances and depressed spirits, — an Hungarian lady of rank. It is a singular circumstance that all the Hungarians I have ever known have been people of rank. A pretty nurse-girl and an elderly colored waiter, seeing my low state of spirits, essayed to comfort me. She first advised me to go "to see the cannibals," some Fiji-Islanders, exhibiting in the town. "They say," she said, "that the old chief will bring out the leg of a man and eat it before the audience; and that the princess will eat a whole baby, all by herself."

When I expressed incredulity, her ingenuous countenance fell. "I thought, if they would do all that, they would be worth seeing," she coolly said, though giving at the same moment a loving hug to the fair, fat baby she held in her arms.

Jem, the waiter, asked if I contemplated a long visit to Virginia.

"No," I growled out, "I shall start to-morrow for a civilized country,—shaking the dust of Nevada from my feet, if that be possible."

He looked hurt, and eagerly answered, "Why, *we* are civilized, madam; we 've got a good vigilance committee here now. The time was when you could n't go out of a morning without stumbling over a dead man or two."

Tranquillized in spirit, I reposed that night under the protecting wing of the vigilance committee, which is supposed never to slumber or sleep. Joy came in the morning in the handsome and hearty shape of the superintendent of the Chollar-Potosi Mine, who took me home to his beautiful house and his lovely wife. The storm was over, and thenceforth all was brightness and pleasantness for me in Nevada. So pleasant was it, so hospitable and social were the people, so much was there to see, that I absolutely found no time during my too brief stay to chronicle incidents and impressions, and I am now almost ashamed to dismiss so delightful an episode of travel in a few brief, dry paragraphs, as I find I must do.

My kind host, Mr. Rigua, did the honors of the

Chollar-Potosi. We descended into those mysterious argentiferous deeps, by means of the "cage," a sort of iron elevator, very safe and comfortable. The like of this admirable machine I did not see in Colorado. There you have to go down in a bucket, with the chance of kicking it on the way. This is cleanly and swift and silent. If you want to visit the fourteen-hundred-feet level, you step on a little platform, *settle*, and are there. We went down several miles, and walked several hundred feet under ground, or went down several hundred feet and walked several miles, I am not clear which ; but I know it was a very interesting, easy, and instructive expedition, pleasanter than a walk through the musty and mortuary old catacombs, which always seemed to me to smell stiflingly of dead Christians. We visited several "levels," explored "tunnels" and "drifts," and saw all the various processes of mining, most of which were already familiar to me. The ground I found mostly very dry, and the tunnels and drifts no more difficult to explore than the galleries of those same old catacombs, which they more than once reminded me of. Some very rich deposits of ore have lately been discovered in this mine, lying "solitary and alone" in the form of monstrous eggs (roc's eggs), which are very cunningly hid away, and only come upon by accident. The miners get as excited as boys in egg-hunting, and have as little scruple about robbing the nest.

The Chollar is not now worked at its lowest level, some eleven hundred feet down. The lode is not generally found to increase in richness as it descends, though the Belcher and the Crown Point have produced very rich ore at a very low depth. The mines on the Comstock Lode alone have produced an astonishing amount of bullion during the past year, and the talk is constantly of new discoveries. The old mountain is not yet half disembowelled.

To the superintendent of the Sutro Tunnel I was indebted for a visit to that famous work, and a most charming day. We drove down Six-Mile Cañon, a most interesting drive, as it takes you past many of the great crushing-mills and the sluices, reservoirs, and buildings for the saving and working over of the "tailings," — fine, clay-colored dust, formerly thrown away as mere refuse, but now found to contain enough gold and silver to pay handsomely. It is the last gleaning of the golden crops up above. Millions of dollars have drifted down these gulches in "tailings."

The valley of the Carson, from which the Sutro Tunnel leads into the mountain, is very lovely, but lonely and bare. If the great tunnel be ever completed, and prove the success its projectors hope it to be, Virginia City, already wearing an ancient and permanent aspect, must be virtually transported thither, the tunnel becoming the principal outlet of the mines. But it will be a great undertaking, even for the energetic and enthusiastic Teutonic engineer, to bring a mountain town like that to the plain without the aid of an avalanche. I have always had a strong interest in the Sutro Tunnel enterprise. I liked the boldness and the daring of it. I was impressed by the splendid possibilities. It would be stealing a march on old Mercury, — storming his great treasure-house by sapping and mining from below. It was something stupendous, yet practicable and feasible, — on the chart at least. On the spot, I more fully realized the stupendousness of the undertaking. So little has yet been done, such an immensity remains to be undone! We went in, about half a mile, to where the men were slowly blasting their way through the hardest sort of granite.

Though Mr. Sutro is a man of wonderful energy and perseverance and persuasiveness, — though he has faith that almost may remove mountains, — I cannot believe that the remaining seven and a half miles of tunnelling will ever be accomplished without strong "aid and comfort" from government. Sutro proposes, — Congress disposes. I suppose the Commission will report during the coming session, and the momentous question of subsidy or no subsidy will be decided. Prepossessed in favor of the enterprise though I was, on going to Nevada, candor compels me to state that I found almost everywhere, among mine and mill owners, superintendents and business men generally, a strong and bitter opposition to the work. It is claimed by its able advocates that it will be a blessing to all eventually. But "all" decline to be blessed. They rebel against the grants, against the royalty, against the tolls, — against the whole "big job." They see, or will acknowledge, no advantages in it, direct or incidental. They say that the prospects held out of rich discoveries along the route of the tunnel are "such stuff as dreams are made of."

Of course, this is a question which only actual exploration can decide; they may be all mistaken, —blinded by prejudice; and I confess that, if it could be done without injustice or loss to the men who have done so much to develop the resources of Nevada, who have labored so heroically against adverse conditions, through long years of doubtful fortunes, I should like to see the work carried through. Let the innermost mystery in the heart of the old mountain be got at, the long dispute be ended, and the greatest mining problem of the age be solved. Then, when the sullen old mountain, thoroughly brought to bay, is compelled to disgorge his treasure by thousands of tons, and to bleed gold and silver through countless newly discovered veins and arteries, I doubt not that the "faithless and unbelieving" will give in, and consent to be made rich; that even the Bank of California will gracefully accept the situation and the bullion. My day at the tunnel and at Dayton, a pretty little valley town, was full of enjoyment, owing in great part to the cordial hospitality of my host and his pleasant family. We drove home through Gold Cañon and by Silver City and Gold Hill, — all wonderful scenes of bold enterprise and busy industry, full of interest for me. On the following day we went to Carson by probably the crookedest railroad in the world, — a marvellous, almost inconceivable, piece of engineering.

Carson is the home of our genial and eloquent friend, Senator Nye. I was most graciously and charmingly entertained by his friends and neighbors, whom I found, without an exception, admirers and lovers of the man.

Carson has some wonderful hot springs, which supply baths said to be excellent for rheumatism. Hot springs abound in Nevada. I heard of a family who do all their cooking by means of a domesticated geyser in their kitchen. The water of a hot spring near Elko has a decided taste of chicken-broth. What a pity it is not located in Chicago!

Of course, I visited the penitentiary to see the scene of the late terrible fight between the escaping convicts and the officers. The marks of the conflict are yet to be seen on walls and doors. Most of the men have been caught, and after their fearful hardships seem glad to get back. Many of them will not go out again, except for a little walk to the scaffold. While talking over the affair with the warden in one of the corridors, I was startled by hearing fearful groans almost under my feet. Looking down, I saw a small grating in the flag-stones, and was told that beneath us were two dungeons, in which the worst recaptured convicts — murderers — were confined.

Carson must be in the spring and summer a very pretty place; for it has foliage and flowers and water, and grand hills behind it not yet stripped of all their trees. The society here is cultivated and agreeable, and the grace of a noble hospitality adds to it the last best charm. The Mint and the State Capitol are noble buildings, and there are several elegant private residences in the town.

I have left myself no space fitly to describe the crowning pleasure of my little tour in Nevada, — the visit to Lake Tahoe. With a merry party of friends, in a large barouche drawn by four handsome grays, I made the excursion with great comfort, with unalloyed enjoyment, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, for the day was one of rare mildness and stillness, of perfect beauty. The road up the mountains, past Eagle and Carson valleys, is a magnificent one, and commands magnificent views. It was comforting to see wooded hillsides again. All along our way the pines grow grand and tall, and there was something most "melancholy sweet" in the sound of the low winds among their dark branches. It took me back to the Alleghanies, the Green Mountains, the White Mountains, even the Alps, — so is that sombre music of the pines passed, from mountain-top to mountain-top, around the world.

Tahoe is the most beautiful lake I have ever beheld. It is an emerald on the brow of the mountain. Marvellously clear and sparkling, it is surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, and is altogether a surprise, a wonder, a delight. Some time I hope to be able to describe it. I am vain enough to think I could do it; for I have only to close my eyes, and the whole exquisite picture of radiant skies and autumnal banks and purple mountains and soft green water glows and melts and shimmers before me. Ah, Nature was in a happy, tender, divine mood when she formed Lake Tahoe and its exquisite surroundings! And yet that sweet mood succeeded a passionate, fiery outburst, lasting nobody knows how many centuries; for it is said by "scientists" that a volcano once seethed and rumbled where Tahoe now ripples and smiles. This lovely sheet of water was once named Lake Bigler, after a Democratic governor; but a triumphant Republicanism rechristened it Tahoe, — an improvement, perhaps, poetically, but politically a very small piece of business. There is an admirable hotel at the lake, and a small steamer for pleasure-excursions, a charming drive along its shores, and prime fishing in its cool, translucent waters. On the face of a high rock, in full view from the road and the lake, there is a singular natural curiosity. It is a profile, formed apparently by certain depressions in the stone, — a colossal intaglio, — and is a striking and a very noble likeness of Shakespeare. It is strange to think that Nature had chiselled his face in the eternal rock, high among the cliffs where the eagles nested, in this savage mountainland, at a time when the New World itself seemed but a monstrous mirage, or *fata Morgana*, afar down the watery slope of the world, — when not even the magic seas and the spacious heaven of his imagination took it in.

I think Lake Tahoe must yet become a great pleasure resort. I have seen no more charming spot in all my tours for a summer's rest and rambling.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10.

I LEFT Nevada, even for California, with reluctance. I parted from the kind Nevada people with grateful regret. Even Virginia City looked not unlovely as I gazed my last upon it, trying to make out the dear home of the best friends a poor strolling Bohemienne ever had. The recumbent old mountain lay still and long and grand, like dead Cæsar, his gaping, unsightly wounds decently covered by a light toga of snow.

My journey of the next day, the last of my long pilgrimage from ocean to ocean, was a succession of delightful sights and sensations. After crossing the Sierras, where the envious snow-sheds shut out from us many grand pictures, how wonderful it was to see the world brightening and greening and blooming before us, as we slid down from that dark mountain-land and a wintry atmosphere, into lovely, fruitful valleys, into soft, balmy, golden airs, past vineyards and orchards and flowery gardens! It was almost like witnessing a creation.

I thought the scenery of the Sierras far behind that of the Rocky Mountains in grandeur till we came to Cape Horn, which is equal to the Argentine Pass of Colorado, but no grander, I think.

California all the way that day reminded me of Italy, as I once travelled through it at precisely the same season; and San Francisco, as seen from the bay (for we took the steamboat at Vallejo), reminded me of Genoa, which long ago I entered from the sea, at the same time of the year, and at the same time of night. The twinkling, throbbing lights of the streets, and of thousands on thousands of dwellings, rising tier above tier, gave to the town a marvellous, magical appearance. It seemed like a mighty flight of illuminated steps, leading up to the clouds, or like a city being let down from heaven. The air of enchantment, the aerial, unreal effects of that wondrous night-picture, I despair of conveying by any words I can command. It was a clear, starlit night; but the bold, rocky eminences to our right — Angel Island and Alcatras — lay wrapped in mysterious shadows; and dimly through the Golden Gate shone the silver waters of the vast, unknown sea, the ocean of my dream. I thought of old Balboa, beholding for the first time the gleam of those waters, — the solemn fulfilment of his prophecy, the fruition of his heroic faith. I thought of how

> "Silent on a peak in Darien,
> He stared at the Pacific,"

and concluded that he did the correct thing in refraining from wrenching himself in attempts to express the inexpressible.

December 1.

Three weeks and more in San Francisco and vicinity; and they have gone by like three days and less. I have been a very bad correspondent during this time of times. All things without and within seem to have been in league against my virtuous plans for work, — the strange scenes, the bright sky and sea, sunshine and soft airs, novel street sights, charming drives and walks, brilliant shops, theatres, libraries, churches, and, above all, the great hearts of these people,— hearts that keep open house for all visitors, and take us in, and wrap us around and hold us fast by the kindest, warmest, cheeriest hospitality,—a hospitality which, like the mercy of the Lord, is "new every morning." Who could sit tamely down to write in such incomparably and intoxicatingly lovely weather as we had for the first two weeks of my stay? And when the rains came on,—the first since May,—and it was really chilly and dismal for three whole days, who *would* write then? What sensible Christian woman would n't curl up on a sofa and read novels? Now all is bright and balmy again; the waters of the bay sparkle with almost intolerable brightness, and the gardens and grounds have put on new greenness and glory. The garden under my window (my window which stands open) sends up the fragrance of heliotropes, mignonettes, geraniums, carnations, verbenas, and magnificent roses of many sorts. Fuchsias are in full bloom, and oleanders, and the bounteous laurustinas, and a sort of honeysuckle, and sweet-peas, and tuberoses. So much for my dear flower-loving friends on the other side, by way of aggravation.

The house at which I am now perched, the home of a lovely "friend of my better days,"—if I ever had any,—is on the heights; and the windows command wide views of the city, of the purple-misted foot-hills of the Coast Range, and of the bay and its islands. What with the near garden and the distant hills and waters, I have too much to look at, altogether. Indolence is no name for the feeling that takes possession of me here. There is nothing of the Italian *dolce far niente* about it. On the contrary, it is perpetual excitement, and prompts to supernatural bodily activity. There is "a spirit in my feet" that will not let me rest. I cannot see enough of this picturesque land. I cannot drink in enough of the quickening sunshine, and the balmy, healing air of this strange new summer, of this vast new sea. The very springs of life seem renewed here. Old enthusiasms, old pleasures, come back; old follies put off their sackcloth and shake off their ashes, and wear somewhat of their first perilous attractiveness. Seeing "wild oats" on every side, even I might be in danger of going into the culture of that most unprofitable cereal in a small way, — might, in fact, believe myself young again, to all intents and purposes, — were it not with me as with the worthy old Yankee who was inclined to consider himself a handsome man: "Unfortunately," he said, "public opinion is agin me on that pint."

This bright, balmy weather gives one from the other side a strange, bewildered feeling, — an impression of something unnatural and almost incredible; of a small Rip Van Winkle experience; of having slept through the proper season of storms and snows, and bitter, biting winds, and of coming out on the world on a radiant May morning; for, look at the skies, so soft and blue, and innocent looking, and you half suspect some trick of celestial magic, and ask, 'Where have you hidden away the winter?" It is a country which one must get used to by degrees. It does n't go by the almanac; its storms of wind and rain are done by big contracts; its "hired girls" are Chinamen; its theatres run on Sunday; and it knows not pennies and greenbacks.

It is odd, by the way, to see with what cool, not to say contemptuous, indifference people here regard our pretty pieces of postal currency. Even the vignettes have little charm for them. They gaze unmoved on the leonine head of Stanton, on the patrician face of Fessenden, on the fine figure of Chase, with folded arms, awaiting the Presidency; on the engaging face of Spinner,—even on that brilliant accomplishment, his signature, and on the flourish, which is in itself a liberal education. It all comes from the influence of that magnificent monopoly, the Bank of California. This, by the way, was the first San Francisco institution I visited. Here I found my letters awaiting me, and here I saw more gold and silver coin and bullion than I ever before beheld at one time. Of course, I gazed upon them with the calm curiosity of a virtuous soul, rooted and grounded in the tenth commandment; but I can scarcely conceive of torture more severe than that of a defunct Tweed or Connolly wandering about these vaults o' nights, with ghostly hands and diaphanous pockets. This Bank of California is certainly one of the most marvellous growths of this marvellous New World, and, doubtless, is a stupendous power on the whole Pacific coast. Its officers are distinguished for their uniform courtesy and munificent hospitality. I am indebted to them for much kindness and many good offices, which I can never pay back, even at simple interest. To the account of Mr. Ralston and Mr. Franklin I place some of the rarest and brightest of my long succession of pleasant experiences out here. The first was a drive to the Cliff House and the Seal Rocks, a famous resort some six miles from town.

The day was exceptionally clear and beautiful, even for this coast, where "they make 'em." The earth looked a little brown and dusty; but sky and sea and air were full of soft, heavenly splendors, warmth, and serenity. We drove through some of the finest streets of the pleasant, festive-looking city, the roses of a thousand gardens nodding to us as we passed, and out over the sandy hills, and by green little nooks, market-gardens, and grain-fields. I cannot tell how joyous and friendly looked to me the whole strange landscape, after the bleak hills of Nevada, where Nature frowns grimly over her rough treasure-chests, like an unprotected female at a San Francisco landing, standing guard over her "effects" against a mob of cab-drivers. Even the cemeteries on our route wore a cheerful, well-to-do aspect; and the monuments of men who have had much to do with the history and fame of the State — of such men as Baker and Broderick — cast but a little shadow on the sunny day. Now and then, on the road, there were little, silvery glimpses of the Pacific; but it was, after all, quite suddenly and with a keen thrill of surprise that I caught my first full view of it, lying almost at our feet, — immense but not awful, majestic but passing beautiful, smiling grandly under the sweet heavens, in its wondrous peace. It did not beat upon the sands like the gray Atlantic, in a sullen, thwarted way, but seemed to feel them gently, and to spare them, in a benign and sovereign self-restraint, calling in its forces, and lying back from the land. It appears older than the Atlantic, which somehow seems to date from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of Columbus at the furthest. It murmurs of the most ancient mysteries of the East. Its very air smells of Cathay and tastes of old Cipango.

Cliff House has a long, broad veranda, facing the sea, and commanding fine views of the Golden Gate, of the dark, bold bluff of the peninsula, and of the rocky points beyond the curving beach. On this morning there were many sails in sight, some passing through the grand gateway, some coming up slowly before the soft wind, some melting into dreams of ships down the misty horizon.

The Seal Rocks — three sharp, picturesque little islands immediately in front of the hotel — were crowded with sea-lions, whose strange, dismal, discordant barking filled the air. These particular sea-lions are under the protection of the law, and are such old customers that *habitués* at the Cliff House are able to single out the leaders, the solid citizens, and have given them distinctive and distinguished names. I must confess I watched them with an eager, childish interest and enjoyment. An English tourist at my side remarked with a happy command of words, "What an extraordinary sight! Really, you know, I had no idea of it! What extraordinary creatures! and what an extraordinary noise they make!"—which are my opinions, better expressed.

Some of these sea-lions are monsters of their kind, weighing a thousand or twelve hundred pounds, they say. All seals, queer, grotesque, uncanny creatures, have for me a strange fascination, seeming like sinful human souls in mild torment, —men, perhaps, who have warred and wasted, and lived free and high and fast, going through an uncomfortable metempsychosis, prisoned and pinioned in these flabby, slippery, and clumsy forms. As you first see those on this coast, they seem continually to be flopping over the rocks or down into the water, and you say to yourself, "What a dreary thing it must be,—an existence of flop!" But as you watch them further, you see that even a sea-lion's life is varied; for there is the wallow in the water, and the hitch up on to the rocks, the *siesta* in the sun, and the bark. When he is awake, *that* is incessant. Day and night his "bark is on the sea." Sometimes, when they are all barking at once, it pleasantly reminds one of the House of Representatives. Doubtless the sea-lion has his marital relations; perhaps the plural style of marriage prevails in this thriving community, and all the middling-sized monsters grouped around the big ones are their consorts,—"sealed" to them. If so, the ill-adjustment and discontent which nowadays seem almost inseparable from the blessed estate of wedlock may account for some of the little unpleasantnesses observable on the rocks in the mildest and sleepiest times. Another reason why not here, more than in Congress, do we find peace and unity, is, perhaps, that here also they have a "Sumner" and a "Ben. Butler." Another big seal has been dubbed by some patriotic visitor "General Grant." This is a very quiet old fellow, and sleeps most of the time. He has a sullen, "deep-mouthed bay," yet I saw enough to be convinced that his bite is worse than his bark; for while I was regarding him as he lay in profound slumber, an enormous seal hitched himself up out of the water near by, made a careful reconnoissance, and deliberately went for him. You should have seen the old Phocacean majestically rear himself on his flippers, should have heard his roar of angry defiance, which rang above the dash of the waves, and was echoed by every loyal seal on the rocks, except, perhaps, "Sumner." Then began one of the most exciting contests I ever witnessed. It seemed to come off in "rounds," like a prize-fight, the first assailant continually getting the worst of it. When he was severely "punished" by the General's tusks, he invariably fell back, and lifted up his voice and wept. At last, after half a dozen disastrous attacks, he fell so far back that he flopped off the rock into the water, where he laid his sore head on the bosom of the deep, and subsided. The victor gave one triumphant bark, turned over, and went to sleep.

We had a sumptuous lunch, followed by the most invigorating, exhilarating, and altogether jolly beach-drive I have ever had to record, and I have enjoyed many an one during my weary earthly pilgrimage. Our drive back to town through the old *Mission Dolores* gave us charming views of the ocean, the country, and the city. On the whole, it was a day to be "marked by a white stone"; but my stock of pebbles of that sort is giving out.

From that noisy concourse of sea-lions and lionesses to a gathering of the "best society" of San Francisco, from those gray rocks to elegant *salons*, from no dress to full dress, from wild barking to classic music, from flopping to galoping, is a long step; yet the next incident of note marked in my diary is a large party at the house of his Honor Mayor Selby. It was as brilliant and enjoyable an affair as the most cordial hospitality, the most bounteous entertainment, fine music, flowers in marvellous abundance, splendid toilets, beauty, grace, and gayety could make it. San Francisco has, it seems to me, an uncommonly large proportion of beautiful women. I meet at every social gathering matrons of mature age and over, with fine, symmetrical figures, and fresh, clear complexions; and I see everywhere young girls that match the otherwise incomparable roses they tend on their lovely garden terraces.

I have spent a couple of mornings in the Chinese quarter; I have stood hushed in the "dim religious light" of the Chinese Temple, and snuffed the incense that floats about the shrine of Josh; I have dissipated at the Chinese Theatre. But these are themes to be served up by themselves, and with more ceremony. I do not like to pass over in silence, yet I have left myself no space worthily to recount, my next and most delightful experience, — a visit, with a party of dear old friends, to Glenwood, Mr. Ralston's place near Belmont, on the San José Road, with excursions to the fine country-seats in that vicinity. We were met at San Mateo, about six miles this side of Belmont, by Mr. Ralston's *char-à-banc* and four, and driven through the grounds of several noble residences, — grounds generously open to the public at all times. I have never seen anything in America so fine as some of the avenues and parks we drove through that golden afternoon. They have not the dainty neatness of Eastern parks and pleasure-grounds, but they are more picturesque by far. They are less prim than primitive. Nature has been respected as the great original landscape-gardener. These are grounds to satisfy the artist and delight the sportsman; for wild vines and shrubs run and spread "at their own sweet will"; the beautiful gray moss festoons the limbs of gnarly old oaks, and droops and trails with indescribable wild grace; and fallen branches, and bushes, and ferns make admirable covers for game.

Through paling sunset glories and freshening evening airs we drove up the "Devil's Cañon," in which is cunningly and cosily hidden away Mr. Ralston's charming villa, — the representative "open house" of California, the very temple of hospitality. It may be expected that I shall describe at some length a visit which was to me like a day in fairy-land, or a chapter out of "Lothair"; but when I entered that house I left the reporter outside. The next day, after lunch, we had another drive along magnificent roads, and through a bewildering succession of stately avenues and noble parks, visiting vineyards and almond orchards and wonderful flower-gardens and palatial stables, strolling over lawns still marvellously green, rowing in miniature ponds, petting tame deer, — such lovely or lordly creatures! — and inspecting beautiful blood-horses. "Beautiful? Sir, you may say so!" There was one gray, I remember, with a mane like the surf of the Pacific, and a tail like the "Bridal Veil" of the Yosemite.

But the sun, that had shone all day long with almost midsummer warmth and splendor, dipped toward the waiting sea, casting back on the lovely coast hills a smile of tender reluctance. So we went, — even more tenderly reluctant, — met the train at Menlo Park, and reached the city in the early evening, — like children tired out with pleasure.

December 19.

I do not much object to the steep hills of San Francisco when the weather is fair and I am not too tired. They give great picturesqueness and distinctiveness to the city, and a peculiar foreign aspect, reminding one of old Edinburgh or Genoa. The higher you go, the purer and drier is the air, and the finer the prospect. Invalids should not remain down in the business part of the town, during the winter at least. This, I am told, is the most healthful and agreeable season for a sojourn in San Francisco. The cold winds which blow fiercely and continually through the mock summer are laid, and bright and balmy weather is, after the "big rain," the rule. Incredible as the stories of Munchausen seem the accounts which come to us of the heavy snows and intense cold on the other slope of the continent.

The weather "sharps" of the signal service were true prophets; for the great coast-storm is upon us.

It is something tremendous, stupendous! We are shut in by a leaden wall of rain,—"corralled," or, to speak more poetically, "enclosed, in a tumultuous privacy of storm." So at last I get a chance to write. Duty is, at the best, a little dismal; and I go to my work on this dark and tempestuous day in no hilarious mood. Yet everybody else is having a damp jubilee. Universal California rejoices in this flood as it never rejoiced in sunshine and soft airs. What wonders it will do for the crops, and what miracles for the gardens!

A fortnight or so ago, I visited San José, and had an odd little adventure. Ill luck attended that expedition from the beginning. A friend who was to have accompanied me failed me at the last moment. It was Saturday afternoon. I went to the station in good time for the 3.10 train to find that on that day it went at 2.10, was already gone, and I had more than two hours to wait for the last evening train. I walked the platform furiously for half an hour, like a Beecher or a Dickinson; then, seeing that "Woodward's Garden," a famous and a really interesting and beautiful pleasure resort, was near by, I went over there with murderous intent against time. But can anything be more melancholy than such a compulsory "bender"? Disappointed, vexed, tired, solitary, nothing moved me to wonder or admiration. I went into the tropical conservatory; but saw nothing better than we have at Washington, and nothing new, except the "miracle flower," so called, named the *Espiritu Sanctu*, or Holy Ghost, — a little white blossom, which, to a devout imagination, bears some resemblance to a dove with extended wings. I was disappointed in finding it so small, and said as much to the Irish gardener, who took fire (holy fire) at once, and indignantly asked if I had expected it to be "as big as a live pigeon." I meekly answered "No," but that the advertisement had led me to expect something like a good-sized squab. As I passed on, I have no doubt that man set me down as having committed "the unpardonable sin."

I did not linger in the art gallery; for "art is long," especially the Greek Slave, "and time is fleeting." I went into the skating rink, and sat down in a festive crowd of my fellow-beings, who knew me not. I could have eaten peanuts with perfect impunity. There was a "skatorial queen" and a "champion skater." But man on rollers delighted not me, nor woman neither. The champion imitated a drunken man to the life; but even that failed to cheer me. A handsome trapeze performer leaped and plunged in mid-air, like a gigantic frog, in tinsel and tights; and not a pulse thrilled with generous admiration or alarm. He performed, also, as a tumbler and contortionist; but the prospect of his tying himself in an acrobatic hard knot and being unable to untie himself was naught to me. I fear that if he had broken his neck in one of his compound somersaults, I should have regarded the catastrophe with something of the cool philosophy of Bridget in the kitchen, "Sure, thin, what's one tumbler more nor less?"

After that exhibition I did not dare to visit the monkey department, for fear that it would be "borne in upon me" that Mr. Darwin's theory is true. I did not even visit the pet seals, lest I should wish myself one, with a nice little tank to disport in, and a comfortable rock to sleep on, instead of being obliged to flop over a continent, seeking rest and finding none.

On the train, at last, and away! It was early twilight when we passed Millbrae and the magnificent country-seat of Mr. Mills, the president of the Bank of California, and dusk when we went by Belmont. With the fall of night the wind rose. There was a full moon, but it pursued its creditable career under difficulties,—now wading through drifting clouds, now quite hidden from view. I sat alone by a window, silent of course, looking out on the shadowy, flying landscape, and watching that determined and indomitable luminary, the only familiar face in sight. I mused on the mysteries of creation, and studied out the trimming for a new gown. I yawned, I dozed,—the way seemed intolerably long. At last came the conductor for the tickets, and I asked, "How soon shall we reach San José?"

"In about fifteen minutes, ma'am."

I got together my traps; then settled down against the window, took another lunar observation, and dozed, it seemed to me, full fifteen minutes. The train stopped. A family party near me rose and went out, and I rose and went out after them. By the way, the names of stations are not called on these California railroads. People hereabouts are supposed to have cut their canines. I looked neither to the right nor the left, but walked forward to where I saw a light, to claim my baggage. Here I soon discovered that I was not at San José. The train was starting; I started too, to jump aboard, but suddenly changed my mind. Five years ago I should have done it. Now I have outgrown such follies. I found myself left at a little way-station, several miles this side of San José, and with scarce a house in sight! My emotions, when I saw that locomotive go snorting and prancing off, whisking his tail of cars, and when I looked around me, on the strange, lonely landscape, can be slightly better imagined than described. I felt as felt my good friend "Sunset" Cox, when he was caught out in the Rocky Mountain storm,— I "wanted to go home."

Then began a hurried and, on my part, an exciting dialogue with the station-master: —

"Can I hire a carriage here?"

"No, ma'am; there's no such thing to be had. I did have a buggy last year, but it's broke."

"What is the nearest town ahead?"

"Santa Clara."

"How far away?"

"About four miles."

"Can't I telegraph to a hotel there for a carriage to be sent here for me?"

"You might, ma'am, but the telegraph-operator has took sick and gone home."

"Well, what can I do? I can't stay here all night."

"Why, no, that's so! If you're used to the saddle, I've got a horse you can ride to some house hereabouts where you can get a vehicle of some sort."

I assented gladly, and I flatter myself pluckily, to this vague proposition; but that romantic horseback ride by moonlight was not to be. The travellers who had left the cars with me — a party consisting of a gentleman farmer, his wife and baby (which their name is Putnam) — had a carriage waiting for them. They saw my painful embarrassment. Putnam himself, with true Christian chivalry, refused to leave me there, or to consent to the proposed equestrian arrangement. In short, he invited me to go home with them, take supper, and then, if I could not spend the night, he said I should be sent over to San José. How pleasantly and gratefully I remember the hearty, manly way in which this "aid and comfort" was proffered. And yet he had no idea who I was; to him I was only an unprotected and very stupid female in difficulties. In fact, I was ashamed to reveal myself. I accepted his kind offer; I could not do otherwise; but I felt inexpressibly mortified and astonished that I, old traveller as I am, could be capable of making a blunder so incredible. My new friend and helper tried to divert my thoughts, as we drove over to his place, by remarking on the moon and the ominous halo around it; but I had done "mooning" enough in the cars. Before a pleasant wood-fire, in the parlor of a pretty farm-house, I at last made myself known, to find to my comfort that both my host and hostess were old friends, "according to the spirit." After this "everything was lovely." We had a warm supper, and then the whole party of good Samaritans (barring the baby) went with me over to San José, — a six-mile drive, half of it leading under the grand arches of the Alameda, an avenue of oaks, willows, and sycamores, planted nearly a hundred years ago by the *padres* of the old missions of Santa Clara and San José. The night was still a little wild, with cold winds and driving clouds. The shadows of the gnarly old trees had a weird effect, tossing and surging like spectral waves on the white sand of the lonely road, where nothing was heard but the quick fall of our horses' hoofs, the creak of swaying branches, and the rustle of drifting leaves. We reached San José at about ten o'clock, took leave of each other, and my adventure was over. Though the mishap was a little rough at the time, I would not lose the recollection of it for any entertainment my San Francisco friends can give me, and that is saying a great deal. It made me think better of human nature (not that I ever thought very ill of it), and love generous, hospitable Californians more than ever; and it took the conceit out of me as a strong-minded woman of the world, independent, and knowing a thing or two about traveling. Since that experience I am a sore trial to conductors in my fear of gett where, or not getting somewhere, without ing it.

I have tempted the gods by a second visit to San José and Santa Clara. There is an odor of defunct sanctity all over this region. San José is a beautiful city, with some pleasant drives beside the ever-charming Alameda, a noble new court-house, and several fine private residences. The show-place is General Negley's, and it is one which any prince might be proud of, and such as few princes deserve. At Santa Clara there is a large Jesuit college and an old adobe church. The latter is a dim, damp, musty, weather-stained, and earthquake-marred edifice, adorned with some curious, not to say grotesque, frescoes, painted, it is said, long ago by a native artist, an Indian convert. If so, "the last state of that man was worse than the first." One of the pictures on the wall — that of a saintly old monk in his cell — is so striking a likeness of the sagacious and loquacious statesman of Kentucky, Garret Davis, that one could almost believe it a portrait of that venerable senator, doing penance for his sins of speech, or taking sanctuary here from the evil rule of Republicanism and the buffetings of Butler.

We were very courteously shown all through the college, which seems an excellent institution, admirably practical in its character. The inner court, or garden, with its long piazzas, its aloes, myrtles, roses, and lemon, orange, almond, and olive trees, reminded me of the cloisters and court in the picturesque old inn of Amalfi, once a convent. The whole scene was marvelously like Italy, — the Jesuit priests, with their long black robes; the quaint old church; the older cross before it. Even the picturesque peasant figures were there, lounging about the church door, and kneeling before the shrine of the Virgin. Some swarthy Mexicanos looked the lazzaroni character to the life. But, thank Heaven! they did not beg, nor smell of garlic, like the genuine Neapolitan article; and there were no snuffy, shuffling, shaven old mendicant friars to be seen.

San Francisco has been having a sensation lately, which has shaken the many-hilled city like a mild earthquake. Ghost faces have appeared in divers window-panes about town! The first spectre of this kind was discovered in the front window of a very respectable house occupied by a widow, who, it is said, recognized it as the apparition of her late husband. It caused a tremendous excitement. Jones, living, might have gazed out of that window, with that doleful expression (for it is a most infelicitous-looking ghost) for every day of a long and virtuous life, and nobody would have heeded him; but Jones, defunct, drew half the town to gape at him. Of course *I* went to see the crowd. That, by the way, was what everybody said they went to see. I found that the widow had been so beset by visitors and reporters that she had brought herself, for a consideration, to part a second time with her husband, — one gets used to these afflictions, — and that he had been removed to *Woodward's Garden*, where he was drawing well. Scarcely was he gone when other ghosts appeared in neighboring windows, staring out of their crystalline limbo on a marveling or mocking world, looking more or less miserable, as though in purgatorial panes. These new-comers I saw, and I must confess that they were to me something quite inexplicable. They seem to have been done *in*, not *on*, the glass, and are scarcely of a character to serve any purpose of ornamental art. They are the very diabolism of photography. I cannot even guess at the process by which they are made to appear as and where they are. But ghost "sharps" tell me they are quite inferior to the original apparition now at the Garden. That, however, is said to be fading slowly away. Jones evidently does n't feel at home there. He was a family man. Bids are not lively for the other panes; the spectre business has been overdone, and speculators are fearful of taking a glass too much.

During the dismal deluge which came upon us in the holidays, I could not write, of course. I fled to Glenwood, to the society of the beautiful and beloved Portia, who there presides, — to whom the wise men of the East and the princes of Cathay and Cipango pay homage. In those wide, hospitable halls I found gayety unclouded and bloom undrenched, — a clime and a climate of their own. There it was out of the question for me to shut myself up and work. I would be idle if I died for it. Besides, it was so discouraging to hear of railroads and bridges washed away in every direction, and mail-bags afloat. I half believed that, should I write my MS., I would have to bottle it up and let it drift. Then came the snow-blockades, and the prospect of all mail matter *en route* being frozen up, not to be thawed out before spring.

Since the storm, life in California has worn a particularly festive aspect. The hills have put on new coats of loveliest, liveliest green. In the gardens, the lilies and geraniums have taken heart of grace; red and white roses have flung out fresh banners of bloom, as though ready to resume the old York and Lancaster strife. The beauty of these winter days — "falsely so called" — is indescribable. It is now, "from morn to dewy eve," one steady tempest of sunshine, as a little while ago it was one steady storm of rain. Doubtless we shall have plenty of dark and rainy days yet this season, but the wettest of the wet must be past. I had before heard of "sheets of rain," but here it came down in blankets, — coverlets. There was not, it proved, a perfectly water-proof house in the city. You know all the Pacific coast Christians had been petitioning and sacrificing for rain for some two years, so that there were long arrearages of prayers to be answered; and it descended till every reasonable claim on the bounty of Providence was liquidated. After the storm, came the Japanese Embassy, dropping down on "Frisco" as though out of another planet. They have all been very thoroughly lionized. The Prime Minister, Prince Iwakura, is much commended for his "wise laws" and Oriental courtesy; and the princesses brought over for their education are admired as remarkably modest and well-behaved young ladies. They are said to be impatient to don the American dress, which they admire, "all but the hump on the back."

Prince Iwakura gives it out as his opinion that women should be educated equally with men. These heathens are getting on quite too fast. Let the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions look to it, and send a fresh squad of missionaries to Japan. And let care be taken to select pious young men from Yale and Andover, — not from the women-invaded universities of

Michigan and California. They may be martyred, these apostles of godly conservatism; but they will die in a good cause. This pestilent woman question is traveling round the world in advance of the telegraph. I have a poetic friend in this city who is about to flee to a lonely island in the South Seas to get away from it. I tell him he flees in vain. The Robinson Crusoe of to-day finds on the rocks of his Juan Fernandez notices of Women's Rights Conventions pleasantly intermingled with advertisements of patent-right medicines.

I have lately paid a visit to Sacramento, and seen the State Solons in council assembled, — a fine, live-looking set of men. The new Capitol is a noble building, bearing a striking resemblance to the dear *old* national Capitol we fondly remember as more symmetrical, if less magnificent, than the sacred conglomerate edifice we all at Washington turn our faces toward, at morning and evening devotions.

I was charmingly entertained at the beautiful residence of ex-Governor Stanford, — gracious King Leland, — monarch of all the railroads he surveys;

a man not only with a masterly brain for affairs, for the management of gigantic enterprises, for knowledge of men and means, but with a fair, liberal mind and a kindly heart, — a true representative man for a grand State like California, almost an empire.

The site of Sacramento is low and flat, and in some of the lower grade unpaved streets there were depths of mud apparently unfathomable; but still we drove much about town and a mile or two into the country, our driver continually picking the way. There are in Sacramento many elegant private residences, and it abounds and superabounds in shrubberies and flowers.

With my ruling passion strong even in California, I was not long in making affectionate inquiries of Governor Stanford in regard to his famous trotting horse Charley, or "Occident," as he had been lately christened. In reply, my host offered to drive me out to the race-course where the animal is kept, that I might see for myself; and the next morning I had the honor of a presentation to the most princely piece of horse-flesh I have seen for many a long day. Though not showy, and not, at present, carefully kept up, he is really a grand creature, beautiful almost equally in action and repose, intelligent, gentle, tractable, yet full of joyous fire. I did not see him in harness, as the ground was too heavy to allow of his being put to his speed; but a little son of the trainer mounted him bare-back, and let me see something of his action. The morning was beautiful, and he seemed to revel in the sunshine and fresh air, and to thrill with a fine ecstasy of life. The trainer of this horse is a Yankee of the Yanks, who devotes himself to his charge with the utmost enthusiasm, and brings up his children in the same fealty. Every night he or one of his boys sleeps beside Royal Charley, ready to wake at his lightest whinny. In truth, the horse is far less an object of pride and solicitude to his owner than to his trainer. No railroads come in to rival, no steamboats to run him down, in the loyal affections of "Yank Smith." He is jealous of his record to the fourth part of a second.

Charley's pedigree has not been fully and accurately made out. He is supposed to be of Morgan stock, and was raised in the country, near

Sacramento. He passed into the possession of a man who worked him in drawing sand for the railroad, with a much larger horse, who was slow and did not do his share of the work; so finally his owner sold him to a butcher for seventy-five dollars, saying that he could get a horse for sixty dollars that would answer his purpose as well. The butcher sold him to a ranchman, who drove him in a market-wagon. A neighbor, a little wiser in horse-matters, bought him for two hundred and fifty dollars, gave him a little training, and sold him to Governor Stanford for four thousand five hundred dollars and a valuable horse named Grant. Since his wonderful speed has been ascertained, Governor Stanford has received immense offers for him. One demented admirer offered a ranch and seventy-five horses of good blood, for all of which possessions he would not take, he said, seventy-five thousand dollars. In refusing this handsome offer, the governor said he was reminded of a story he read in his boyhood of an English highwayman (perhaps Dick Turpin), who once, when fleeing from the sheriff and hard pressed, caused his horse (perhaps Black Bess) to take an astonishing leap over a chasm or stream, which feat a wonder-struck farmer, beholding, cried out, "I would give fifty bullocks for that horse!" But the flying robber shouted back, "Fifty bullocks could n't take that leap!"

Charley is now eight years old. He is fifteen and one half hands high, and, when in good condition for speed, weighs eight hundred and sixty pounds. He is in color a rich bay, which becomes a dark brown in winter.

The track of the Sacramento Trotting Park, though the best in the State, is not in a condition to make a perfect test of the speed of this remarkable horse. It is too flat and sharp at the turns. The governor is having these defects remedied, so in a few months we may hear great things of this wonder of the West, and Dexter and Goldsmith Maid may have to look to their laurels. The tests of speed thus far (though Smith declares that the horse has never yet put forth his best energies) have given this result. *Ecco!* Best mile, 2.18½; best half-mile, 1.05; best quarter, 31½ seconds. Smith evidently believes his pet to be the fastest horse in the world, "when his work is fairly cut out afore him"; and perhaps he is, as California is undoubtedly the fastest country in the world.

I made the journey down to San Francisco on a glorious afternoon. The country, such of it as was out of water, looked green with promise where the wild turf stretched away in mighty, magnificent undulations, and where ploughed lands awaited the planter and the sower. Ah, 'there 's richness!'"

We have lately had an Artists' Reception, — a very gay and charming affair. All the beauty and fashion and celebrity of San Francisco were there, with several distinguished and many undistinguished strangers, and, of course, all the editors and reporters and Bohemians. Bierstadt was there with his lovely wife. They have come here to winter, to be ready for another triumphant art-campaign in the spring. Stoddard, the poet (he of the Pacific coast and strain), was there with his kindly, languid smile, — a young man whom everybody likes and calls "Charley"; and Joaquin Miller, rough of dress, but mild of address, pale and pensive and peculiar, trying his best to look unconscious of the wistful gaze of hundreds of bright eyes. Quite the opposite of this pale, wild Swinburne of the Sierras was the genial and fresh-hearted English gentleman and fine actor, Henry Edwards, with his wonderful atmosphere of joyous vitality, naturalness, and manliness. Everybody likes him too, and calls him "Harry," but no man has more the respect of the community. The stage, if it does not meet all his aspirations, has not destroyed them; if it does not satisfy, it has not spoiled him. He devotes himself with singular enthusiasm to natural science, and has one of the very finest private collections of butterflies and beetles in the world. A finished and conscientious artist, he yet makes his art almost secondary to science. His theatrical tours are butterfly chases as well. By the way, we have had a little theatrical sensation here, — the appearance, for the first time in English, of Madam Veneta, a favorite German actress. I have seen her as Lady Macbeth, and that heart-rending Deborah. She is a woman of undeniable genius, somewhat unequal in her acting, but, for the most part, playing with singular intensity and absorption. She played poor, fiery, forsaken Deborah with truth and tenderness, with superb scorn and magnificent abandon. She is not very young; she could hardly have united such concentration of passion and such self-mastery if she were. She is not decidedly beautiful, but her face has immense power of expression. She speaks English remarkably well, with but a slight accent, and in a voice singularly like that of Charlotte Cushman, whose magnificently passionate acting she frequently reminds me of.

SACRAMENTO, March 4.

All weather wiseacres unite in saying that there has never been a winter like this on the Pacific coast, for rain, since that of the great flood in 1862. I was just getting disheartened, had ceased my song of glorification, and was ready to sing,

> "I would not live alway, in California,
> Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,"

when the wind changed, chopped round to nor'-nor'west, and the sun came out in all his splendor and bravery, to open his spring campaign against flood and mud.

Nothing could have been more dismal than my visit to Stockton. For most of the time the rain fell in torrents, and all the time the town seemed one vast slough. In early days Stockton was celebrated for depths of mud, not only unfathomable, but unimaginable, and it has bravely held its own. By the way, it was the scene of the old legend of the miner's hat, seen one still, spring day mysteriously moving along the surface of the ground; which hat was discovered to have a stranger under it; which stranger, when extricated, shouted that he had "a mule down thar." I myself saw an enterprising lad, probably a news-boy, going about town on stilts. Fortunately the sidewalks are high and dry above this black profound.

They have in Stockton an uncommon common council for economy. They stoutly refuse to light the streets, though they have good gas-works, and though they have an excellent Mayor, of Boston stock, who wrestles with them on the light question continually. So, by night, when the heavens are unpropitious, all is Tartarean darkness, above and below. If nocturnally you would

"See fair Stockton aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Stockton makes much of the moon. She has the great State Lunatic Asylum. The same economical city fathers who decline to light the streets, so that good people can attend lectures on dark nights with safety, actually levied on me a tax of five dollars for the blessed privilege of reading to a few citizens, who came out on that dark and doleful night with lanterns and umbrellas, a highly moral essay on "Heroism in Common Life," and never did people stand more in need of encouragement in well-doing. It was the first experience of the kind I ever had; and I hope it will be the last, — for the good of my temper, which it would be a pity to have soured, at this late day. I resented it, as I always resent "taxation without representation." If the town had been represented in proportion to its population — not counting the asylumites — at my moral and æsthetic entertainment, the thing would have been more endurable.

Sacramento is always pleasant to me, mud or no mud, for its excellent society, for the cordial hearts and keen intellects I meet here, for the air of enterprise and activity which reminds one constantly of the good fight this people have made against adverse fortunes, against fire and flood.

The house at which I am again entertained, though for the most part new and altogether magnificent, — the large house of a large man (in every sense), — is already pervaded by the true home atmosphere, suggestive of absolute ease and comfort. There is no grand apartment too grand to be lived in and thoroughly enjoyed. None are shut up for state occasions. No richest damask chairs are *tabooed*, or bagged in ghostly linen. The whole noble mansion seems to me a type of the generous, bounteous, almost prodigal hospitality of this country.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for speaking more particularly of Sacramento society. Like that of all capitals, it is gay and fashionable; but I daily meet with evidences of a good deal besides, and better than gayety and fashion. The governor himself, Mr. Booth, is a man of quite extraordinary eloquence and culture, and several of the State officers, men young or in their early prime, are rare scholars and gentlemen. I find Sacramento ladies very charming, with an unusual amount of vivacity, and a graceful and gracious friendliness of manner peculiarly pleasant to me as a stranger. The city wants sadly a good hall for lectures and concerts, and a museum of curiosities and art. The wealthy citizens show a good deal of taste for art, however. I have just returned from a visit to the house of Judge Crocker, who, at a time of life when most large capitalists hereabouts are utterly buried and absorbed in gigantic enterprises and splendid speculations, treated himself and family to a long stay in Europe, threw care to the winds, revelled in the beautiful, and bought pictures right and left. He has brought home a large collection, for which he is now building a fine gallery.

CHICO, March 7.

I reached here last evening, so late that I could see but little of the town; but this morning I find myself amid the loveliest and most picturesque scenery I have seen since I first came into the State. Indeed, I believe this portion of the great valley of the Sacramento is called "The Paradise of California."

Marysville, in which for my sins of extravagant laudation of this country, perhaps, I spent a dismal, drizzling, lonely day, is a town of considerable importance, and has been in times past even more busy and prosperous. I should judge there was plenty of money there yet, from the number of citizens, who can afford to live without labor or any apparent business, whom we observed lounging about street-corners, or taking their *otium cum dignitate*, if nothing stronger, in the bar-room of the hotel. Yet, apart from these elegant idlers and "bloated aristocrats," I suppose there may be a hard-working class of merchants and professional men, excellent people in their way; and I doubt not that Marysville is the dearest and most desirable spot on earth to all the inhabitants thereof. I have one pleasant association with the place. I met there *one* friend,—a lovely, sympathetic Boston woman, who brought to see me a beautiful little girl to whom she had given my name.

Here I am, resting for a few days on the magnificent ranch of General Bidwell, a distinguished

Californian, and one much respected, though he has been a member of Congress. He lives here a life busy, but tranquil, in authority almost feudal, in enjoyment almost Arcadian, on an estate of twenty thousand acres, comprising some of the finest wheat and fruit growing and pasture land in the State. The pleasant town of Chico, built on land which was once a part of this vast ranch, is named from a creek, the loveliest stream I have found in California. This runs the General's flour-mills, supplies all his irrigating ditches, and flows through his grounds. From the tower of his beautiful house, and even from my chamber windows, I can see far down the enchanting valley, on two sides, mountains lovely and grand; the Marysville Buttes, the Coast Range, and the mighty Sierras blue in the distance, and wearing the same night-caps of snow they wore in the dark ages. Around the house are flowers, of course, and shrubs and trees just putting out their foliage, and a great variety of evergreens. Among them are the graceful Australian gum-tree, the Chinese camphor, and the pepper tree. On one side of the house there is an almond orchard in full bloom, looking like a snow blockade. As I step out on the wide piazza, which almost surrounds the house, the serene, surpassing beauty of the landscape takes my heart. The air is filled and thrilled with the songs of birds, — the robin, the thrush, the bluebird, and the incomparable meadow-lark, — and pulsates with the low, sweet gurgle of the stream, running crystal clear over shining pebbles. The whole landscape is peculiarly Italian in its character, and yesterday, at sunset, I saw a group of picturesquely dressed women coming from the mill. Large and straight, and free in their movements, they reminded me at once of Italian peasant women. Yet they are native Indians, commonly called Diggers. They are employed in the mill, and work well. They live in a little village, or *rancheria*, on the estate. General Bidwell gladly employs all, both men and women, who are able and willing to work, and supports the old and infirm — some sixty of them — who were on the land when he came here. This morning we drove over a portion of the ranch, following, for the most part, a charming private road along the Chico. We passed immense fields of wheat, and a great meadow of the alfalfa, or

Chilian clover, which looked like a bright green sea, surging in the fresh morning wind. This clover, I am told, produces three bounteous crops a year, without irrigation, never losing its peculiar vivid green; then, added to its other merits, it is sweet-scented. We drove over a rolling plain, starred with miniature daisies, dotted with buttercups and tiny blue flowers, strange to me, but something like our housatonias. But the flowers up here have not come out as they have down on the coast. Coming from Belmont, last week, I saw hosts of harebells and patches of wild iris, that looked as though the sky had come down in pieces; while all along the side of the road ran the yellow California poppies, like a procession of fairy Orangemen. The grand floral spring flood is rising all over the State. Soon it will cover our feet, it will rise to our knees, it will touch our saddle-girths, and all the land will be drowned in bloom and fragrance.

I am sorry I cannot see this charming Chico region in its full glory of blossom and foliage; that I must *leave* before the trees. I want to behold these grand oaks in all their summer bravery.

Just now, all the greenery about them is the fatal garniture of the mistletoe, — that beautiful, insolent parasite, that seems to have come sailing through the air, out of the unknown, and boarded the tree of its choice, and flung out its pirate banner from the topmost branches. Many of these trees are burdened with oak-balls, — a black and ghastly fruitage like unto baked "apples of Sodom." They are all the tenements and nurseries of parasitic insects, and are formed from the sap, the life of the tree going out in these ugly excrescences. When the oak is stung, even to death, it sheds tears of sweet forgiveness, drops on the earth a white sugary substance, a sort of manna, which these wild Children of Israel, the Diggers, gather up in baskets, and eat almost as eagerly as they devour a grasshopper cake or an angle-worm stew. On our drive we saw away toward the mountains an indistinct, white, moving mass, which looked as though the fleecy clouds had settled on the plain. It was our host's little flock of five thousand sheep and fifteen hundred lambs. The stock I have not yet seen, but I suppose it is in keeping with the other belongings of this noble ranch.

General Bidwell has been on his land most of the time for thirty years. He has given much thought and study, as well as labor, to its cultivation; for not even in bounteous California can such agricultural results be reached without good, earnest, hard work, intelligent observation, and watchful care. "While the husbandman sleeps," the Devil is ready to sow tares here, as elsewhere, and the way the pesky things grow in this region would have astonished the ranchmen "down in Judee." I could tell some stupendous stories of the productiveness of grain-fields, orchards, and vineyards on this ranch, but will forbear for fear I lose my reputation for veracity, — what may be left of it, after my reports from Colorado. All the "small fruits" grow here in great profusion and excellence. Among these must by no means be classed the cherries, — pride of the ranch! He is set down as a greedy fellow, an "unmannerly knave," who does not "make two bites of a cherry." All branches of the melon family flourish here immensely: in fact, all fruits not actually tropical, — pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, quinces, apples, the fig and the pomegranate, the *pomme d'amour*, and the *pomme de chou*, and the *pomme de terre*; and the best of it is, that no pestilent insect, unless it be a thieving Digger boy now and then, ever attacks any sort of fruit in this region. Almonds are grown here of superior quality, especially the soft-shelled; also excellent English and black walnuts and olives. His fine grapes General Bidwell uses or sends to market in their natural, innocent form, being conscientiously opposed to the manufacture of wine and brandy.

I have been thus particular in describing this ranch, because it is, on the whole, the finest I have yet seen. Yet General Bidwell speaks of it habitually as a place of fine "capabilities." He has a thousand plans, partly originated by his accomplished wife, for improving it, in every direction and department. When they finish their great and delightful task, may I be here to see!

SACRAMENTO, March 26.

I have a new sensation to chronicle to-day, — an event which I hope will remain among the experiences of my life, alone, apart, unique. One of the kind will do. Early this Tuesday morning we had an earthquake, — the most severe earthquake ever known in Sacramento, which, indeed. has hitherto been singularly exempt from such unwelcome visitations. It occurred — that is, the great shock — at twenty minutes past two, and then the clock stopped. It was late when I went to bed last night. I was tired and weak from recent illness, yet I could not sleep for a long time. I fancied the air was heavy and sultry. With a window wide open in my large chamber, I still had a strange feeling of oppression and apprehension, though all without was profoundly quiet, — a dead stillness. After long tossing and weary waiting, I slept, it seemed but a little while. I dreamed I was at sea, and that the ship suddenly struck upon a rock, and shuddered and shivered and creaked fearfully. I woke to feel the rocking, straining motion of the ship, and the roar of the winds and waves. I had actually some moments of vague distress and terror before I realized where I was, and what was the strange tumult and shock, and knew that the fearful power that was shaking the great solid house, and rattling the windows, and swinging the chandeliers about me, was neither of the air nor sea; that the dull, appalling roar was neither the sound of a "mighty, rushing wind," nor the "voice of many waters," — though it was like to them both; nor could it be taken for thunder, or the rumble of cars. It was something peculiar, strange, terribly unfamiliar, yet impossible to be mistaken, — a nameless horror of sound, muffled, portentous, and all-pervading. It did not seem to me to belong to the earthquake. It seemed in the air, not under the ground; it was not the growl of imprisoned thunder, but the ominous, defiant roar of some unknown element of death and destruction, "flying all abroad." It was more terrible to me than the rocking and trembling all about me.

What moments were those for swift, solemn, yearning thoughts! Before I rose from the bed, which shook and seemed to surge under me, I seemed to pass in spirit over thousands of miles, and to stand by the bedside of my dear ones, sleeping in peace, in security. Something gave me strength, and I rose quietly, went to a window and looked out, expecting to see the ground heaving like the waves of the sea, and people running frantically from falling houses. But all seemed strangely still, except the swaying trees. Nothing was disturbed, and few people were then in the streets. It almost looked as though the earthquake were confined to this house, — contracted for by the rampant enemies of the Central Pacific and its president. The moon shone through a mist with a peculiarly cold, almost ghastly light. This effect, I heard afterward, was noticed by others. I suppose it had no connection with the earthquake, yet it increased the "fantastic terror" of the scene. My dear hostess came to me to try to give me aid, or rather comfort; but as the shocks came in swift succession, running into each other, she was herself almost overwhelmed with terror and apprehension. Yet after her tender, unselfish way, she seemed to suffer most from fear for the fate of friends in San Francisco. "If it is so severe here, it must be terrible *there*," she said; and my own distress was very great for many dear friends I pictured flying from their falling houses, and wandering through the streets. But, thank Heaven, they escaped the awful visitation this time, almost entirely. We seem to have taken the full brunt of it. We hear to-day that many people rushed from their beds into the streets and remained till the shocks were all past. My host, Governor Stanford, was perfectly calm, and his courage proved contagious. When he told me that it was not, after all, a first-class earthquake, I believed and trembled, respecting his long Pacific coast experience, and not being a judge of earthquakes myself. When he assured me that the worst was over, I went quietly to bed, and there remained as quiet as my bed would allow me to be. The shocks became much less violent and frequent, and at last were so gentle, that, worn out by strange emotions, and faint with a sort of sea-sickness, I said to the dear old earth I never had feared before, "Rock me to sleep, mother," — and she did it. At about six o'clock I was wakened by a smart shock, the last severe one we have had. During the day we have had several starts and *tremblements*, so slight that it is probable we should not have noticed them had we not been on the *qui-vive*. We are beginning to take some credit to ourselves for good behavior, as we hear of many in all parts of the city who were utterly panic-stricken, rushing into the streets in their night-clothes, shrieking and sobbing and praying, and doing other strange and unusual things. One frantic young man, very airily clad, leaped out of a third-story back window of a hotel. He alighted on the roof of an old shed, which gave way, and let him gently down into a spring wagon. So he escaped with his life, but has, they say, gone into retirement and a course of vinegar and brown paper. We felt assured that we were as safe where we were as we could be outside, and not a soul left the house.

Buckle, I believe, says that there is nothing that so takes hold on the imagination as an earthquake; and very likely my imagination exaggerated the peril, the heaving, the roaring, as I afterward found it did the duration of the shocks. All the accounts I had ever heard or read of earthquakes came back to me, — the dreadful stories of the destruction of Catania and Lisbon in the old school-books, with their more dreadful pictures, and the later horrors of South American convulsions. There is in an earthquake all the elements of panic, of wild, mad terror, especially in its utter unexpectedness and uncertainty. Nothing in nature gives you warning that it is coming, nothing assurance that it is past. You cannot know during the first great shock whether it is subsiding or culminating. Still, we were more solemnized than terrified, at least after the bewildered waking out of sleep, and the first surprise and alarm. There was something so mysterious, so stupendous, so almost grand in that shudder of the solid globe, — that nightmare of the sleeping earth, moaning and tossing under the still, bright heavens! We were hushed and humbled; with a sense of the most utter helplessness, we could but try to look beyond Nature to Nature's God, silently to appeal from her pitilessness to His pity, from her restlessness to His rest.

Now, in the brave light of day, we feel brave, and wonder we were so awed and agitated, and laugh at stories of wild excitement and demoralization in the hotels down-town; yet it is strange how every little new tremor of the smiling earth gives one a sort of sickening electric shock, and seems in an instant to resolve one's heart into jelly.

This morning, to brighten our thoughts and steady our nerves, we drove out to the Park, and went like the wind around the track, and saw the great Stanford trotting horse go like a whirlwind over ground which only six hours before, seen by the pale moonlight, would have seemed scarcely more substantial than the canvas waves of a theatrical sea.

Governor Stanford drove a pair of sorrels, very fast and very beautiful, and there were a number of fine horses on the track. But the observed of all observers was Charley, or Occident, who was taking his constitutional. He is now in splendid condition, and seems to strike fire from the ground, and to be charged with it, warming up grandly with every round.

O, how pleasant and beautiful seemed the earth, in its fresh spring attire! how quiet, and innocent and reliable! All along our way, going and returning, we breathed in the intoxicating sweetness of violets and roses and lilacs, and the more delicate fragrance of fruit-tree blossoms and tender young leaves. We had radiant sunshine instead of the misty moonlight, associated with tumult and terror; the song of birds in lieu of that sullen roar more appalling than the rush of a tornado or the thunder of surf; in short, we had brightness and peace instead of mystery and fear. It was paradise regained.

Of course, we and our visitors talk earthquake continually. One friend, who had experienced much harder shocks, says he should not have left his bed last night if it had not gone down under him. Another friend has just been telling me a curious earthquake story: A gentleman and his wife came to San Francisco in the fall of 1864, intending to make California their home. On the very night after their arrival there occurred a frightful earthquake, which so shocked them that they took the very next steamer and returned to the Atlantic coast. After four years they were so far recovered from their fright that they concluded to try it again. They came this time *determined* to stay. But, on their very first night in San Francisco, the earthquake found them out. It was the *great* earthquake of October, 1868, that finally utterly routed them. They went home by the first train. They had seen little in their two visits to California, but they had *felt* unutterable things.

I hear with great regret that pleasant Chico has suffered some damage, and that the beautiful house in which I was most hospitably entertained has been seriously injured. I thank God that no lives have been lost; and, on the whole, I am not sorry to have had the experience. I shall never now, like the boy in the quaint old German story, be discontented and unhappy because I do not "understand what it is to shudder."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 4.

Since the coming in of fine, clear weather, since the real royal entry of spring, the obstacles in the way of study or writing, both without and within, have seemed quite insurmountable. These glorious days have rolled in upon me in a perfectly whelming tide of fragrant and golden enticements, floating me helplessly out into the lovely country, up and down the great highways, and over the bright waters, — to Sacramento, to Belmont, to Oakland and Brooklyn and Sancelito. Much of the time I have simply been flying like a shuttlecock back and forth across the bay. I had a pass, and thought I must work it out.

The grand California flower-show is at its height. Anything more gorgeously beautiful than the display in meadows and wild pasture lands, on hillside and river-side, it were impossible for any one but a mad florist to imagine. Along the railroads on either hand runs continuously the rich, radiant bloom. Your sight becomes pained, your very brain bewildered, by watching the galloping rainbow.

There are great fields in which flowers of many sorts are mingled in a perfect carnival of color; then come exclusive family gatherings, where the blues, the crimsons, or the purples have it all their own way; and every now and then you come upon great tracts, resplendent with that most royally gorgeous of all wild flowers, the yellow or orange poppy, which an old Russian bear of a botanist has stretched on the rack of the name *Eschscholtzia*, but which long ago some poetic Spaniard, not a "flower-sharp," and so not above taking a hint from nature, christened *El-copo-d'oro.* Every such tract where the sumptuous blossoms stand thick reminds one of the "field of the cloth of gold." They are peculiarly joyous-looking flowers, massed together, dancing and hobnobbing, and lifting their golden goblets to be filled by the morning sun. At night, emptied of that aureate air, the dainty cups close up, and the tipsy revellers go to sleep. Cool libations of watery moonshine are not to their taste.

With the first dawn of spring I bravely undertook to gather and preserve specimens of every sort of wild flower in its season; but I soon found it was a losing game for me. As I put down my specimens in my little herbarium, Nature would "see" me and "go" me five, ten, twenty, fifty "better," and, at last, "could give me a hundred, and beat me every time."

Even Marysville and Stockton look bright, festive, and hospitable, with their spring suits on. I begin to repent me that I suffered vile March weather and the uncommon wickedness of common councilmen to color too darkly my impressions of those two boroughs. Peace be with them! Marysville, I am told, has some delightful society, and Stockton is only to be avoided by lecturers and lunatics. They fine the former and confine the latter.

At my last visit, since the earthquake, I found Sacramento with her feet clean out of the mud, and sitting among the roses. It is really a beautiful season there now, and a peaceful and virtuous. The Legislature has adjourned.

I heard while there another story of the earthquake. A lodger at one of the hotels, when awakened on that memorable night, supposed that some mischievous or burglarious individual was heaving up his bed. Leaning over its edge and holding on with difficulty, he shouted, "Come out of there, you son of a gun!"

The idea of calling an earthquake a "son of a gun" struck me as unspeakably droll.

Oakland, the city over the bay, that ought to have been San Francisco, a heavenly spot, where the sand and the wind trouble not, and earthquakes do not break through and shake, as here, is beautiful at all times and seasons, but is now enchanting. Such roses as grow there in marvellous variety and profusion are a foretaste of paradise. By the way, I do not believe that any writer has done full justice to the roses of California in their loveliness, their bounteousness, their absolute perfection. They are the tenderest, the most aërial hues, the most transporting tints, of sunrise and sunset born again in bloom. Next to the roses in beauty are, to me, the scarlet geraniums, growing in great clumps and long hedges, blazing up out of the green, like flowering flame. Then there is the calla lily, fresh and cool and pure, growing also in wonderful profusion. In the decoration of one San Francisco church for Easter service more than a thousand lilies of this regal family were immolated.

Sancelito is the most poetically and perennially attractive place of resort on the bay. Here grow wonderful ferns, here are cliffs and dells, and lovely little coves, and shadowy glens, and charming hidden brooks.

I really cannot see how this coast can ever make a great record in scientific discoveries and attainments, and the loftier walks of literature; can ever raise great students, authors, and artists of its own. Leaving out of consideration the fast and furious rate of business enterprise, and the maëlstrom-like force of the spirit of speculation, of gambling, on a mighty, magnificent sweep, I cannot see how, in a country so enticingly picturesque, where three hundred days out of every year invite you forth into the open air with bright beguilements and soft blandishments, any considerable number of sensible, healthy men and women can ever be brought to buckle down to study of the hardest, most persistent sort; to "poring over miserable books"; to brooding over theories and incubating inventions. California is not wanting in admirable educational enterprises, originated and engineered by able men and fine scholars; and there is any amount of a certain sort of brain stimulus in the atmosphere. She will always produce brilliant men and women of society, wits, and ready speakers; but I do not think she will ever be the rival of bleak little Massachusetts or stony old Connecticut in thorough culture, in the production of classical scholars, great jurists, theologians, historians, and reformers. The conditions of life are too easy. East winds, snows, and rocks are the grim allies of serious thought and plodding research, of tough brains and strong wills.

There are great hopes entertained of the State University, now at Oakland, but to be, when its new buildings are completed, at Berkley, some four miles away, and in full sight of the Golden Gate. It is already a noble institution, with an admirable faculty. The Mills Seminary, a very large school for young ladies, admirably situated, hid away in a charming nook under the beautiful Brooklyn hills, is certainly something for California to be proud of. I have found it a delightful place to visit. The handsome, neat, bright, and every way comfortable house overflows with happy young life. In its atmosphere, as in a magic bath, I seemed for the time to renew my own youth, and to dwell again in the school-girls' Arcadia. The bright, blooming, eager, girlish faces I have seen there I shall long remember with tender interest. "O young and joyous creatures!" shall I look upon you never again?

Oakland society is more literary and artistic in its tone than that of any other Pacific coast town. Still, I am told young Oakland dances and skates more than it studies or sketches. Every great entertainment winds up with a ball, every little one with a "hop," — unless it be a christening or a communion service. It is a merry people, and a kindly and a generous, responding liberally to every appeal of benevolence and good-fellowship. Such a succession of "benefits," charitable and complimentary, as we have had in this vicinity during the last two months, I have never known. Everybody that is deserving or unfortunate has a chance, sooner or later.

Of the smaller towns I have visited, I think pleasant Chico the most intellectually inclined. I met there people of excellent literary taste. I must mention the postmaster as a man especially fond of letters. He kept a whole package of mine for nearly two days, refusing to give them up at my frantic call, and even denying that the documents were in his possession. I was told that this affectionate clinging to his mail-matter is an æsthetic weakness of the old gentleman's. By the way, in this same village I fell into the clutches of a hack-man, who, for an hour's use of an indifferent old vehicle, smelling of damp strangers, extorted from me no less than eight dollars in gold and silver coin; and it has occurred to me that it would be a good idea to station this same highwayman at the window of the post-office to call on the venerable lover of letters to "stand and deliver!"

At Chico I met with a very interesting woman, the wife of General Cosby of Kentucky, during our "late unpleasantness" in the Confederate army, now very much reconstructed into a Butte County California ranchman. Mrs. Cosby, since living a life novel in its new cares and labors, but somewhat lonely and monotonous, has developed remarkable artistic talent, in brighter years undreamed of even by herself. She is a brave, cheery, energetic young wife and mother, full of freshness, enthusiasm, and originality. It was actually by joining in, after her merry fashion, with her children's play one sunny day last winter, that she discovered her talent for sculpture. The little ones were manufacturing the immemorial mud-pie; she took up a lump of adobe, and fashioned, not a pie, but a pretty little head. "The thing grew under my fingers," she said. The finer touches of her play-work were done by a hair-pin. She did not know she had hit on Mr. Gibson's favorite little modelling tool. Finding the adobe not very pliable, and having no other sort of clay to work with, — not knowing anything of the first processes of sculpture, — she next cut an ideal head from a large piece of chalk, chiefly with an old pair of scissors. Next she purchased a block of marble, and, like a small female Buonarotti, grappled at once with the stone. Without a word of instruction, with no model or drawing, with no proper sculptor's implements, she has already chiselled a small ideal figure — "Mignon," I believe she calls it — and an admirable portrait bust. I have shown a photograph of the latter to several artists, and they have pronounced it, under the circumstances, a wonderful production.

The literary publications of San Francisco seem to me, for the most part, singularly spirited and readable. We all know what the "Overland" is; how rich in original, sparkling, dashing, and, withal, poetic contributors. It does not lose hope in losing Harte; its "luck" did not all belong to the "Roaring Camp"; it can never be "dead broke" while Ina Coolbrith and Charles Warren Stoddard, and Hannah Neall, and Joaquin Miller remain to it.

The "Alta California," a pioneer journal, still holds its own, and is an agreeable old newsmonger, when it does not "let its angry passions rise" against woman suffrage, or "render railing for railing," in a naughty way, against the Central Pacific. Just now it is n't exactly pleasant reading for me, because of the hard things it says of my kind friend Governor Stanford, a gentleman of high moral character, a good husband and father, but not inordinately "stuck up" by such distinctions; rich, but not otherwise reprehensible; fond of a fine horse, a good cigar, and his wife's relations; but a man and a brother for all that.

The "Bulletin" is bright, but decorous; entertaining, but elegant, especially in its literary department, managed by an able editor long connected with that excellent daily, the "Utica Herald." Mr. Williams is a journalist of rare taste and culture, and helps to give to the "Bulletin" a certain Boston form and flavor very agreeable to New-Englanders.

The "Chronicle" and "Call" are wide-awake, lively, and chatty morning visitors. The "Chronicle" is especially enterprising and ambitious in the interviewing and reporting line. It will interview any distinguished visitor short of an earthquake, twenty-four hours before his arrival. Its reports of the snow-blockade read like Abbott's account of Napoleon's Russian campaign, and its great woodcut of the Inyo earthquake was even more appalling than that catastrophe; people were known to run out of their houses on beholding it.

Among a host of other weeklies, religious and agricultural, "content to dwell in decencies forever," there is the famous and audacious "News-Letter," — half jester and half bandit. It has, I hear, lately lost its wittiest and wickedest editor. When he flung dirt there was usually a little gold-dust mixed with it. The English he used was terrible, but it was English, — a pure article of venom.

The city has several fine libraries, chief among them being the noble Mercantile. Though I cannot see how anybody finds any time to read real books here, book establishments seem to flourish. Roman has a beautiful new store on Montgomery Street, and Bancroft Brothers have a magnificent building for both the sale and the printing of books, on Market Street. I was surprised by the elegance, extent, and completeness of their establishment. This house does not confine itself to modern publications. It shows some veneration for the past, — considerable antiquarian research. I found on its shelves several of the works of "G. G." They take them down and dust them carefully about once a year. Otherwise they are not disturbed.

The drama flourishes in "Frisco," and the Gospel is not so much at a discount as they who believe the two institutions essentially and eternally inimical to each other would naturally expect. Theatrical people, if they behave themselves, are held to be as good as stock-gamblers and claim-jumpers; and yet popular preachers draw exceedingly well, especially when they hold forth in a popular place. Dr. A. L. Stone, the eloquent and elegant Congregational clergyman, has, all through the season, attracted without the aid of a band, every Sunday evening, large crowds to the Skating Rink, — the righteous sitting "in the quiet," decorous, devotional, and secure, on the very spot where, week-day evenings, the "wicked stand on slippery places."

Dr. Horatio Stebbins, the prince of Unitarian sermonizers to my mind, brings together for every discourse a large, sympathetic audience of cultivated and thinking people. For grandeur of scope, for massiveness of construction, richness and power of language, profound philosophy and broad humanity, I have never known the equals of the magnificent religious essays produced Sunday after Sunday by this noble successor of Thomas Starr King. I shall pass out most reluctantly from the large circle of eager hearts, kindling souls, and receptive, but not unquestioning minds to which he ministers, — first, as a man, of a somewhat rugged and unpliant type, brave, simple, direct, and independent; next, as the teacher, deeply learned in the truths whereof he treats, and speaking by their authority; and lastly, as the pastor not much concerned for the dignity of the character, not at all presuming on its venerable associations, its sacred privileges, its social and political immunities, evidently believing that his "high profession spiritual" is neither above nor apart from earnest practical life and Christian citizenship.

May 21.

I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of tourists the necessity of guarding with the utmost vigilance against taking a San Francisco spring cold. It is, of all known catarrhs, the most obstinate, persistent, unconquerable, implacable. "Physicians are in vain," medicaments powerless, mustard draughts and cephalic snuff, hot baths and old Bourbon, inoperative; it will run its course, fierce and furious, to the end, leaving you as suddenly, perhaps, as it came; and if it does not take you off with it, you find yourself very little the worse for wear, — the wear and tear of a cough which can only be compared with other monstrous California products. The air, at its harshest, is so pure and stimulating here, that you keep your strength and spirit and appetite in the midst of quite serious indisposition. You feel that you ought to give up and go under, but somehow you don't. There is no languor in the atmosphere; it is veined with a vital electricity, and in it you react and recuperate from any ordinary illness with marvellous rapidity. But it is far better not to be ill at all, even here; and one could, I am convinced, escape colds by remembering that, however sunny and brilliant the day at this season, the biting northwest wind of the coast, if not prowling and howling through the streets, is, like the enemy of the dog Diogenes, always waiting "round the corner." The only safe course is to make no change in one's dress, except it be to wear even warmer clothing than is needed in the mild, damp winter. Flannel — good, genuine, honest flannel — must be constantly worn, and furs are occasionally needed. But for all its bitter winds and sullen fog and blinding dust, San Francisco still looks pleasant and home-like to me whenever I come back to the city, after a little absence. Beneath the shifting sands I feel the abiding rock; above the bluster I see the steady sunshine. She is a little fickle in her favor, but firm in her friendship; she is tempestuous and narrow in her local prejudices and animosities, but genial and broad in her hospitalities.

I have just returned from what should have been a pleasure trip, but which was somewhat compulsory, on account of one of those fearful coughs I have attempted to describe, and which here would not depart from me. I went with a single, dear travelling companion, first to the White Sulphur Springs, the most fashionable watering-place on the coast. Our route was by steamer to Vallejo, thence by rail to St. Helena, where we took stage for the Springs. The day was beautiful, almost as a matter of course, and the little voyage up the noble bay altogether delightful. I never weary of looking at the ever-varying shores of this most picturesque piece of water, and at the grand heights and soft curves of the Coast Range. Mounts Tamalpais and Diabolo are kingly old fellows, and many of the hills are beautiful exceedingly, though now they have almost lost their lovely green tints and are fast assuming the dull, tawny hue which they wore when I first beheld them in October. These changes about San Francisco are marvellously indicated by Bret Harte in his exquisite legend, "Concepcion de Arguello" in the May "Atlantic." The longer I remain here, the more I see that no writer, no painter even, has ever given the local coloring of these California scenes like Bret Harte. This strange, familiar, new, old, monotonously restless Californian life must have absorbed, if it did not satisfy him. His genius was thoroughly immersed in it, even if it went down like an unwilling diver, and had little delight in the rough pearls it brought to the surface. The more I see of California scenery, life, and character, the more vividly I am impressed with Mr. Harte's power in reproducing them all, to the very life, and a little beyond. His genius is photographic in its truth and in its exaggeration. It may transcend the ordinary, — it never outrages the possible. His pictures are, on the whole, boldly, ruggedly real; yet touched by tender, relenting, ideal lights, which only a poet could see belonged there. I have seen two or three miners who might have walked out of his verse, so quaint and simple and sturdy and Bret Hartey were they. But most of this class have the swing and the slang and the swear, without the sentiment. They can bring out "That 's so," and "You bet," and "Little cuss," very satisfactorily; but somehow they don't look like men likely to play Damon in a "Drift," or Child's Nurse in a "Roaring Camp," or "Santa Claus at Simpson's Bar."

But to return to our journey. From Vallejo the California Pacific passes up the smiling, waving, sunny, shadowy Napa Valley, one of the most beautiful and fruitful of the many happy valleys in this grand State. Napa City is a charmingly situated town, neat and bright, and embowered in vines and roses. St. Helena is another exceedingly attractive place, and the drive from there to the Springs was most enjoyable. The White Sulphur Springs are in a cañon, deep, and with thickly wooded sides, but wide enough to allow of the free entrance of sunshine during a good part of the day. A clear, sparkling, musical stream runs through it, and ferns, mosses, shrubs and flowers and vines abound. In fact, it is one of the very loveliest spots I have seen in

California, — the very place to rest in from the fatigue of overland travel, or the more intolerable weariness of a sea voyage, or from the social dissipation and fierce stock-gambling excitements of the city.

I mean to tell the simple truth, in all good feeling, in regard to these places of resort, having some little sense of responsibility and of duty toward the travelling public. Prices at these Springs are high, as at all places of the kind on the coast, unreasonably high for so fruitful a land and so bounteous a market, and considering the usually very indifferent accommodations and insufficient attendance; but at this particular place courteous attention is paid to the guests, the table is good, if not sumptuous, and neatness and good order are the rule. It is worth while to visit the place for the sake of the excellent society you are very sure to meet there, and for the exquisite pictures you will carry away with you of the flowery cañon, and the wild but lovely grounds about the Springs. I shall never forget a delicious horseback ride I took there one perfect afternoon; and I left my blessing on the sunny head of the dear boy who generously denied himself the pleasure of his usual gallop to lend his horse to me for a few bright, swift, enchanted hours.

Calistoga Hot Springs, some ten miles up the Napa Valley, has a very picturesque outlook, having old Mount St. Helena in full sight; but it is not in itself attractive. It has too little shelter from the sun, or privacy of any kind; it is a dusty, noisy, all-out-doors sort of a place during the day, while mosquitoes of a peculiarly huge and ferocious sort make night hideous. Yet the kindly hotel people seem to have done their best to protect their lodgers from these imps of darkness by a very ingenious contrivance. Over each bed is hung a mosquito-trap, in the shape of a small, circular pink net, rather pretty to look at, which revolves continually, swooping up mosquitoes at every turn, till at last they are all snugly gathered in, and you can take refuge outside and sleep in peace.

The accommodations here are very unequal. There are some quite pretty and commodious cottages, and some miserable shanties, called by certain romantic names, as "Laurel," and "Willow," but utterly forlorn and comfortless. Into one of the latter was your correspondent put with her indignant companion, with not even a rocking-chair to soften the rigors of their lot. But luckily a friend, with a nice room to spare in her cottage, came to the rescue; and after that, life at the Springs was more tolerable, even with a bad cold. We managed to worry through two or three days, just. We found the landlord a genial, kindly personage, and the landlord's wife a sweet, bonnie Scots-woman, and the landlord's wife's brother very agreeable and obliging. I shall long pleasantly remember them. The waters here are doubtless very efficacious for various ills, and in the baths you have a wide choice. You can disport yourself in a great swimming-basin, you can soak in bran-water, or be parboiled in steam right out of a tame geyser, or simmer in the "medicated bath," or toast in the "sun-bath," or you can be plunged in warm, soft mud up to the chin. In old times the Indian doctors used to set their rheumatic patients over night, and in the morning they would pry them out, new men. This heroic treatment was subject to a slight drawback; ocit was found that the cayotes had come in the night, and eaten the patients' heads off.

About five miles to the southwest of Calistoga, lies the "Petrified Forest," so called. The name, I am sorry to say, is calculated to mislead and delude the unsophisticated and confiding mind, as the "Forest," which many picture to themselves as standing in stony grandeur, full-limbed and leafed, with petrified nuts and cones, and birds'-nests with the birds on them, just as the petrifaction struck them, is found to consist merely of a few widely scattered, half-buried stumps and sections of trees, — not by any means a full assortment, — curious things, certainly, and respectable on account of age, but hardly repaying one for the trouble and expense of seeking them. The grotto of this same mummified sort of timber, to be seen near the Calistoga Hotel, is quite as satisfactory, especially if one can grasp and hold the idea that it grew, and stands where it was petrified.

When, after a charming drive, we arrived at the "Forest," we were commended to a guide, living on the land, which he has "taken up."

A primitive and pensive solitary is he, a "gentle hermit of the dale," and known as "Petrified Charley." He converses learnedly by the way on the mysteries of science and nature, especially on volcanoes, and gives you to understand that his theory in regard to the trees differs from that of Marsh or Whitney. He thinks they never "growed" where they lie, but were heaved up here from the "walley" in a "conwulsion." That explains the petrified grotto down at the Springs. He glows with mild enthusiasm over his particular pet petrifactions, — one monstrous trunk, a stump of ancient charcoal, another stump, in the heart of which is yet to be seen the almost unchanged fibre of the primeval redwood, a rare done petrifaction.

The most interesting of all his sights is a huge trunk, one of the unhappy conifer family, overtaken by that mysterious misfortune ages on ages ago, out of a cleft of which trunk has grown a stately young tree. It seemed almost as strange as it would be to one, rambling in the vicinity of old Sodom, to come upon Lot's crystallized wife, with a live baby in her arms.

This miraculous tree bore strange fruit, in the shape of the following notice. You will observe the petrified character of the orthography: —

"Visiters going on the forest without the guide charder the same, when the guide is Present, visiters are requoisted not to break, or cary away any of the Ptrefid wod without the oner's permistion."

Early every morning, during the season of mountain travel, Foss and Connolly's six-horse stages — which, by the way, are open wagons, but as comfortable as they are safe — leave the hotel at the Springs for the Geysers, over the hills some twenty-eight miles away. One of these wagons is always driven by the renowned Foss himself, but now, in the immense increase of travel, he has to divide himself, as it were, to give all a taste of his quality, taking his passengers only to the half-way station, where he meets the returning stages, one of which he drives back to Calistoga, making his grand entry at the hotel grounds a little after midday in thoroughly magnificent style. It would thrill your heart to see that entry as it has not been thrilled since first you saw in your old childish days the throbbing canvas withdrawn, the wooden barrier removed, and the whole splendid troop of circus-riders come dashing into the ring!

The route from here to the Geysers is not the highly picturesque and perilous road so often described by terrified tourists from Healdsburg, over the "Hog's Back" and the "Sugar-Loaf," and down a grade that was simply something appalling. Foss, the great driver, who has gathered all his bristling honors on the "Hog's Back," professes to have become satiated with renown, to have "supped full of horrors," and will drive on that "parlous" mountain track no more, for love nor money. His new road is admirably constructed, commands some grand views, and has some sufficiently dangerous and awe-inspiring points. To me the entire drive was full of keen and thrilling enjoyment; the magnificent and ever-varying views, the glorious mountain air, the silver glimpses of mountain streams, the dense summer foliage, the marvellous multitude of flowers, the joyous company of birds, all along the wild, winding, lovely, lonely way. For many miles toiling up and dashing down the mountain, we passed no human habitation, encountered no human creature; all save the well-built road was primeval wildness and shadow and savage mystery. Around point after point and curve after curve, we crept or swung, in slow ascent and swift descent. A mountain wall on one side, a steep declivity, dipping down to a dark cañon on the other, and we soon ceased to repine for the "Hog's Back," with a sheer precipice on either hand. We had scarcely room in our full hearts to envy the fortunate tourists who, last summer, when this road was first opened, saw sometimes a big grizzly galloping along before them, like an *avant-courier.* All the younger drivers on this road have been trained by Foss. They have a good deal of his nerve, his accuracy and carefulness, without his splendid dash. The two we rode with, Nash and Gwin, we found rare good fellows, sociable, obliging, and intelligent. We were really surprised at their store of information in regard to the plants, birds, and animals of the region. Not a flower nodded to us from the bank, but they knew its name. Not a winged creature piped to us out of the solitude, but they recognized its note.

The Geyser Springs Hotel is a rough, rambling, rather picturesque edifice, embowered in shade,—a cool, quiet, unpretending place. It is well kept by a genial and intelligent German, "which his name" is Susenbeth. Here we were kindly entertained, and found, if not luxuries, some comforts, which we were well prepared to appreciate. Here, if they did not have bills of fare, they had fair bills, and if we were not lodged luxuriously, we had no reason to remember regretfully accommodations in more pretentious hotels below, where beds were a hollow mockery, where pillows dissolved and slunk away under our heads, where mosquito-bars were a delusion and a snare, where cleanliness, ventilation, and slop-jars were not.

In the landlord's young wife we found a singularly spirited and original character, an enthusiastic mountaineer, a good rider, climber, and shot. In rough Yosemite costume, she explores these heights and gorges; she hunts the deer, the fox, the hare, though the wildcat is her specialty.

The air at this mountain retreat is pure and bracing; for though you descend for miles to reach the spot, it has the respectable altitude of sixteen hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. The waters and baths are said to possess wonderful curative powers. The great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, while suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, some years ago, went into the Indian mud-bath one day, and came out all ready to play Othello or Metamora.

Just opposite the hotel, across a little foot-bridge, is the mouth of the great Geyser, or Devil's Cañon. This mysterious, vaporous gorge we had no difficulty in exploring, attired as we were in short dresses and stout boots, with a good alpenstock in hand; though, if you do not look where you step, you may get your foot in, almost anywhere. All the way you seem to be walking over a thin, hard crust, just dividing you from black, boiling abysses and sulphurous seas, — all the classic horrors of Tartarus, and the later orthodox horrors of "the lake of fire and brimstone." As I marked the hissing hot steam and the stifling vapors bursting out on every side, certain sacred texts, familiar to my happy Sunday-school days, came back to me, and I found myself pensively repeating, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Surely, "it is good to be here."

We had a guide who, though young, was wise, and threw a blaze of light on our ignorance at every step. The Devil seems to be recognized as the original proprietor of this region: the gulch is full of his diggings; every point or object of interest is named after him, with the exception of the Great Caldron, named after the Witches of "Macbeth," but that's all in the family; and a grotto, named Proserpine, on account of her Plutonian associations. She gathered here the *flour* of sulphur, perhaps. Yet there is another grotto lately named for Mr. Delano, who, in one of his little excursions, dropped in on the Geysers. It strikes me he may as modestly as appropriately accept here some of the Devil's superfluous honors, being *Secretary of the Interior.*

You are early invited to rest on "The Devil's Arm-Chair," and to pause in a dark rocky nook, where things are lying about loose, and wild disorder reigns, called "The Devil's Office." From this point for nearly half a mile you meet no tree, no shrub, scarcely a tuft of grass, on your rough path. The earth along the stream, and far up the steep banks, is like ashes, dead and dry, except where the hot springs pour madly forth. But great portions of both ground and rock are "ringed, streaked, and spotted" by a vast variety of chemical deposits and compounds; for the cañon is but a huge diabolical chemical laboratory. There is the "Alum and Iron Spring," the "Boiling Alum and Sulphur Spring," the "Black Sulphur Spring," the "Intermittent Scalding Spring," the "Boiling Eye-Water Spring," the "Alkali Spring," and the "Black Spring," holding nitrate of silver, and called "The Devil's Inkstand." All these you are generously invited to taste as you pass along. You can reach out almost anywhere and help yourself to Epsom-salts. Sulphur lies about you in tempting profusion, like yellow snow. What a paradise for the female Squeers! Then you have copperas, iron, alum, tartaric acid, magnesia, and cinnabar — holding mercury — and other allopathic horrors. No wonder Nature is sick here, palsied, jaundiced, afflicted with sore boils and other eruptions. The ugliest of all her ailments is the "black vomit," the before-mentioned Devil's Inkstand. That nasty little fountain seems to bubble forth with a spiteful alacrity, as though to supply an unlimited order from the satanic school of literature.

It was a strange, bewildering walk, or rather scramble, up that desolate, dreary cañon, with its countless evil sights and smells, over hot slag and scoria, with the whistle and hiss and gurgle and "chug, chug" of internal forces and infernal machinery beneath and around you. The most awful thing to see is "The Witches' Caldron," a black, mysterious, tumultuous, boiling well, "over seven feet in diameter and of unknown depth." It has been sounded four hundred yards and no bottom found. Its temperature is 292° Fahrenheit. Eggs are often boiled in it by tourists; and a whole ox can be as satisfactorily cooked in it, if you are fond of ox boiled in sulphur water. All this is so, for I heard the guide tell the story repeatedly. To each of the party he told it in precisely the same words; indeed, I must confess to having compelled the ingenuous youth to go over it several times for my benefit alone, — I being blessed with a bad memory, and having an unfortunate desire to be accurate in my statements. The grandest thing to hear of all these wonders is "The Steamboat." A large portion of the bank, standing out like a mound, seems alive with Geysers, throbbing, shaking, roaring, and puffing with a stupendous force and fury of fighting elements. This most vexed and tortured point in the cañon sends up the heaviest columns of steam, and never softens its "terrible rumble and grumble and roar." Some time since a tourist undertook to examine it from above, but presently sank to his knees in the hot, biting mineral deposits and made haste to depart. He sacrificed a pair of trousers to science, and came near having to throw in his legs.

A fine point of observation is a rocky height just above and opposite "The Steamboat," called "The Devil's Pulpit." How easy to preach from this point a regular, old-fashioned Calvinistic sermon! It would almost preach itself. Here we turned to the left, and began our descent by another and a pleasanter way. We even found a "Lovers' Retreat," a green and flowery nook; but the Devil was even near that little sylvan paradise, with his "Lunch-Table" and his "Teakettle," and other culinary appointments, not comprehended in the group of geysers known as his "Kitchen." We were shown the supposed crater of the extinct volcano through which all these panting, hissing demons once found vent for their angry passions. It is a moderate-sized hollow in the earth, not to be compared with the Solfatara near Naples.

It was strange with what jolly spirits and hearty appetites we gathered at mess, after our perilous reconnoissance of the great enemy's works, — strange that we were not more solemnized by that awesome stroll on the borders of another and a hotter world. I have an idea that Mrs. Proserpine Pluto, when she made her yearly visits to her mother, relished the barley-cakes and cracked wheat poor Ceres had ready for her, and that if Eurydice could have got out of the infernal regions with her husband Orpheus, before his charm was "played out," she would have had no objection to a supper of wild kid, or oysters from Lake Avernus; I suspect that if Dives could have returned to warn those wicked kinsmen of his, he would have delivered his homily over a smoking board and a flowing bowl.

The evening was cool, and we all enjoyed a bright wood fire, sitting beside an old-fashioned fireplace in the pleasant parlor. We made a call on our fair landlady, the huntress of the Geysers. We found her in her boudoir, quietly sewing on a silken vestment, with her sandaled feet resting on a barbaric brindled rug, the skin of one of her own wildcats.

Early on a resplendent morning we drove reluctantly from the pleasant inn, and out of the sight and sound of the great Geysers. They do not spout as high as I looked to see them, and they "roar you more gently" than I expected to hear them; but they are well worth seeing for once in one's lifetime, and must always be remembered as something "grand, gloomy, and peculiar."

Wash. Gwin drove us to Pine Flat Station, beyond the summit, where we met Foss, who gave my friend and me seats on the box. Let me give a little sketch of this really remarkable person. Clarke Foss, a New Hampshire man by birth, and now about forty-five years of age, is tall, large, sturdy, and ruddy, has a strong head, with close, curling, dark hair, a rugged face, a clear eye, and a firm jaw, a look of mastery and will, matchless courage, and a certain rude cynicism, — marks of a character which would be hard and reckless and even cruel, but for the quaint humor, kindly in spite of him, — a native heartiness and sympathy, and a large, dashing generosity, which a good deal of misfortune and some bitter experiences in life have never been able to destroy. The build of the man is magnificent and his muscular power is extraordinary.

Mr Foss has his own philosophy of life, his own ideas on morals and religion,— ideas that would slightly astonish a student of ethics, and startle an Andover theologian ; but in the domain of grand stage-routes, over subjugated horse-flesh, lies his greatness. He is the monarch of the coach-box. We may put faith in his subordinates, may even admire their arts with the reins, their little airs with the whip: but when we sit beside Foss, and watch for a few moments his magnificent driving, we see a difference: "the substitute shines brightly as the king, until the king is by." No driving I have ever seen has given me such an impression of power and of skill, of audacity and security. It is free and dashing, yet marvelously accurate; it is furiously fast, yet smooth and even, and seems calculated in every curve and angle with mathematical precision and certainty. In truth, I cannot conceive of greater luxury of locomotion than a ride by the side of Foss down those beautiful mountain slopes. This mighty "son of Nimshi" is not rough or rigorous with his horses, at least after they are trained. He believes in a horse, and has great patience and tact in breaking one in. Each horse knows his name, and will answer to it instantly; indeed, seems always listening for it, with every nerve strung, and every faculty attent. His words of command are few and simple. At his "All right!" "Shake out!" or "Let go!" all six spring forward as one horse. To his "Steady, boys!" or "Slow!" or "Look sharp!" they pay instant and perfect heed. He plays on their affection, pride, ambition, all their grand equine passions, as a skillful musician plays on his instrument. And yet these horses seem not so much subjugated as inspired creatures. They recognize authority in the spirit of a glad obedience; hardly seem to feel that they are driven, but evidently fancy that they are going at that splendid rate of their own accord, and for the fun of it.

All tourists ambitious of having an experience like mine,—a wild, galloping drive like Phaeton's, without the responsibility and the peril,—should lose no time in making this glorious excursion. The great Geysers will spout forever, but alas! the great driver will not drive forever. The time must come at last, may come soon, when his burly form and bluff countenance will disappear from the box, when his firm foot will press the brake, when his strong hands will hold the reins and the whip, no more; when all those clever, half-human horses will listen for his ringing voice in vain; when the renowned and lamented Clarke Foss will rest from his labors, and retire on a comfortable competence.

On our way home we spent a night with friends in pleasant Napa, and in the morning took stage over the hills to Sonoma Valley, where we spent two or three days among the vine-growers, very agreeably. Our host, Major Snyder, a genial and hospitable gentleman, has choice vineyards, and manufactures wine of very superior quality. Adjoining his are the vineyards of the "Buena Vista Vinecultural Society," who really do a business in proportion to their name. They make various kinds of white and red wine, brandy, and champagne of excellent quality. They have nearly five hundred acres in vines. Their wine-cellars, now containing two hundred thousand gallons of wine and brandy and six thousand dozen of champagne, are excavations in the solid rock. These sombre halls, as we passed through them, tapers in hand, reminded us of the Roman Catacombs; but the agreeable young men who escorted us were not much after the Dominican order of guides, and the entertainment they gave us was far other than the droning out of old, saintly legends. The entire process of manufacture was courteously explained to me, and afterward impressed on my mind by a sparkling glass of the last, highest result,— champagne of the most delicious flavor and delicate pink topaz tint.

From Sonoma we had a charming morning ride of ten miles, on the outside of the stage-coach, to Lakeville, and from thence, by rail and steamboat, a quiet little journey, through dazzling sunshine and over placid waters, to the city,—busy, gusty, dusty, dear old Frisco!

I ought not to omit stating that the cold and cough that had oppressed and racked me for two weeks suddenly and mysteriously departed at Sonoma. So, if you have a cold which nothing else can move or touch, the remedy is simple and easy, and not disagreeable. Seek the wild, sweet air of Sonoma, partake freely of it, then take a glass or two of Major Snyder's El Cerrito, say once in six hours, alternated with Buena Vista champagne, abstain from stimulants, and avoid all work, and you will see the result. A cold that can't be cured by such means is n't worth curing.

VERA CRUZ, May 30.

Like the progressive women we are, my dear companion and I rested but a short time in town, and then resumed our jolly journeying. We went first to Santa Clara, where we visited some pleasant friends who own one of the great fruit ranches with which that beautiful region abounds. Here we revelled in bloom and shade and fragrance; here we ate ripe cherries from the trees and strawberries from the vines. Here we rambled through long avenues of apple and pear and peach trees of noble growth, and past fine vineyards and raspberry and blackberry plantations. Mr. Watkins, our host, has now a hundred acres in fruit trees of the choicest varieties and in the best possible condition. Twenty years ago, on this ranch, there was but a single tree, — a live-oak. All this seems rather creation than cultivation.

Just as the brilliant summer day was melting into the tender, purple twilight, we drove down to San José, — that wonderful drive through the Alameda, — and put up at the Auzerais House, a handsome, but home-like hotel, and admirably kept. Such a satisfactory stopping-place you do not find everywhere, even in California. "When found make a note of it."

On the morning of the second day we set out with a party of friends for the New Almaden quicksilver mines, some twelve miles away, in the Santa Cruz range of mountains, and on the Alamitos Creek, — a very charming drive ordinarily at this season, when the road is well shaded. But a late spring frost blighted the young foliage of the noble sycamores which stand all along the way, and there is now little to soften or brighten the sunny, dusty journey.

This quicksilver mine, the largest and richest in the world with the exception of the old Almaden in Spain, has been systematically worked for only twenty years. It was first known to white men as long ago as 1824, worked a while for silver, and then for a long time abandoned. The *padres* at the Santa Clara Mission had some specimens of the cinnabar, and in 1845 happened to show them to a visitor, one Andreas Castillero, a Mexican captain of cavalry, who knew something of quicksilver mining. He pulverized a lump, and sprinkled the powder on some live coals laid on a tile. He next flung water on the coals, then placed a tumbler over them, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing little globules of quicksilver forming on the glass, — the tiny forerunners of rivers of wealth yet to flow from the secret depths of the mountain. With his simple little reduction-works, he had solved the problem that had baffled the miners, the prospecters, and the priests; like Moses he had struck the rock and let out the bright, illusive, mysterious flood. I believe he did not greatly profit by his discovery; indeed, the mines for many years were worked in a very unprofitable and irregular way. As usual, a mine had to be put into a mine, a fortune expended, before anything could be realized. There are evidences everywhere, in works, roads, shafts, and tunnels, of immense expenditures.

In the last twenty years, some twenty-five million dollars' worth of quicksilver has been sold, and of late the discovery of rich deposits at a great depth are very encouraging. But it is the most uncertain sort of mining, there being nothing like a regular vein of ore to follow, but only in many places very slight threads connecting the "ore-spots," while some of the deposits are isolated, lying hidden slyly away in Nature's most secret drawers and dark pockets. The process of reducing the ore, of rousing the latent mercury from its sleep of a million or so of years, is very interesting and easy of comprehension, even to a woman, when patiently and pleasantly explained, as it was to us. It is simply burned out of house and home, or its dull old body perishes by cremation, that it may appear in a glorified form, to shine and serve in a thousand beautiful ways. It is compelled to wake and come forth, or, as an old miner said, to "git up and git," by intense and long-continued heat. The ore is put into furnaces, each holding fifteen thousand pounds, and having in one end the fire, which is kept up for about three days. The vapors from the heated ores pass from the furnaces through small apertures, like pigeon-holes, into condensing-chambers, on the cool walls of which the globules of mercury form, and glide at once to the floor, where they collect in little gutters and flow out into troughs, which convey them to an iron caldron, from which they are transferred to the wrought-iron flasks in which they are sent to market. Each flask contains seventy-six and a half pounds, the equivalent of seventy-five pounds Spanish measure, and is worth forty dollars.

It was strange to see this fluid treasure come flowing and flashing down like a mountain stream, to see it dipped up like so much spring water. The unstable, illusive character of this costly product is not understood by all visitors. Young and curious tourists have been known to attempt to carry away a thimbleful or so in their pockets, and have confessed to having at once experienced a singular trickling, tickling sensation, usually passing like a streak of cold lightning down the right leg and into the boot. One elderly gentleman, by profession clerical but by temperament mercurial, once succeeded in secreting a portion of quicksilver in his spectacle-case, which he carried in the same breast-pocket with his watch. His little theft was not discovered at the time, but the next morning he indignantly proclaimed that he had been robbed. His valuable gold repeater had been taken from his pocket, and a silver watch put in its place. The contents of the spectacle-case had also mysteriously disappeared.

Quicksilver in the mass has such a molten look that you shrink from touching it; but it is exceedingly cold. It gives you a strange sensation to plunge your hand into the solid, fluid, heavy, buoyant substance, which has the very chill of death, yet is alive in every infinitesimal globule. There seemed to me something unsubstantial about it, after all. I could clutch it, but not hold it. It was like palpable moonshine. I dipped my hand in up to the wrist, and not a particle adhered to my fingers. Silver never would stay by me.

The recent great influx of visitors has compelled the directors of this mine to deny strangers access to the reducing-works and the tunnels, unless they come with a special order from the president of the company or some other official personage. Of course, the manager, Mr. Randol, resident at the works, has the privilege of doing the honors at any time to his friends and his friends' friends. I was so fortunate as to bear a lettter to him from one whose name is an "open sesame" everywhere on this coast, because it is the synomyme of generosity and hospitality, and all good and genial feeling.

We met Mr. Randol on his way to San José on business, and presented the letter, asking merely for a line to some subordinate at New Almaden, which would insure us a sight of the reduction-works and something of the mine. To our surprise he insisted on returning with us, on accompanying us everywhere, giving up the entire day to us, in fact, and all with an air of such perfect willingness and, indeed, enjoyment, that we could not feel oppressed by such unusual and unlooked-for courtesy. We gave ourselves up to the pleasure of a perfect, golden day, full of rare interest, and to the delight of his bright companionship, with careless but not unthankful abandon. Mr. Randol is a cultivated gentleman, young for a position so responsible, a New-Yorker, and a good Republican. Can I say more? Yes; such bland politeness, such gentle and smiling patience as his in answering questions I have not found, — no, not in California.

First of all, Mr. Randol showed us the reduction-works, of which I have tried to give some slight idea. I was surprised at the number of chambers necessary for the thorough condensation of the vapor. It sometimes passes through ten or eleven before all the quicksilver is precipitated. The uncondensed, deleterious portions are carried away by flues into an immense high chimney, which lets them off where they can do no harm to man or beast. The stories of miners and mules "perishing gloomily" of mercurial poison, of unhappy smelters "working out their own *salivation* with fear and trembling," are no longer to be credited.

From the works we drove up the mountain to the new tunnel, which is the one most worked at this time. It is several hundred feet below the old workings, is about twenty-five hundred feet in length, ten feet wide, and well timbered, where it is not cut through the hardest kind of rock. Into this grand tunnel our party was taken in grand style. We rode in ore-cars, on blocks of wood, which made the most reliable sort of seats. We were drawn by a stout and serious-minded mule, and each fellow of us carried a lighted candle stuck in a split stick. Thus we plunged into the darkness and the silence of inner earth, and woke the sullen echoes with laughter and merry shouts, and called out with our flickering torches momentary gleams from crystals imprisoned in the dull rocks for ages, dreaming of the light. Looking back from the first car in the procession, it had a strange wild look, and we all had a sense of something adventurous and mysterious, and delightfully awful and Arabian-Nightish, about the expedition. We forgot that we lived in a prosaic Christian land, and in virtuous Tammany times, and should hardly have been surprised to come upon the cave of the "Forty Thieves," with all their treasure in it; or, when we turned back to the day, to have found the door of the tunnel closed against us.

When about eighteen hundred feet in, we left our cars, and walked the rest of the way — and a wild, rough, pitfallish way it was — to drifts where the men are now working at the new discoveries. The ore is very fine here, and apparently abundant, the cinnabar showing, in wide, long deposits, the rich, red arteries of the heart of the old mountain.

The air in the tunnel and drifts we found not impure, damp, or oppressive, yet we were quite willing to return to outside wind and warmth and sunlight. In going out our mule was put to his metal, and made wonderful time. It really seemed as if the animal had absorbed quicksilver into his veins or muscles. Ah! it was a jolly run, with nothing to break the merry flow of talk and laughter but an occasional shout from our driver of "Heads down!" or "Look sharp!" as we passed under low-lying timbers or round a sharp corner.

I have had many a grand drive in my day. I have driven in the Corso in carnival time; my elegant hired hack figured in a procession miles long, going to a Queen's prorogation of Parliament; I have driven to weddings and races and reviews and fashionable funerals; but never have I enjoyed a drive as I enjoyed this. It was rough, but royal, — full of exhilaration and jollity.

At this point two of our party felt compelled to return to San José, taking our carriage. Mr. Randol kindly took my companion and myself into his own carriage, in which we proceeded up the mountain. The second carriage-load — a charming family party of five, who are doing California in the most thorough and leisurely manner — was happy to make a day of it with us.

The fine drive up the mountain and around its summit gave us some of the most superb and enchanting views I have yet had in California. I will not attempt to describe them; indeed, in their peculiar, quiet loveliness, they are as indescribable as unforgetable. Yet, after our profound underground experiences and fine upper-air exaltations, we had excellent appetites for the generous lunch ordered for us by Mr. Randol, whose health we joyfully drank.

Returned by a cool, dashing drive down the mountain to the pleasant little hamlet at New Almaden, we strolled for a while through the grounds of the picturesque country-house built by General Halleck when he was manager of the mine; and then our friend and host proceeded to crown the courtesy which had made for us a day of unequaled enjoyment, by having attached to his carriage four fresh, spirited, handsome horses. And so, in such state, he drove us back to our hotel at San José, through the splendors of sunset and the freshness of evening airs. Could anything have been finer or jollier, more nobby or nabob-y, than that?

I take great satisfaction in assuring the Honorable President and Directors of the Quicksilver Mining Company in New York, that they could not possibly have a more satisfactory man for manager than Mr. J. B. Randol.

On the morning of the third day we took outside places on the stage-coach for Santa Cruz. The drive down the Alameda was pleasant but comparatively prosaic. It should be driven through always in the twilight or moonlight. Then your imagination goes back to the rough, romantic, half-heathenish times, before gold or silver was discovered on the coast, and when these old willows were young. Then you easily picture the *padres* walking under their mysterious shadows, and would hardly be surprised to meet a procession of black-robed, keen-eyed, tight-lipped Jesuit ghosts, taking their constitutional, walking stealthily, two by two.

We were fortunate enough to find in an outside passenger with us the husband of the Santa Cruz friend we were going to visit. He had just been taking a run over to England, and was full of pleasant stories of travel and sight-seeing.

This is called one of the grandest stage-routes in the State; but we found ourselves compelled to pass through a purgatory of hot, blinding, stifling dust, before reaching the "Delectable Mountains." The ride across the San José Valley was tedious, but it was soon forgotten when we began to ascend the splendid grade. The descent was, on the whole, the wildest, most thrilling, and magnificent drive I have ever taken anywhere. It is more perilous by far than the present Geyser drive, and commands views of more savage grandeur. Our coachman drove his six horses furiously, and there were many narrow curves, where it seemed that the least accident to the high Concord coach, or a moment's fright or viciousness on the part of the horses, would have been certain destruction for us all; but the fine mountain air and the beauty and magnificence of the scenery supplied the necessary nerve and excitement. On these mountains and in their dark cañons I had my first view of the redwoods, in all their sombre grandeur, — the most primitive, peculiar, and individual of trees. Where they are greenest, they have a look of age; where most congregated, a look of loneliness.

Santa Cruz is a beautiful, smiling town, seated on the knees of pleasant terraces, with her feet in the sea. It has no splendid residences, but many pretty, home-like houses, embowered in flowers and foliage. Its handsomest edifice is the Unitarian Church. We have enjoyed, with absolutely childish delight, our visits to the beach, — watching the glorious surf, looking out on the infinite blue reaches of sea. It seems to me the Pacific has a more cerulean hue than the Atlantic, perhaps because it comes directly from the Celestial Empire.

We had a day of pure enjoyment in the woods. We drove for five or six miles up the beautiful cañon of the San Lorenzo, a shadowed, winding, mountain road, such as we find nowhere but on this coast, and picnicked among the "big trees." These are gigantic redwoods, not quite equal to the Calaveras or Mariposa trees; but wait a few hundred years and you will see. The largest, named for Frémont, is two hundred and ten feet in height and eighteen feet in diameter. In the hollow trunk of another, Frémont had his quarters for a while. A man can ride into this on horseback, and stable the horse. I was told that a devoted wife once spent here several months with her husband, a lumberman, and kept a couple of boarders. I felt for her. I know what it is to live in trunks. By the way, a young fellow-passenger on the stage told us several astonishing stories about some big trees near Visalia. One, he said, parted into three about sixteen feet from the ground, and at the point of separation there was a hollow, which hollow was always filled with water,—was, in fact a little lake, thirty feet wide and seventeen feet deep. So you could bathe or boat in it if you wished to, or bob for eels. He described the monstrous hollow trunk of a fallen tree, into which he once rode on horseback, and, after trying in vain to reach the concave ceiling with his cane, galloped on for some distance, and then rode calmly out through a knot-hole,—a providential opening for the young man. But I have found that the only safe way in this country is to doubt nothing you hear. I have an impression that I shall some time come upon that triune tree, with its remarkable water privileges; perhaps find it utilized into a railroad-tank or a baptistery. I half expect to ride into the same trunk prospected by my young fellow-traveller, and to emerge at the same knot-hole.

San Francisco, June 3.

We left Santa Cruz yesterday morning, and came straight through by the Watsonville route. The scenery on this route is pleasant, but rather tame, with the exception of that in the Monterey Valley. It gives you a good idea of the stupendous grain and cattle business. The wild-flower show is paling out. The golden poppies "grow small by degrees and beautifully less," but there are still, here and there, blue lakes of lupin and larkspur. Mustard grows everywhere, bright against the dull green of the hillsides, — a beautiful pest. Even the thistle-blossoms of California are handsome. Some are of a peculiar dark blood-red.

We had the usual outside seat, and studied nature along our route, especially the human nature of the driver. There certainly is something in the employment of these men that sharpens their wits in certain directions, and individualizes them. They are almost always quaint, droll fellows, kindly and companionable. When, the other day, we were dashing down the mountain at a frightful rate of speed, and some of the passengers remonstrated, the driver cheered us after Hank Monk's fashion, "Don't be troubled, I'll get you in on time." It was in vain that we told him it was not time, but eternity, we were troubled about: he was bound to show us that Foss was not the only dare-devil on this coast. Yesterday's driver cheered and enlivened the way by stories of overturnings down steep banks, and robberies by highwaymen. The first he had, of course, no personal experience of, but from the latter he had suffered on several occasions. The roads in the neighborhood of Visalia he spoke of as especially infested by bandits. I remarked that drivers and passengers on those perilous highways should always be armed, and ready for those melodramatic gentlemen. "Madam," said he, impressively, "did you ever look down the barrel of a loaded shot-gun?" I acknowledged that I had never taken that particular view of eternal realities. "Well, madam (see that old cat thar, prospecting about among them gopher-holes!), suppose you sot here in my place, and out, from behind that bush, thar, should jump a masked fellow, and cover you with a double-barrelled shot-gun, before you could have time to even think of drawing a pistol, and another masked fellow should seize your leaders, and you knew there were lots more of the rascals layin' low, just ready to put a head on you, — what *could* you do but ante up?"

GOING INTO THE YOSEMITE.

The most popular present route to the valley — and I am inclined to think the most picturesque and comfortable, all things considered — is the Mariposa, *via* Merced. We went that way, a select party of seven, who left San Francisco on the 4th of June. At Merced we left the railway and spent the first night, stopping at the elegant new hotel, "El Capitan," built by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, — that dreadful monopoly that brings about so many beneficent improvements. Things were in rather an unsettled, unfinished state, but we found excellent beds, and slept delightfully, as soon as we were able to sleep at all; but unluckily here, as at several places farther on, we "seven poor travellers" were sufferers from the untimely and unbounded hilarity of a large, conglomerate party of tourists, mostly from Chicago and St. Louis. These "young and joyous creatures" never subsided into dull slumber till some time in the small hours. To their ordinary nocturnal diversions of dancing, singing, laughing, and whistling, they occasionally added the unparalleled atrocity of the accordeon.

This party afterward came to grief in various ways, as all large parties are like to do, and all extravagantly gay parties are sure to do, on this grand but difficult and trying trip. It is a pilgrimage to the most beautiful but awful, holy places of Nature, her long secret, inaccessible shrines, and should be undertaken with at least a decorous seriousness and something of thoughtful and intelligent preparation. Cheerfulness is, of course, desirable, for one's patience and courage may be severely taxed all through the expedition, and good-humor and good sense are absolutely essential to anything like enjoyment of the trip. At the beginning I would say, Let all mere lovers of pleasure, fond of benders and unbenders, all *bon vivants*, all dainty and dandiacal people, all aged, timid, and feeble people, all people without a disciplined imagination, keep away from the Yosemite. The entire trip will prove to all such a disappointment and a drag, weariness, and hardship, and the valley itself a great hollow mockery of wild, vague, extravagant hopes, — the biggest man-trap of the world. When you hear a traveller ask of the Yosemite, "Does it pay?" you may set him down as not fit to go there. But to men and women of simple minds, to healthy, happy natures, to brave and reverential souls, in sound, unpampered bodies, to "spirits finely touched," I would say at the beginning and finally, Come to the Yosemite, though you have compassed the world all but this; come for the crowning joy of years of pleasant travel; come and see what Nature, high-priestess of God, has prepared for them who love her, in the white heights and dark depths of the Sierras, in the profound valley itself, the temple of her ancient worship, with thunderous cataracts for organs, and silver cascades for choirs, and wreathing clouds of spray for perpetual incense, and rocks three thousand feet high for altars.

The stage-ride from Merced over the plain to the foot-hills was not tedious, for the road led through magnificent golden grain-fields, ready for harvest; but we were not sorry to reach the rising ground and the shade of woods. Hornitos was our dining-place, — a place to be remembered for its nice hotel and nicer landlady. The drive from this point to Mariposa is quite delightful, the air as you ascend becoming purer, and the way more green and flowery. At Mariposa we were obliged to wait, with another party of tourists, some five hours, till coaches should come down from White and Hatch's, — the powerful Chicago and St. Louis combination having swept all before it. The little old mining town, so long associated with the fame and fortunes of General Frémont, has now but a dismal and dilapidated look, though it is said business is reviving there somewhat.

We quickly looked up all there was to be seen in the town, and were reduced to extremities for amusement. Finally, we observed that something unusual was going on in the office of a justice of the peace, contiguous to the hotel,—something interesting to young Mariposans. In fact, preparations were being made in those narrow and awful precincts for an exhibition, by a band of "champion minstrels" and a "celebrated female contortionist,"—not a singer but an acrobat. We strolled into the place, and found a few benches arranged for the generous public; a stage was partitioned off from the auditorium by a row of tallow candles in tin candlesticks, and backed by a mysterious green curtain. That stage and the vacant hall were somewhat suggestive and tempting to the male portion of our party of idle tourists, who proceeded to organize a Grant meeting on the spot. One gentleman, a Boston official, who, though a Grant man, controls a good many Democratic votes (he having charge of the city jail), made a rousing speech, and was followed by other orators. The entire burden of the laughter and applause did not fall upon us, for the occasion had called into the hall a motley little "cloud of witnesses," — two or three miners and drovers, several small boys, a Mexican mule-driver, a Digger Indian, and a Chinaman. A happy unanimity seemed to prevail in our meeting. One English traveller, late of the army, on whose military stomach the undigested Alabama matter evidently set hard, stood proudly neutral; but all the others, from the sheriff of Boston and the rich shoe-dealer of Lynn down to the small boys of Mariposa, the Chinaman, the Greaser, the Digger, and the women, were loyal to the administration. Yet, no: there was one hardy, grizzly old miner, with a throat like a hoisting-shaft and a fist like a quartz-crusher, who swung his dilapidated gray hat, which, perhaps, once was white, and hurrahed for "honest old Horace Greeley." I think Mr. Greeley would have been gratified by this brave demonstration in the face of an arrogant majority. Even we were touched by it, and a hush fell on the gay assembly; but I am sorry to have to add that one of our party, who had been in the bar-room and knew whereof he affirmed, declared the gallant minority to be in a state of semi-inebriation. The minstrels in undress here appeared from behind the curtain, greeted us courteously, confided to us that they were gentlemen doing a little minstrelsy for the adventure of the thing, declared for Grant, and solicited the honor of our patronage for the evening.

As we looked every minute for the coaches, we dared hold out no hopes to our patriotic friends, and we almost grieved, when came still evening on and twilight gray, to see them hurrying hither and thither to procure for us arm-chairs, which they placed before the rude benches provided for the common people. I am afraid that, gentle Bohemians and good Grant men though they were, they prayed for our detention at Mariposa that night; and I must confess to an amiable desire to listen to their wild warblings and to see their wilder audience. I even felt that I could smile on the modest efforts of the female contortionist, it being my principle to encourage woman in entering on new careers of fame and emolument, and knowing, as I do, to what turns and twists feminine genius is driven by cruel disabilities. Strange what an interest we all took in the gathering of that small audience. An infant drummer stood at the door, and drummed vigorously; but recruits came in slowly. I, having been in the show-business a little myself, was the most sympathetic. I strolled carelessly up and down the sidewalk with a friend, reconnoitring, returning now and then to the piazza of the hotel with reports like these: "A force of one old miner just marched in," "A woman with a baby in arms," "A small detachment of boys," "A file of servant-girls," "A squad of infantry commanded by papa and mamma," "A reinforcement of grandma," "A rear-guard of ranchmen and Greasers."

Our coaches arrived, but it was announced that they would not be ready to leave before nine o'clock. During that half-hour we could see something of the performance. A commutation of half price was proffered, and we went in,—that is, a select few of us. We declined the reserved seats, and quietly sat down on one of the benches among the people. We felt democratic. We fellowshipped the rough miner, the ranchman, the Mexican mule-driver, even the Greeleyite. We could have tolerated, at a distance, the stern and haughty Digger, rightful sovereign of the soil, whose name is a misnomer, for he toils not neither does he dig. The orchestra chairs we had declined did not remain unoccupied. Eight small girls in their Sunday best entered the hall, with an imposing rustle of starched ruffles, came calmly forward, and filed into those seats of honor. There was more room than their small crinolines could fill; their little feet dangled uncomfortably; but they sat erect, stately, and solemn, as so many delegates to a female-suffrage convention, gazing intently at the curtain throbbing with dark dramatic mysteries. At last it was drawn aside, and the minstrels appeared, bowed graciously, and set to work. Every *rôle* was duly filled; there was the aggravating conundrum-man, and the proper middle-man, and the funny end-man, who played on the tambourine with his knees and his heels and his nose, and banged it against his head, till he struck fire from his wild, rolling eyes. It was curious to watch the effect this personage produced on a row of small boys just at his left. They watched him with rapt, unsmiling eagerness, unconsciously imitating every grimace and contortion of his countenance. It was as good as a play to watch the little chaps. As the one door of the hall was closed with jealous haste, and the shutters of the one window inexorably barred against the crowd of impecunious Peris outside, the air within was, to say the least, not bracing. So, when summoned to our coach, we were quite resigned to go, even though the fair star of the evening had not appeared. We shall all, I am sure, long remember with a gentle human interest that melancholy row of minstrels, and their serious little audience.

We had a rather anxious night-ride of twelve miles, over a rough road, through streams and gullies, and along steep, rocky cañons, to the hotel of White and Hatch, which we did not reach till one o'clock in the morning. But the mountain air began to tell on us; and after a brief sleep and a good breakfast we were in condition thoroughly to enjoy the superb forest ride, up the Chouchilla Creek, over the Divide, and down, by a descent of nearly three thousand feet, to the end of the stage-road, the famous ranch of Clark and Moore, on the South Merced, — a lovely, lonely, piny, primitive place, with a peculiarly peaceful, restful atmosphere pervading it. Here we were received with simple, hearty cordiality, and proffered the freedom of the Sierras and the ranch; here we were entirely comfortable and very happy throughout our too brief stay. The only drawback to the enjoyment of the ladies of our party was the discovery that the great Chicago monopoly had, by the means of an *avant-courier* despatched before daylight on a fiery mule, secured all the side-saddles, and that we must tarry there indefinitely, or take to the Mexican saddle, and riding *en cavalier*, both for our excursion to the Big Trees and our longer journey into the valley. So, with a tear for the modest traditions of our sex, and a shudder at the thought of the figures we should present, we four brave women accepted the situation, and, for the nonce, rode as woman used to ride in her happy, heroic days, before Satan, for her entanglement and enslavement, invented trained skirts, corsets, and side-saddles. We were fortunately provided with strong mountain suits of dark flannel and waterproof, which fitted us for this emergency, and for any rough climbing we had a fancy for; and that was not a little. Well, after a trial of some fifteen miles the first day and twenty-six the second, we all came to the conclusion that this style of riding is the safest, easiest, and therefore the most sensible, for long mountain expeditions, and for steep, rough, and narrow trails. If Nature intended woman to ride horseback at all, she doubtless intended it should be after this fashion, otherwise we should have been a sort of land variety of the mermaid.

Though the days were warm in that charming resting-place, beside the unresting Merced, the nights were very cool; and a bright camp-fire in front of the hotel was surrounded till a late hour by a circle of tourists, guides, pack-mule men, and stage-drivers. We took to reciting ballads and telling stories. Of the latter, the most horrible and hair-elevating sort were at a premium. There was a generous and amiable strife as to who should contribute most to the general discomfort, and produce the most startling and blood-curdling effects. The English ex-officer carried off the palm. His story, told in a characteristically cool way, so chilled us with horror that we drew closer around the camp-fire, and shuddered audibly. Just a little way off, under the pines, was a cluster of wigwams, and the camp-fire of the bloody Diggers,—howling fitfully that night over the bear-skin couch of a venerable savage, said to be over a hundred years old, and dying without benefit of clergy. Ah! how novel and wild and primitive and delightful it all was!

By the way, the old Indian did n't die after all the ado. He was only testing the affection of his heirs.

The Mariposa grove of Big Trees is about six miles from Clark's, up a trail somewhat rough, but leading through forests of great beauty. Many of the pines along our way were of imposing breadth and height, but the first regular *Sequoia Gigantea* we came upon was lying prone upon the earth, that had yielded to him, when he fell, almost as the sea gives place to the hull of a great ship. This mighty recumbent shape, whose battles with winds and tempests are over forever, is a majestic image of repose and release. What ephemeral creatures we seemed beside that scarred and mouldering trunk, on the tender green of whose young branches had glistened the dews of the night which was the shadow of the most blessed day of the world, — the day that dawned in Judæa, under the watching of angels and the singing of stars. Wild races had passed away under his shadow; he had greatened and towered, waited through the slow cycles, and decayed and fallen before the spiritual light of that dawning reached the dim solitudes of the vast Sierras.

The largest of these Mariposa trees is "The Grizzly Giant," but perhaps the most satisfactory is "The Faithful Couple," — one solid tree at the base, but separating at the height of about forty feet into two equally fine *Sequoias*. Some of our party saw in it, or them, a type of an unsuitable early marriage, followed by divergence and divorce; others saw a type of perfect wedded life and love, rooted and grounded in equality and assimilation, starting as one, but, with a higher development, asserting a nobler independence and individuality. And so we speculated and discussed, while taking our lunch in the dual shade of this new-world Baucis and Philemon. We visited, I believe, all the groups and solitary big trees of the great grove, riding in solemn procession through two hollow trunks, — one standing, and one fallen. This proceeding undoubtedly gives one the most accurate idea of the diameter of the trunks; but for a full realization of the height of any one of the finest standing trees, of the grand grip it has on the earth, there is nothing like lying on your back and looking up to its huge, immovable lower limbs, up, up, to where its tapering bole and highest branches stand above the ordinary green level of the forest tree-tops, like the mast and spars of a great ship sunken in a shallow sea.

Grander and grander they grow to you, these sombre, Titanic shapes, the longer you linger and look; and you feel that you shall never quite pass out from their solemnizing shadow, that fell on you like the shadow of the great past. Some of the stateliest trees are named for our poets. One noble trunk bears on it the name of Whittier. So simple yet grand a memorial of his character and genius is most fitting. Long may it keep his dear memory green. Only think, it may have been a middle-aged tree in Chaucer's time!

Before we left the haunted forest, we were conducted by our pleasant guide to a high, beetling cliff, a favorite perch of Bierstadt's, from which we had an enchanting view of the lovely Merced Valley, with emerald-green meadows and waters flashing to the sun; and what a setting were the mountains for the wondrous picture!

Early the next morning we were mounted and away, eager for the Yosemite, yet reluctantly taking leave of our hosts, Clark and Moore, both very interesting men, mountaineers of the best type, — and their kindly household. Mr. Moore walked out with us some little distance, and blessed us with his pleasant blue eyes, as he said good-by.

Perhaps it is well that I feel the impossibility of describing that day's journey, — the wild and constantly varying scenery, the strange shrubs and flowers, the rocky steeps, the mountain torrents, the snow-banks, the bogs, over which led our narrow trail, the heaven of blue deeps and fleecy clouds far above us, the half-way heaven of snowy peaks and shining domes. It was a wondrous day to live and to remember.

As we jogged along, single file, we formed an odd, but not a very picturesque procession. Still, we had our dash of color, — one bright, graceful object in our moving picture. A lady of our party, a fair young girl from Boston, was charmingly dressed, for effect among the dim woods and gray rocks. Her short Yosemite suit was black, trimmed with scarlet, a long scarlet sash falling at the left side; to her straw hat was attached a blue, floating veil; her long, bounteous golden hair, all her own, fell in heavy braids, tied with blue ribbons. Mounted on a white horse, riding with quiet grace, she was a perpetual delight to the eye, quite illuminating our dull cavalcade.

We found our guide — Peter Gordon, at your service! a remarkably agreeable young man — modest, but not averse to imparting information. I kept near him most of the time, plying him with questions. His patience was also severely tried by our pack-mule, a diminutive animal, so built on and about by valises, carpet-bags, and bundles, that of the original structure only four slender piers and two turrets were visible, from the rear, at least. The poor brute had a mild, melancholy face, but was of perverse and erratic tendencies. He seized upon every opportunity to leave the trail and go off prospecting. When brought back, by shouts and blows, to the path of rectitude and the Yosemite, his countenance always wore a touching look of humility and penitence, that seemed to say,

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it."

We dined, and dined sumptuously, at Paragoy's, the new half-way house, set under the pines, in the greenest of mountain meadows, with melting snows and rushing streams about it, and grand white-headed mountains above it. I think tourists, for whom the delay is possible, should spend the night here, and go into the valley in the morning.

Only a few miles from Paragoy's, and we were on Inspiration Point, looking down on the mighty Mecca of our pilgrimage, — on awful depth and vastness, wedded to unimagined brightness and loveliness, — a sight that appalled, while it attracted; a sublime terror; a beautiful abyss; the valley of the shadow of God!

It seemed to me as I gazed, that here was Nature's last, most cunning hiding-place for her utmost sublimities, her rarest splendors. Here she had worked her divinest miracles with water and sunlight, — lake, river, cataract, cascade, spray, mist, and rainbows by the thousand. It was but a little strip of smiling earth to look down on, after all; but ah! the stupendousness of its surroundings! There were arched and pillared rocks, so massive, so immense, it seemed they might have formed the foundation-walls of a continent; and domes so vast they seemed like young worlds rounding out of chaos.

The trail down from Inspiration Point is steep, rough, and somewhat perilous for inexperienced riders; but I prefer it, for its variety, and cool, shadowy places, to the shorter new trail by Glacier Point, which is wide, even, monotonously good, and almost wholly without shade. On our way down, our guide pointed out to us a large hollow tree fitted up with modern conveniences, in which a real hermit had kept house for some years. Disappointed in love or politics, he retired from the world to this rather public spot, where, finally, he died by his own hand. He left a large trunk, but with little in it.

This trail enters the valley near the Bridal Veil. Beautiful Pohono had dressed herself royally in rainbows to receive us. The sight of this fall, in the height of its summer glory, and the surpassing loveliness of the valley through all the five miles that remained for us to ride, charmed away our fatigue and restored us to vigor and gayety. We forded countless streams, cold as snow and bright as sunshine; we passed through forests of blooming azaleas and sweet wild roses and wondrous ferns, grand natural parks of oak and cedar, groves and avenues of locusts and pines, — indeed, of all sorts of trees; for the variety of foliage in the valley is wonderful. Much of the way we rode along the rapid Merced, a passionate, tumultuous stream, pushed on by cataracts. We readily recognized all the great rocks, from Watkins's magnificent photographs, — the "Sentinel," the "Three Graces," the "Cathedral Spires," the "Three Brothers," and "El Capitan," bluff and lordly, shouldering his way to the front. At the second hotel — Black's — dear friends ran out to meet us with a joyous greeting, and we felt at home even before we reached our pleasant quarters at the Hutchings House, and received from Mr. Hutchings the hearty, happy welcome he so well knows how to give.

It was wonderful to us, if not to others, how comparatively fresh we were after a day of unprecedented fatigue and excitement. There must be some magic of stimulus and sustainment in the air of the Sierras. A good supper and good company further cheered and supported us, and, last of all, before sleep, there was for us absolute physical rejuvenation in the warm baths of the Cosmopolitan Saloon, just opposite our cottage. Here we were astonished to find — when we had expected to rough it — absolutely sybaritic arrangements, — large, bright bathing-rooms; spacious tubs, exquisitely clean; a limitless supply of pure, soft water; towels, fine and coarse, in profusion; delicate toilet-soaps; bottles of bay rum; Florida water and arnica, court-plaster, pins, needles, thread, and buttons, for repairing dilapidations; and late "Altas" and "Bulletins" for fresh "bustles." The floors are all handsomely carpeted, the walls are hung with delicate paper, and decorated with pictures and mirrors, and cornices are daintily gilded. Here, after all our long excursions, hard rides, and harder climbs, we took baths of balm, of delicious soothing and healing. To find such luxury and comfort in the awful sunken fastness of this valley seems something absolutely marvelous, the work of enchantment; but the magical agencies have been only keen business foresight, energy, pluck, perseverance, and pack-mules.

To future Yosemite pilgrims, I would commend the brave, benevolent young proprietor of this establishment. I hope they will be careful accurately to remember his name. It is Smith,— John Smith. The pilgrims that have been here this year will be in no danger of forgetting it, or confounding it with Jones, Brown, or Robinson.

The Yosemite Falls proper, whose entire descent is over twenty-six hundred feet, is immediately in front of the Hutchings Hotel, on the north side of the valley. Of course, from below, you can see nothing of the Yosemite Creek. It looks as though it was a cataract from the start, born of the sky and the precipice. The roar of this king of waterfalls, in his grandest times, has a singular dual character; there is the eternal monotone, always distinct, though broken in upon by an irregular crash and boom, — a sort of gusty thunder. This composite sound, so changing and unchanging, floods and shakes the air, like the roar of the deep sea and the breaking of surf on a rocky shore.

On my first night in the valley, the strangeness of my surroundings, a sort of sombre delight that took possession of me, would not let me sleep for several hours. Once I rose and looked out, or tried to look out. The sky was clouded; it seemed to me the stars drew back from the abyss. It was filled with night and sound. I could not see the mighty rocks that walled us in, but a sense of their shadow was upon me. There was in the awe I felt no element of real dread or fear, but it was thrilled by fantastic terrors. I thought of Whitney's theory of the formation of the great pit, by subsidence. What if it should take another start in the night, and settle a mile or two with us, leaving the trail by which we descended, dangling in the air, and the cataracts all spouting away, with no outlet! But in the morning the jolly sun peered down upon us, laughing, as much as to say, "There you are, are you?" and the sweet, cool winds dipped down from the pines and the snows, the great fall shouted and danced all the way down his stupendous rocky stairway, the river, and overflowed meadows rippled and flashed with immortal glee. It seems to me that darkness is darker and light lighter in the Yosemite than anywhere else on earth.

Yet, in the midst of its utmost brightness and beauty, you are more or less oppressed with a realization of some sudden convulsion of nature, that here rent the rocks asunder, that shook the massive mountain land till the bottom dropped out; or of the mighty force of drifting, driving glaciers, grinding, carving, just ploughing their way down from the "High Sierra," leaving this stupendous furrow behind them. Somehow you feel that Nature has not done with this place yet. Such a grand, abandoned workshop invites her to return. The stage of this great tragic theatre of the elements waits, perhaps, for some terrible afterpiece. But it may be a comedy after all,—horse-railroads and trotting-tracks, hacks and hand-organs, Saratoga trunks and croquet parties, elevators running up the face of El Capitan, the Domes plastered over with circus bills and advertisements of "Plantation Bitters."

There is here, at first, a haunting sense of imprisonment, though on a grand scale, of course. You feel like a magnificent felon, incarcerated in the very fortress of the gods.

The outside world seems very far away, and even recent events grow indistinct. There is an impertinent telegraph-wire that comes into the valley, but I fancy it does little business. There is no regular mail, and few letters are written or received. As for newspapers, I found only one or two in the hotel parlor. They told all about the snow blockade. We hardly knew Sunday when it came round. We were dropped into the bosom of Mother Earth, out of the old life of thought and feeling, out of business, fashion, and politics. We could hardly tell whether it was Horace Greeley, or Horatio Seymour, or a man by the name of Davis, who was nominated at Cincinnati. The news of the Philadelphia nominations came to us incidentally, *via* Honolulu, that is, we were told it by Consul Mattoon, just from the islands. This sense of isolation inclines people to be social and kindly. Petty conventionalities are left outside the grand walls. Tourists who have not been introduced, fall into conversation with each other in an easy, fraternal way, which I have not found the fashion anywhere else in democratic America. It is a pleasant feature of life in the valley. I found it impossible to work here, or even to talk fluently or forcibly on what I knew about the Yosemite. The theme mastered me. I noticed that there were few singing-birds about, and was told by an old guide that they, with most animals, were afraid of the valley. Poetic thoughts and gay fancies seem struck with a like fear. You are for a time mentally unnerved; but you feel that in your powerlessness you are gaining power; in your silence, more abundant expression.

The vague sense of oppression and imprisonment I have alluded to, doubtless often drives nervous tourists from the valley after so brief a visit that it must seem to them ever after like a wild, troubled dream of vast precipices and domes, of dizzy points, of booming cataracts and roaring rapids, of toiling up and plunging down steep trails, on sore-backed mules and bucking bronchos. In fact, the valley, in the height of its short season, is a confused scene of hurry, pushing, and scrambling. Horses, mules, mustangs, and donkeys are burdened and goaded, and driven to the last point of endurance, and too often beyond. "All creation groaneth and *travelleth*" in the Yosemite. There is a vast deal to be seen hereabouts, yet none of the great points are very easy of access. There is no royal road to them; but if tourists who are strong enough, would give themselves a reasonable amount of time, they would see everything better by going on foot and sparing the wretched animals who now stagger under them in mute agony, and, perhaps, execrate the picturesque in their meek souls. Some unhappy people you see doing all the sights, driving through all the excursions, with a sort of gloomy desperation, as though obeying the injunction, "See the Yosemite and die," or under a contract to return to San Francisco on the very next Friday and be hanged.

Aside from the multitude of tourists from all parts of the world, constantly coming and going, there is a curious and picturesque variety of races in the valley. Mexicans, Chinamen, negroes, and Indians, Diggers of rather the better class, who seem peculiarly to belong to the wild landscape, sad, though so lovely. The few buildings in the valley are of rather a primitive and temporary character, and, with the exception of the sumptuous Cosmopolitan Saloon, very simply appointed. Of the hotel-keepers, Mr. Hutchings offers the most ample accommodations, having three good buildings, comfortably furnished. His caravansery continues to be the most popular, though there are travellers who prefer the lower hotels, from gross considerations of appetite. It must be confessed, even by his warmest friends, that Mr. Hutchings is not an epicurean caterer,—not "high-toned on grub," to use the expression of an indignant California landlady. I do not myself think that it was in the purpose and plan of the Divine economy that Hutchings should keep a hotel. There are better things which he could do better. But the man is already historical; his name is wedded to that of his beloved Yosemite, and it is not in the power of jealous rivalry or legislative enactments to divorce them. He is the recognized fountain-head of Yosemite lore, such as intelligent tourists like to get at, and, when from his burdensome cares and bewildering worriments he gets a little time for conversation, is a very interesting and picturesque talker.

Our first little expedition in the valley was with Mr. Hutchings, to his garden and grounds, on the north side of the valley, in the neighborhood of the falls. The Merced and Yosemite had so overflowed the meadows, that, just beyond the bridge, we were obliged to take a boat, and be rowed over by our host, and a young man by the name of Lo. We were told that such high water so late in the season, was quite exceptional. By the way, I have noticed that everything unpleasant, or undesirable in California is "exceptional."

As he was to return for a couple of other friends, waiting on the bridge, Mr. Hutchings sent us three pilgrims (we know who) on through the wicket-gate, and directly into his fine strawberry patch. We justified his trust, and partook generously of the delicious fruit, feeling that he should be encouraged in the culture of such delicacies in this wild spot. We would a little rather have had them gathered for us, though, for the sun was "exceptionally" hot. On a flowery bank, under a noble oak, we soon sought rest and shade. Here, where a delicious breeze reached us, we revelled in the unspeakable loveliness of the scene. Above, below, on every side, was the fullness of beauty and life, — light, color, fragrance, graceful motion, grand repose. Here, while watching the Fall of Falls, the steady plunge of the great central column, the ever-varying swing and sway of the silvery mist that encircled it like a garment, the peculiar shoots of tiny side-streams and jets coming down like arrows or rockets, — passing beautiful; here, while listening to the many-voiced shout of the leaping waters, the shout that speaks alternately of joy, of dread, of defiance, and despair, we heard also, from the grave lips of the poet himself, Joaquin Miller's

"Yosemite Song,"— a poem which almost expresses the inexpressible. Perhaps the fine frenzy was catching; perhaps we are never too old to catch it: certain it is, that one of the other three pilgrims, glowing with a mild poetic fervor, here took the word and said, "Ah, fellow-pilgrims, here, where every sense is enthralled with beauty and sublimity, where

> 'The wild cataract leaps in glory';

here, with the tremble of its melodious thunder in the air; here, in this summer, enchanted among eternal snows, this smiling valley, lapped in frowning sublimities; here, amid the shine and shimmer and shade and fruitage and fragrance, — is Paradise!"

As if to make the words true, to render the Sunday picture scripturally correct, just at this point the Serpent started up from the grass and the flowers, and came boldly into the path, near the gate through which our host and his friends were just entering the garden. It was an "exceptional" rattlesnake! Ah! if the "grand old gardener" of Eden had served the father of serpents and lies as Mr. Hutchings served this rash intruder, — mashed his head and cut off his rattles, — what a different world we should have had of it! Then, every first family could have had a Yosemite to itself, — a private Paradise, with no angel of expulsion to drive us down the valley and up the trail. Somehow, after that little snake incident, we did n't poetize much, nor run at large about the grounds, for fear of meeting the mourning widow. It was time to go to dinner.

Among our visitors in the evening was Mr. Muir, the young Scottish mountaineer, student, and enthusiast, who has taken sanctuary in the Yosemite, who stays by the variable valley with marvellous constancy, who adores her alike in her fast, gay summer life and solemn autumn glories, in her winter cold and stillness, and in the passion of her spring floods and tempests. Not profoundest snows can chill his ardor, not earthquakes can shake his allegiance. Mr. Muir talks with a quiet, quaint humor, and a simple eloquence which are quite delightful. He has a clear blue eye, a firm, free step, and marvellous nerve and endurance. He has the serious air and unconventional ways of a man who has been much with Nature in her grand, solitary places. That tourist is fortunate who can have John Muir for a guide in and about the valley. He will thus see sights not set down in the Yelverton chronicles, learn facts which not even the most careful student of Olive Logan has come at.

The scene at the hotel, on the morning of my second day, was something memorable. The grounds and piazzas swarmed with tourists and guides, all demanding animals at once to make the excursions to Glacier Point, or the Vernal and Nevada Falls. Not only were there the Hutchings House people in the crowd, but strangers from the other hotels, frantically dashing about, calling for horses like so many Richards. Perhaps, in his emergency, Richard would have come down to a mule; it is certain that some of these gentlemen were glad to, after swearing as he did, and bribing the hostler as he did n't. There is always more or less trouble here about horses, as they are not kept up, but turned loose at night in the wild pastures, and have to be lassoed in the morning by Indians, who are not remarkably early risers. This morning the demand greatly exceeded the supply. All of us, guests and interlopers, "went for" Mr. Hutchings. Unhappily, the half-distracted proprietor did n't know the sheep from the goats. He frequently gave the wrong man the right horse. He did his best at omnipresence and omnipotence; but nobody he wanted to see could find him at the right moment, and nobody he especially wanted to serve could he do anything for. He was here, he was there, he was nowhere. We all mobbed him, and we all missed him, — poor, kindly, harassed, illusive Mr. Hutchings!

Out of the difficulties of the horse question grow minor difficulties and disputes, which break up many a pleasant party in the valley. Ours went to pieces very gently that very morning. It was inevitable disintegration. The more fortunate part, who got horses early, went to Glacier Point; others went to Nevada Falls and had a splendid dinner, and in the midst of it were called out of doors by the thunder of a great stone avalanche, which came [illegible] the Cap of Liberty and almost buried th[illegible] It covered them with dust, and they thought it was an earthquake, or the day of judgment, and would n't have missed it for anything. The rest of us finally straggled off one by one for the Bridal Veil, some on foot, some on a gallop, — the name we politely applied to a Yosemite animal's best speed, — a sort of distracted walk. Some of us found the place, others got lost. The party that got lost had the lunch-basket.

The Bridal Veil is my favorite Yosemite cataract. There is for me a tender, retrospective charm in the name. Just opposite to the Bridal Veil is the lovely little trickling cascade called the Virgin's Tears. Had the sight of the floating, flouting Veil anything to do with that lachrymose condition? We, who reached the Veil, lingered about it for hours, — read and slept, botanized and shouted poetry in each other's ears. When the rainbows came, we went far up into the very heart of the splendor. We could have jumped through the radiant hoops like circus performers. Of course, we got well soaked with the spray, and had to hang ourselves out on the rocks to dry. Then we mounted and rode down the valley and some distance up the trail, to meet the travellers coming in from Clark's. As they came in sight, headed by the patient pack-mule and our old guide, Peter Gordon, it was with a certain agreeable sense of proprietorship and patronage that we welcomed them to the valley. They looked jaded, travel-stained, and very sober; but we cheerfully assured them that the worst was over, that they had the Bridal Veil before them (though they were rather late for the rainbows), and the glorious valley, at least five good miles of it, and a dozen or so fine streams to ford, very full, and only a few bogs to cross. Yes, the hotels were crowded, but they could get in somewhere, doubtless, if they were willing to rough it, take up with half-rations, and beds on the floor for a while. It was pleasant to be able to cheer them up a bit. In the late twilight, after supper, I found two or three gentlemen of this party sitting forlornly on the hotel steps, with their modest little parcels beside them, like so many foundlings. Mr. Hutchings provided for them in some mysterious way, but they soon disappeared from our midst. They endured but for a day.

As a rider a little difficult to please, I tried many experiments while in the valley. I rode Mr. Miller's horse, and one of Mr. Muir's. They were my Sunday best. I drew largely on Mr. Hutchings's variegated stud. I see-sawed from horse to mule. I aspired to the refined precariousness of the side-saddle, and backslid to the masculine security of the Mexican saddle, with its high pommel and its long, roomy stirrups, which give one such a certain hold on the brute. However mounted, I found all my old wild practice in horseback-riding tell in the valley, as nowhere else, in a comfortable, almost unconscious confidence, that left me free to enjoy all I saw and to see all there was to be seen. Many an unhappy lady we saw utterly and anxiously absorbed by the spiritless but trustworthy animal she rode. The falls she looked for were not waterfalls, the ears of her mule could shut out the grandest prospect. It is important to be well mounted, on the expedition to Glacier Point, as the trail, though wide and even, is a little frightful, winding as it does almost up the face of Sentinel Rock, and having many dizzy points and sharp turns. You have to pay a dollar toll for going over this trail; but it does not seem unreasonable, as a temporary tax at least, when you see the amount of labor and expense and the enterprise and courage required to execute this astonishing work. Glacier Point is on the south side of the valley, three thousand seven hundred feet above the meadows. It is the point that gives you the finest comprehensive view of the valley, especially of its upper waterfalls, cañons, and rocks, with vast views of the High Sierra. All the great heights were pointed out to us,—Mount Hoffman, Mount Lyell, Mount Dana, Mount Clark, and Mount Starr King. This last had for us a tender human interest. It seemed a most fitting monument of a noble, aspiring life and a broad, well-balanced character, being a singularly symmetrical cone, steep and smooth, a shape grandly massive, but not heavy. It had no clouds, no snows on its summit; it was bathed in sunlight, like *his* beautiful beloved memory. It stands up among the hoary, scarred old mountains in eternal youth and strength, like his unworn and steadfast soul. Its summit, though so undefended by sharp peaks and threatening glaciers, is absolutely inaccessible, like the sacred heights of his nature, known only of God.

The vast view from Glacier Point is the despair of poetry and art. Certainly its grandeur can never be compassed by the grandest sweep of human language. Its divine loveliness floats forever before the mind, in smiling, radiant defiance. It is glory that *must* be seen; it is sublimity that *must* be felt; it is the "exceeding great reward" that *must* be toiled for. Yet I would not care to linger long here, or on the loftier Sentinel Dome, near by. These heights supernal, toward which the stars stoop, against which the heavens trail their garments, are awesome places. How dreadful to be alone, up here, at night, with the lower world all drowned in darkness! Some of us proposed to stay and see the sunset from the point, but the guides, more practical than poetical gentlemen, overruled us, fortunately perhaps, for *non facilis est descensus* into the Yosemite.

So ended my third day.

Perhaps the most delightful excursion it is possible to take in the valley is the one to the Vernal and Nevada Falls. The trail to these, up the Merced Cañon, crosses the beautiful Illilouette River and several small, sparkling streams, pierces the green depths of fragrant woods, winds among the massive rocks, under mighty mountain walls, passes a glorious succession of cascades and rapids, and finally leads you out into full view of the grand, green, columnar masses of the Vernal and majestic white splendor of the Nevada. Both these falls, and the cascades between them, have a singularly joyous look; they leap and tumble, hurry-skurry, over the rocks, as though glad to escape from the cold, gray mountain solitudes, and the dull pressure and sullen push of snows, out into freedom, down through kindling sunlight, to the bosom of beauty and peace, in the fair valley land.

Across the Merced, — the ubiquitous Merced, — between the two falls, and right under the old Cap of Liberty, called by the Indians *Mahta*, is a summer hotel, well kept, neat, and comfortable. Here we concluded to spend the night, in order thoroughly to see the two falls, — the only way it can be done. All the afternoon was spent beside the cascades and rapids and about the beautiful Vernal. This is the only waterfall in the valley which has any color. One portion of it is of the brightest emerald. There is on the edge of the precipice a singular parapet of granite, behind which you can stand and look down four hundred feet into a dim world of mist and spray. At one side of the falls there is an easy stairway, leading down to lovely, ferny grottos, and little hanging-gardens, kept green and cool by the perpetual baptism of the spray.

The night came on cold and wild, with clouds and wind and fitful moonlight. The guides built a camp-fire on the rocks before the hotel, which we gathered about, and roasted our faces while our backs were shivering. The only chance of comfort would have been in continually revolving, by some sort of spit arrangement, — to turn one's self was too much like work; yet we were very merry, — not at all put down by little discomforts and great sublimities. Mr. Muir built large fires down by the river. The effects of the red gleams and wavering flashes among the rocks and dark pines, and of the reflections on the rapids, were marvellously picturesque. We slept well that night, to the grand lullaby of the cataracts, only disturbed by the fall of a small avalanche from the Cap of Liberty, and a mild earthquake shock. Old Mahta is given to avalanching, and vagrant earthquakes to prowling round the valley. The latter do little harm, — they knock and run. When I felt this one gently shaking my bedstead, I recognized the peculiar jog I had felt at Sacramento and San Francisco, and, familiarized with subterranean visitors, the irreverent words of Hamlet occurred to me: —

> "Old mole! can'st work i' the earth so fast?"

A climb up a steep, rough foot-trail to the top of Nevada Falls was the morning's gallant undertaking. It was real work, though full of rare, hearty enjoyment. In the river, above the falls, is a picturesque, rocky island, near the shore. By crossing on a bridge of one log over the rapids of the small side fall, we reached this island, and secured the finest near view of the grand cataract, — one of the greatest in the world. From a projecting ledge, a sort of Table Rock, we were able to follow its mad leap down seven hundred feet, to look straight into the chasm where it was deepest and darkest, into the vortex of swirling, wrestling, fighting waters, — a mighty agony of contending forces. Turning from that image of eternal unrest to the serene blue sky and the steadfast white domes, we stored our brains with pictures of sublimity unimaginable, steeped our souls in beauty inexpressible, and then — we went to lunch.

Mr. Muir thinks he finds in this particular region abundant evidence of the truth of the theory he holds of the formation of the valley by glacial action. At the falls, and on our way down, he pointed out rocks showing, as he thought, distinct marks of the drift. Professor Whitney, the eminent State geologist, scouts at the idea of glaciers "sawing out these vertical walls," carving the spires and "turning" the domes, and is as certain of "subsidence" as though he "was there all the while." But *he* comes whose right it is to decide all glacier questions, Louis Agassiz. If he claims the valley, the subsiders will have to subside. I have endeavored to maintain a calm neutrality, though feeling, of course, the tremendous issues involved in the dispute. Forever unforgetable the last views we had of the two cataracts from the trail below the hotel, on our way down into the valley! They were absolutely resplendent in the afternoon sunlight, each plunging joyously into piles of welcoming rainbows,—a vortex of splendors. They were clothed in glory as a garment. The ride on the lower trail was even more charming than it had been in the morning. In the deep, sweet-ferny wood the sunset glories were exquisitely tempered by foliage of every shade of green; the air was delicious with the fragrance of great white buckeye flowers, creamy azaleas and wild roses and lilacs. Then there was the jubilant singing of the swift mountain streams, broken into, now and then, by the deep bass of cascades. A brief, rough mule ride; but what a joy it was, and is, and ever shall be!

My sixth day was a deliciously lazy day, spent mostly in rowing and in strolling and idling about with a lovely friend over the river, and beside the Lower Yosemite Falls. On our way we passed the saw-mill that furnishes all the lumber used in the valley, and, after our fashion, stopped for a little chat with the workmen we found grappling the great logs and putting them through. There is a law prohibiting the felling of live trees in the valley, and all these, we were told, had fallen in the natural way,—were doubly dead trees. But they looked singularly sound and plump, as though they had died a sudden death,—not, I am sure, from heart disease; and I fear no "crowner" sat on them. One of the men, who was opposed to the anti-chopping law (I suspect he was a Greeley man), said, speaking as an unprejudiced sawyer, "I think the pines, at least, ought to be excepted; they might all be cut down; they are no ornament to the valley."

In the evening, about sunset, I rode down to Black's, for a little gossip with some gay friends. A woman cannot dwell in sublimities forever. On the way, I drew rein, as I frequently did, beside a little sheet of water, an overflowed meadow, to look at a wonderful reflection, in the clear, still water, of the Yosemite Falls, the neighboring rocks, and the sky. I was presently joined by a rough but kindly stranger, who, with the pleasant freedom of the valley, asked what I was "lookin' at?" "At the reflections there," I said, pointing to the wondrous picture of waterfall, precipice, and sky. He peered down in a puzzled way for a moment, then started back, as though fearful of falling into the abysmal blue, and exclaimed, "Well, now, I 've been in and about this valley, in the pack-mule business, for ten years, but never noticed that thar before. Why, it 's as good as the real thing!"

How many such people we meet, men and women, who, "having eyes, see not"! If the sky were full of tilting comets, they would ask, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" I doubt many a pack-mule, since the time of the prophet Balaam, has seen more than his master.

There was a grand aboriginal entertainment before the hotel that evening, — a horse-race and a dance of Diggers. A "war-dance," they called it; and, by means of burnt cork and wild berry-juice, bunches of turkey-feathers and tags of bear-skin, they had managed to impart a feeble ferocity to their meek, moony faces, — a faint touch of barbarism to their stunted, slouching, and pantalooned figures. But there is more of insolent cruelty in one slow, sullen glance from old Red Cloud's bloodshot eyes than in the concentrated savagery of the whole Digger tribe. Squaws and pappooses followed the festive braves in giggling adoration. One tattooed princess, resplendent in a yellow calico robe and a tinsel coronet, passed round the hat. It was doubtless a poor show to travellers who had been in the wild Territories, where there are Indians that are

Indians; who have seen war-dances where the dancers were armed with real tomahawks, and decorated with real scalps; but, after our show, I was quite willing to ride home through the dim moonlight alone; glad to be alone with the shadow and the shine, the fine silence and the great sound.

On the seventh day we found our Gospel privileges, which were already not inconsiderable, increased by the arrival of a number of clergymen, — distinguished divines, but (I mean no irreverence) good fellows for all that. They had evidently retained on entering the ministry, among their reserved rights, a good deal of human nature, some practical sense, and a healthy jollity. At table they were especially merry, and laughed generously at little jests; indeed, it was pleasant to see how far a very little joke would go with them, and how long it would run. They tossed it about tenderly, like good boys playing "throw-and-catch" with a Sunday-school book. The morning's programme was a visit to the Yosemite Falls on the north side, and a ride up the valley to El Capitan. I was with a charming family party of old friends, with whom I was to make the overland journey home; but we were joined by several other tourists, making a large cavalcade. The Church was out in force. During the latter part of the ride, where the trail widened into a good road, and there was a chance for a gallop, and my old propensity for hard riding came over me, I suddenly found myself neck and neck with a clergyman, one of the gravest and gentlest of the new-comers, and an eloquent and eminent D. D. of Philadelphia, — a city as renowned for its preachers as it is proverbial for its lawyers, favored, indeed, both by the law and the Gospel. I should be only too proud to find myself in this friend's edifying company any day; but I doubt if he would be willing to ride through Fairmount Park, where he might meet his respectable parishioners, with his Yosemite companion, dressed as she was, mounted as she was, on that golden Saturday. Here was a clergyman of reverent, poetic spirit, whose ideas of this beautiful world were not darkened by the traditional curse of Eden, — one who could find

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

For him there was a "whole body of divinity" in El Capitan, as was shown by the reverential glow, the devout delight of his face, when he looked up the three thousand three hundred feet of broad, vertical rock from the vast mass of *débris* (which at a little distance attracts no notice) at the base. We were too much impressed by the grand aspect of this stupendous rock as an image of Eternal Majesty and strength, to see or seek in it any likeness to anything human; but what is called "the Old Captain" was afterwards pointed out to us,—a face and figure distinct enough, but not as fine by far as the Shakespeare at Lake Tahoe. On our way back, we were called on to pay fifty cents toll for passing a crazy old bridge, which we had to eke out by some rods of fording and floundering. Almost every excursion you take here subjects you to a tax of this sort; you cannot say of the valley, that the half has not been tolled. If the bridges and trails were in better condition, one would not be disposed to grumble, except to show people that one has travelled.

In the afternoon, the Bridal Veil again, and the rainbows, of which we found a full variety. That was a memorable last ride we had up to our hotel, through the lingering sunset. The gilding of the Cathedral Spires and Sentinel Rock was something marvellous to behold. The valley was just brimmed with tender, tremulous, aureate light. We felt that we had hardly seen it till then; but so we thought every latest time we beheld it. The beauty, the splendor, the height, the depth, the impression of infinite variety, grow upon you continually.

On Sunday morming it was announced at breakfast that there were to be divine services in the parlor of the Hutchings House. Couriers had been despatched the night before to the other hotels, with the glad tidings that Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of New York, was to preach; and at the usual hour for such gatherings in the world outside, a good-sized congregation was brought together in that wild little inside world, without the aid of "the church-going bell." By the way, I wonder some enterprising Yankee does n't put one up on Cathedral Rock, if only for the sake of collecting toll. We tried to do the decorous thing on that occasion. Mr. Hutchings put on a "biled" shirt and a coat. I donned a long black skirt and a new paper collar. I think I must have looked respectable, for the minister himself did me the honor to invite me to lead the singing. This was an exquisite, though unconscious, joke on the part of Dr. Ormiston. Without me that portion of the exercises partook of the nature of a failure: with me it would have been a disaster. That was an eloquent discourse and an orthodox, given in a round and resonant voice; but over against us, just across the valley, there was a grand old preacher, thundering forth from a pulpit of immemorial rock, his long, white beard waving in the wind. He preached out of Eternity, into Eternity, and finally preached the good Doctor down.

After service I felt inclined to seek the "dim religious light" of Nature's minster of rocks and woods; to tell the truth, I mounted, and hurried away to Mirror Lake, whither some friends had preceded me. I keenly enjoyed my solitary ride on that cold, cloudy, gusty day; and though the way was new to me, I had but one little adventure. As I was riding rapidly up a part of the trail which wound around a boulder as big as a meeting-house, I came suddenly on a mounted Indian, "wildly clad" and gorgeously decorated, for Sunday, doubtless. I had heard no sound: perhaps Indian ponies have a stealthy tread; certain it is that all horses but Indian horses are afraid of Indians. Mine shied, reared, and, for a moment, was badly demoralized. Now, if I had been perched on a side-saddle, of the narrow, "double-decker" sort used in the valley, there would probably have been a tragedy, with no one but the savage left to tell the tale.

Mirror Lake is a pretty little sheet of water, about two miles up the cañon of the Tenaya Creek. It reflects with marvellous accuracy, morning and evening, the grand heights above it; that is, when the current of the stream passing through it is not too strong. Some tourists, who have "done"

Europe, but will never have done with it, on visiting this modest little lake with great expectations, have been heard to denounce it as "a sell.". But the lake smiles on as placidly as ever. She never set up for a Como, or a Maggiore; but she bears in her bosom the images of precipices and domes such as those fine Italian lakes never dreamed of.

Here I found my friends and the lunch waiting for me. From here, under the guidance of Mr. Muir, we set out on a tramp to find Tenaya Falls and the cascades of Porcupine Creek, — beauties blocked and curtained away from ordinary tourists by great masses of rock and thick foliage. We passed first through a lovely piece of woodland along the creek; grassy and flowery it was, with great patches of wonderful ferns. It was the sweetest, peacefullest place I had found anywhere within Yosemite bounds. There was something so deliciously and dreamily poetic about it we named it the "Enchanted Forest." It might have been the wood of "Midsummer Night's Dream" or a strip of the Forest of Arden. Through this was, of course, pleasant, easy travelling, or loitering; but beyond, every step was a toil and a pull. We had to creep up and slide down boulders; cross streams on logs and slippery stones; to jump like the goat and climb like the bear, — at least Mr. Muir was pleased to compare me as a climbist, to that agile animal. I thought it best to take the remark as a compliment, and, in return, paid a tribute to his transcendent climbing: it was the best proof I had ever seen of the truth of the Darwinian theory. On account of the high water, we could not, with all our super- or sub-human efforts, get very near to the beautiful, lonely falls of the Tenaya, but we did get quite close to the more beautiful cascades of the "fretful Porcupine." These come down the steep narrow cañon in a lovely, winding procession, dazzling to behold. Clad in foam, sparkling with spray, like fine lace lit with diamonds, they look, as they leap down those steps of light, strangely glad and exulting, full of frolic and passion, reminding one of the naiads of Mysia, who stole young Hylas from Hercules, and ran away with him. This is the way they ran, this is the way they laughed. Taken as a whole, this, I think, would be pronounced the most radiantly lovely of all the Yosemite waterfalls; and yet what a shy, secluded little savage it is! To look on her face, you must fight your way through brake and brier, as the fairy Prince fought his way to the Enchanted Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. You have to brave perils of poison-oak, tumbles and bruises, torn clothes, wet feet, and scratched faces. This should not be. A good trail should be made to both the falls and the cascades, — sights which alone would, if in Europe, call crowds of tourists to their vicinity. I take occasion to say that several new trails are needed in and about the valley, and that the old ones call loudly for reconstruction; and I cannot think that California, into whose care Congress gave these wonderful places, so long God's inviolate preserves, is fully justifying that noble trust. A generous fund from the treasury of the generous State should be set aside by every Legislature for Yosemite improvements. But whether the fund be large or small, the commissioners, certain magnificent and mysterious gentlemen of whom you hear much but see nothing in the valley,—should look to it that the money be judiciously expended. I was told that the sum of five hundred dollars had been or was to be allowed a certain "cute" Yankee, in payment for the extraordinary enterprise of cutting off the pretty little side cascade of the Nevada, by means of a dam, and turning all the water into the great cataract. "Fixing the falls," he calls the job of tinkering one of God's masterpieces. There is a chance to pun on "the deep damnation of that cutting off"; but I forbear. All the rights of toll-gate keepers should be bought up, and all the trails and bridges be absolutely free. This would be not only the most liberal, but the most politic course to pursue, and all such expenditures would be returned a hundred-fold to the State. Let it not be said, even by fools, that the Yosemite "does n't pay." Let it not be said by any visitor that it is a new Niagara for extortions and impositions,—a rocky pitfall for the unwary, a "Slough of Despond" for the timid and the weak. I doubt not all the improvements I have indicated, and more, will come in time, if not in good time; and though I shrink from seeing engines snorting about in the very face of El Capitan, and puffing sooty smoke through the pure mist of the Bridal Veil, I hope to hear soon of the fine stage-road being continued from Clark's, by the old Indian trail along the Merced, into the valley. That will enable invalids and people of advanced age to make the great trip without peril or hardship, and release a few miserable mules and horses from the torture of the side-saddle.

But to return to Tenaya Cañon. As we faced about to return to the lake, we perceived that the storm that had been sullenly brewing all day was almost upon us. One dark cloud, like a vast, broad-winged bird, came swooping down from Mount Watkins. The summit of the great Half-Dome had so vanished in mist and mystery that you could easily imagine that vast vertical wall miles high. The winds soughed mournfully in the pines of the Enchanted Forest, and made a terrified tumult in the poplars as we hurried through. By the time we reached our horses the rain came down, though very gently at first. Indeed, the entire preparations for a storm were very solemn, stately, and deliberate. The thunder was low and slow; the very lightning seemed languid. As for us, we took matters as quietly, wrapped ourselves in our water-proofs, and gave ourselves up to a profound enjoyment of the strange, sombre beauty of the scene. Over the smooth domes and jagged precipices the heavy rain-clouds continued to roll lazily down. As we looked behind us we saw how they blotted out the Enchanted Forest and the lake, and filled the cañons like the waves of a dull, gray sea; but in the great valley they were floating and surging here and there, filing down every pass and trail, toppling off peaks and pinnacles, — some of them looking so solidly dark they almost seemed a part of the mighty, many-towered walls. As we neared the hotel, still riding quietly and in rapt (well wrapt) silence, though the sprinkle had steadily increased to a respectable summer shower, we noticed that half the great fall was shrouded from sight, — clouds and rain come to visit their cousins, mist and spray,—while the great gorge to the right, Indian Cañon, was dark as night, crammed with tempest. Of course, for these clouds there was no blowing over, no getting out; they were "corralled," and had to rain themselves away, which most of them did in the course of the night.

After dinner all the guests—tourists from many parts of the world—gathered about the huge fireplace of rough granite in the primitive parlor at the old Hutchings House, enjoying the sparkling flame and genial warmth immensely, considering that it was the 15th of June. The next morning I rose bright and early,—no, early, but not bright. I was not by any means in a jubilant mood. I was to go out of the valley that day,—the dreadful, delightful, overwhelming, uplifting valley! I had chosen to depart by the Big Oak Flat and Chinese Camp routes, the chief recommendations of which are that you have only about eight miles of horseback-riding, if that be a recommendation; and that it gives you a chance to visit the Calaveras big trees, if, after Mariposa and Yosemite, you have not had enough of big things. The steep mountain trail is only three miles long. You take the stage at Gentry's, and go by the route I have indicated, or by the Coulterville route, said to be even more picturesque and interesting. This strikes the railroad at Merced. But I am poaching on the guide-book man's preserves.

When I left our cottage that morning, to go to my breakfast at the hotel, I found that the rain had ceased, but that it was still cloudy and strangely cold, and — had I risen from a small Rip Van Winkle sleep? — all along the upper edge of the valley, and in some places half-way down, the rocks and wooded steeps were white with snow! How grand the pines looked, standing up white and still, like so many ghostly sentinels! A winter view of the Yosemite was what I had keenly desired, but never hoped to see. This was a little dream of it, — a hint of the holy white beauty, the fearful splendor, which Hutchings and Muir know so well, and which Bierstadt endured and braved so much to see and transfer to his canvas, last winter.

With a choking good by to my host and his family, who had been most kind to me, — with lingering backward looks at the pleasant places that would know me no more, and not know their loss, — I rode gloomily down to Black's, where there were other leave-takings, sad enough, heaven knows, for all the jests and brave words, — the froth on the bitter stirrup-cup, — and then away under the dreary clouds and chill mists. I had lingered till all the friends with whom I came into the valley had left. Other friends were going by the other route; and the small party I found myself with to-day were strangers, as much so as any fellow-pilgrims to the sacred Sierras can be to one. Yet, in the mood I was in, I did not mind it. Indeed, I rode, wherever it was possible that morning, quite apart and alone, feeling in the gusty mountain air and wild, tempestuous surroundings a peculiar stormy delight which is quite inexpressible. My last view of the Yosemite was the grandest I ever had, — full of majesty and mystery. Great, billowy rain-clouds were driving across the valley and breaking against the tremendous rocks of the south side like surf against a craggy shore. The beautiful Cathedral spires faded out of sight; the Bridal Veil wavered, glimmered, and was gone; the valley itself vanished like a magnificent, fantastic dream; and there was only left the steep, narrow mountain-path before me, with its noisy brooks and snow-dropping pines and beetling rocks, and to my left a dark gorge, in which I caught faint, far-down glimpses of the swift and sounding Merced.

RETURN FROM THE YOSEMITE.—LAST DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

THE views from the high mountains we had looked to enjoy, on coming out of the valley, were mostly lost to us through the mist and rain. The morning was for two or three hours cold and raw, and the snow fell so heavily from the loaded pines that we seemed to be journeying through a tremendous winter storm; but by the time we reached Hodging's Ranch, which I remember as a good dining-place with very much good landlady, all was bright and clear, and the remainder of our day's journey was altogether enjoyable. We found the mountain roads admirable, and the grand old forests full of inviting vistas and enticing mysteries. Along this route stand the Tuolumne Big

Trees, not a large grove, and containing no very distinguished Sequoias, and yet bearing in it some stately old fellows, who might stand up before the Mariposa best eleven, and "be bold."

During that first day's journey, before our way brightened, and while we were yet quiet and silent, absorbed and vaguely oppressed with Yosemite, memories "pleasant and mournful to the soul," a chatty young ranchman got into the coach for a short journey, and for an hour or two amused us not a little. He was a Vermont boy, to whose Yankee sharpness and cleverness were added the broader foresight and more dashing energy in business affairs of the Californian. His face was supernaturally wide-awake, yet strangely vacant, — full of that peculiar 'cuteness which is a sort of unripe sense. He showed a confiding simplicity, most *naïve* and childlike. He had actually no reserves. The varied tale of his fortunes was poured into the unresponsive bosom of the stage-coach as into the ear and heart of a long-lost brother. I think I know that same ranchman's autobiography as well as I know the history of the young man Joseph, perhaps a little better. He had got on famously; owned two large cattle-ranches, one in the mountains, one in the valley. He told us the number of his flocks and herds, at a rough guess, with astounding stories of their yearly increase. He spoke rather contemptuously, I am sorry to say, of old Vermont, except as a good State from which to start a young man in life, in a moral sort of a way, and dwelt rapturously upon "Californy" as a land of magnificent chances. "Any man," he said, "with any sort of gumption, can get along in the mountains or mining districts, except preachers; there ain't any kind of show for them. They come out here with a lot of sermons and a little book-learning, and fire away pretty smartly for a while; but sooner or later they find that they must do something for a living, like the rest of us. Nobody goes to hear 'em preach but old ladies, and there's mighty few of them in this country, you know; and they see it won't pay. Now, there's a clergyman down in our settlement who's college-bred, and didn't seem good for anything else but preaching; but after trying it for a spell and getting dead broke at it, he just turned over a new leaf, went into stock-raising, and is a man among men. You ought to see how the minister is rubbed off from him! and yet he's a good fellow. He don't come out as a preacher nowadays, except when there's a funeral; then he comes out strong. Why, ma'am, see him on such an occasion, in the morning, and he will make as good a prayer as you would care to hear; and see him down to the saloon in the evening, and he will play as good a game of euchre as you would care to see. I don't want you to think I don't believe in religion. It's a good thing to keep children straight, and to make old folks feel comfortable. But we business men here in Californy have to let it slide. It's generally in the way of making money, — that is, the real article is, — and we *must* make money. I had a pious mother, one of the good, old, true-blue sort; she used to send me to Sunday school regular, and if she heard me saying a wicked word she'd go for me, as quick as wink. And I've never forgotten her teachin's. To this day, if you'll believe me, I can't swear before a lady."

Our ingenuous friend said that, as the season advanced, he had to drive his cattle from the lower to the upper ranch, and that he made many horseback journeys back and forth and after runaway cattle, camping out in the vast forests alone; no, not often quite alone; he did n't fancy that; not that he was afraid, but that he "must have somebody to talk to, if it was only an Indian." There was a small Digger that he often took along, just to talk to, he said. Poor little Lo!

We came just before night to a cluster of small houses, called Second Garotte, and were told, as we passed under a large oak, that the name came from the hanging from its limbs, some years ago, of two or three notorious gamblers and horse-thieves. At First Garotte, where, from its greater size, I should suppose a round dozen gamblers had some time met their deserts, we spent the night in a comfortable hotel, kept by the most obliging of landlords.

"At five o'clock in the morning" we had breakfasted and were off, driving through Big-Oak Flat, — a rich and busy mining region once, but now utterly desolate and deserted, except by a few melancholy Chinese gleaners. But a little more than the stump of the gigantic oak that gave the name to this place remains. That is enormous.

For miles along the creek, which had been tortured out of all its natural semblance, the ravaged and ransacked earth had the most dreary and forlorn appearance. Here and there Nature is making a desperate effort to recover the lost ground. She sends out brave little vanguards of thistles and sunflowers, and by the aid of winds and spring floods she is slowly rebuilding her earthworks.

During this morning's ride we met the stage, packed with passengers, among whom I recognized "H. H." and "Susan Coolidge," the *Independent's* delightful contributors, travelling quite independently, like the brave women they are. They were going into the Yosemite, looking singularly bright, fresh, and neat. I wonder how they came out!

The next pleasant object on our way was the Tuolumne River, a full, bright stream in a great hurry, as all streams in this country are. Beyond the ferry we passed a famous vineyard and fruit and flower garden. Here were the largest fig-trees I had seen in the State, and magnificent oleanders, each great tree one brilliant mass of blooms as sweet and rich and passionate as the cry it suggests of poor Hero to her lover across the Hellespont.

At Chinese Camp we turned aside from the regular road to the railway, and took the stage for Murphy's and Calaveras Big Trees. Our road for the remainder of the day was exceedingly interesting, leading, as it did for the most part, through old mining districts, abandoned now, but full of suggestions of human passions, struggles, sorrows; of wild hopes and wilder dissipation; of back-breaking toil and heart-breaking disappointment; of madness and crime, heroism, home-sickness, and death. But the empty and closed houses in the little mining towns seemed even more desolate than the worked-out diggings. How melancholy to look on the deserted saloons, those once brilliant and festive haunts to which the picturesque and generous miner came every Saturday night, and at aristocratic *monte* or democratic poker staked and lost his week's hard earnings with a magnificent recklessness which a prince might envy, but never emulate. Scarcely less melancholy is the aspect of the "little church round the corner," or up on the lonely hill,—a pretty edifice, perhaps built in the old flush times, when people did n't care what they did with their money, but now abandoned to silence and solitude. Just beyond Sonora—a charming, shady, foreign-looking town—we came upon the most singular field of mining operations I have ever beheld. The ground on each side of the road for miles has been dug and washed clean away from the underlying rock, which is of a peculiar broken and jagged character, apparently volcanic formation. The earth has been completely dissected, and her skeleton laid bare,—a strange and ghastly sight. In some places the denuded rocks look like enormous tusks, fangs, and snags, as though Cadmus had been about his old business, sowing monstrous dragon teeth. In and about the town of Columbia we found work, principally hydraulic mining, recommenced, and going on vigorously. It promises soon to destroy all the comfort and comeliness of the pretty little town. In every direction houses are being besieged and undermined. Even the church seems in as imminent peril from the encroachments of mammon as though it stood on Broadway. One white cottage we noticed, standing out bravely. It had a fine garden about it, smiling with roses. There was no telling, of course, what great treasure lay in Nature's granite vaults underneath, drawing no interest, and rendering every one of those festal roses as costly as a Chappaqua cabbage; but I honored the woman who had held on to beauty and simple comfort, untempted by possible riches, with certain desolation. But she may not endure much longer: she is cut off on every side. The gorgeous "cloth of gold" roses seem to understand the situation, and to be crowding the bloom of many summers into one.

It was near Columbia that we met our friends, Rev. Dr. Furness and his wife, just from Calaveras, bound for the Yosemite. The smile of the good minister was like a benediction on the day. He seemed a little apprehensive about his brave undertaking, and asked, in his quaint way, "Will I be frightened much?" I told him I hoped not; that heaven was over the Yosemite, though an unconscionable way off. I might have told him how another distinguished divine had even found courage to preach in the awful valley, amid the sound of many waters and the gloom of a gathering tempest. But then, *he* was orthodox.

On this route there is some fine river and mountain scenery. We crossed the Stanislaus, rendered classical by the story of the scientific society and the fatal "row" that broke it up; and we saw Table Mountain, so tenderly associated with "Truthful James."

Murphy's is a quiet little town, with one of the very best hotels in all California, where we had a delightful rest, in beds that were absolutely luxurious.

The stage-ride of sixteen miles, from Murphy's to the Big Trees, we found very pleasant in the early morning. The grove itself, containing nearly a hundred of the giants, is a most lovely place; and as there is here an excellent hotel, it is becoming more and more a summer resort for Californians. I doubt if any traveller willingly leaves it after a visit of only a few hours. I met here a dear old friend in the noble wife of Professor Whitney, who, with her young daughter, is spending the summer in the grand, beneficent shadow of the Sequoias, finding inexhaustible delight in this wood of woods, so green and clean and aromatic, and in watching it under all the changes of light and shade, of day and night. They say that the moonlight effects here are inexpressibly lovely. The trees of the Calaveras grove are less injured by fire than those of Mariposa, and are generally taller and more symmetrical. Mrs. Whitney gave me a vivid realization of their height by saying that, when she looked out upon them from her chamber-window at night, she saw "the stars entangled in their branches."

In entering the grounds you drive between two superb trees, standing like gate-posts, and called "the sentinels." How grand it would be to see these stately old monarchs bowing to each other in an earthquake! You drive past the stump and a section of the trunk of the immense tree felled several years ago. It was in its prime, only about thirteen hundred years old, and sound to the heart. Its fall shook the grove, as Cæsar's fall shook Rome. It took half a dozen men with pump-augers and wedges twenty-two days to do the dreadful deed. Over the stump is built a pavilion, dedicated to religious services, political meetings, dancing and tea parties. It is thirty-two feet in diameter. Were it in Rhode Island, it would be large enough for all campaign purposes; you could "swing round the circle" on it, and stump the State.

The tallest tree now standing is the "Keystone State," three hundred and twenty-five feet; but one of the fallen trees, the largest and best preserved, looked to have been much taller, perhaps from its position. Abraham Lincoln never looked so tall as when he lay under the dome of the Capitol, dead. This grand old tree, lying in state under the blue dome of the sky, had for me something of the rugged majesty and awful repose of that ungainly, pathetic figure, which we remember with smiles that soften into tears, and tears that brighten into smiles. The sturdy tree must also have gone down in or after a great tempest. It fell up hill, but is very little broken. By a ladder at the root you can mount the trunk, and walk all the way by a good trail to the topmost branches. It is like following the Nile to its source. In truth, it is rather a fatiguing and perilous expedition, as portions of the tree are very slippery. A railway up there would be an improvement,—a grand trunk railroad. The route seemed to me quite practicable: the grade is not heavy; there would be but little trestle-work required at the breaks, and only a few sharp curves, around knots. The larger limbs could be tunnelled.

There are here some curious hollow trees,—snug retreats for disappointed spirits, flying from the more hollow outside world; and there is one dead tree yet standing, called the "Mother of the Forest," which presents a peculiarly melancholy, not to say ghastly, appearance, it having been actually flayed alive some years ago. Think of a skin eighteen inches thick, cuticle and cutis, being stripped from one hundred and sixteen feet of a poor old mother's body,—and in this climate too! Of course, she died. The impious speculators took the skin to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, where it was burned,—and served them right.

The only woman, beside this unfortunate "mother," who has been distinctly honored by having a tree dedicated to her, is Florence Nightingale, whose name naturally associates itself with a grove.

The Church is nobly represented by Henry Ward Beecher and Thomas Starr King; the State, by Webster, Clay, and Cobden; the Literature, by Bryant; the Presidency, by Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant. The last is a solid, stately tree, two hundred and sixty-one feet high. It seems perfectly sound, and may stand a good five hundred years, unless flayers, choppers, and augerers prove too much for it.

Here, as at Mariposa, we noticed the diminutive size of the cone of the Sequoia Gigantea. If proportioned to the tree, it would be about as large as a flour-barrel. But Nature, who showed a tender regard for our heads in declining to hang pumpkins on oaks instead of acorns, has shown equal consideration in this case. As I looked up into the lofty gloom of the dark branches, I wondered if little birds ever nested so high up. It seemed that only eagles belonged there. It was a breezy day, yet I listened in vain for the sea-like surge, the soughing of the wind among those mighty branches, — lateral trees. No distinct piny murmur came down to me, and I do not believe that the sound they give forth in their upper solitudes is in proportion to their size, so unbending and immutable they seem. Sorrowful, but majestic; elect, apart, lonely, lordly monuments of the solemn, silent ages, they surely do not make the ado of lesser conifers, — answering every impertinent gust, complaining of every summer storm. But if we were lifted up nearer to their dark tops, we could perhaps hear a sad, incessant monotone, a low murmur of weariness and unrest, out of the midst of rigid stateliness and sombre grandeur; the low sob of a passion of struggle and aspiring, spent centuries ago; a plaint, proud but patient, that were like a sigh from the burdened heart of the earth. We might hear at twilight mysterious whispers of old elemental tragedies; of primeval portents and convulsions; of the blaze of comets and the murk of eclipse; of star-showers and tornadoes, that never had human chronicler in all the wild continent.

About five miles from the hotel is the South Calaveras Grove, but lately made accessible by a trail. It contains more than a thousand Sequoias, some of them of stupendous size. Here, it is said, sixteen horsemen may be seen slowly ascending a hill, and congregating in the hollow of a single tree at one time. Did the genius of James ever conjure up a scene more novel and strange? I was grieved that time did not allow of my seeing this wonderful grove, being obliged to return to Murphy's that night. This is the best place to procure a tarantula's nest,—a curious little adobe house, hung with white paper with satin finish; having a round door swinging on a perfect hinge. You can purchase one with the tarantula shut up in it, if you are willing to take charge of such an ugly prisoner, and run the risk of his breaking jail and being the death of you.

The first place of any note on our next day's journey to San Francisco was Angel's Camp, the naming of which was a profane piece of irony. I remember noticing at a store, before which we stopped for a moment, a large lot of pitchforks, which struck us as rather an incongruous commodity.

Here we took in a substantial Dutch angel and a pair of cherubs, who beguiled our way by singing Sunday-school hymns. With all these evangelical alleviations, Jordan was still a hard road to travel, — stony, dusty, bare of shade. The day was excessively warm; our "stage-coach" a mere "mud-wagon"; there was absolutely nothing of interest on our way, except a few rich ranches, vast and lonely; and when finally we struck the railroad at Milton, we were in a mood to bless fervently the "heathen Chinee," the Wilmington Car Manufactory, the memory of Watt, and the name of Stanford.

My last visit in California was made where I made my first, — at beautiful Glenwood, the home of Mr. Ralston. It was so pleasant to take again, even though we knew it to be for the last time, those incomparable drives, over perfect roads, and through the gardens and parks of the noblest country-seats on the coast; to see all these wonderful places in their full summer glory; and to enjoy with it all the matchless driving of our host, who manages fine horses and finances in the same masterly way. How cruelly fast were all the watches that day; and how the hours tore along, like the dishevelled young ladies in Guido's picture, and brought the sad moment when I must pass for the last time through the hospitable doors of the "house called Beautiful"! Not its wealth and luxury had so endeared it to me, but a heart that was richer than riches; a face fairer to me in the light of its full-orbed womanhood and gentle motherhood than the fairest pictured faces on the walls. Madonna, — my lady! strong and tender, proud and gracious.

At Glenwood I met again the friends with whom I was to make the overland journey, — Mr. Sickels, the superintendent of the Union Pacific, and his family party. With these pleasant companions I left San Francisco on the 24th of June. At Oakland, where the superintendent's car awaited us, we were joined by Mr. Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierras, who was going East with some new wild-mountain airs, and looking more high-booted, haughty, and hirsute than ever.

I will not here attempt to describe with what emotion I looked for the last time back, over the bright bay, to the new city of my love, rising terrace upon terrace, and hill above hill, — somewhat too bare of foliage and decoration, — proud and rugged and a little defiant of aspect, but of young cities "the chief among ten thousand," if not "the one altogether lovely," — the royal wedding-place of the Occident and the Orient.

HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

COLORADO REVISITED.

CHICAGO, July 10, 1872.

I CHOSE a beautiful season for leaving California, — too beautiful, for it intensified my regret. I went, even homeward, with a backward tug at my heart. Though on the edge of July, the land was still radiant with fresh verdure and bloom. Of the wild flowers along the road, the yellow were holding out best. By the way, the prevalence of this color in California landscapes is always noticeable, — as it were the floral symbol of the aureate treasure hid under so much of the soil for so many centuries. Nature, being feminine, was bursting with the secret, and sent forth these beautiful little telltales; but stupid man was long enough in taking the hint, and following it up, or, rather, down.

Flower-gardens, harvest-fields, vineyards, orchards, oak groves, pine forests, mines, rocks, snow-sheds, — these were the gradations, like steps, by which we ascended from the lovely valley-land to the grand Sierras. It was early twilight when we rounded Cape Horn, scarcely realizing its terrific grandeur when thus softened. Night came on very slowly, with almost imperceptibly changing and deepening shades of purple light, veiling those sublime solitudes in tender mystery. We sat out on the platform till late that night, and for nights after, never wearying of the wide, wild waste of silent earth, and the vast, strange expanse of brooding, breathless sky. Even after the Yosemite, we found the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, the Wasatch Hills, and Weber and Echo Cañons beautiful, more beautiful than ever before; for a genuine love of grand scenery "grows by what it feeds on"; so when we came again to the familiar snowy peaks and sombre gorges of the Rocky Mountains, we found we had "stomach for them all." I believe the wind is always in full blast at Sherman, and that Cheyenne always seems like a place of desperate undertakings and temporary expedients, — has a strange look of newness and abandonment, half underdone and half undone. The one finished and flourishing and thoroughly satisfactory thing they have there is the new hotel.

All the way from the Summit down, at every exposed point we found new precautions against snow and ice, — immense sheds and fences, line on line, being built, and cuts widened, putting another snow blockade like that of last winter out of the question. At Cheyenne we left the Union for the Denver Pacific, and ran down into Colorado for a week's visit. It was a glorious little journey. The plains I had always before seen dry and tawny were now green and flowery and fragrant; and that magnificent line of mountains at our right, beginning with Long's Peak and ending with the legendary Pike's Peak, stood out in wondrous beauty, unveiled by smoke or mist. The sunset was the most joyous I ever beheld, wrapping that vast congregation of peaks and domes in unimaginable, almost intolerable splendor; and all the while, in the eastern sky, was a wondrous display of storm-clouds, lightnings, and rainbows. Such a grand combination show I never before beheld in any theatre.

The unique town of Greeley, capital of the Union Colony, we found much improved. It had gone on adding field to field, and ditch to ditch, and putting up buildings in all directions, — cosy houses, which already were girt about with pleasant gardens. Indeed, the thriving place is something quite cheering to see, — a smile on the wide, dull cactus waste.

Denver still leads the march of empire in Colorado. They have street-railways here now. During the past year they have put up new railroad buildings, hosts of stores, and innumerable hotels. They have graded streets, and planted trees, and built a new church, and painted the front of the old theatre.

I was one of a happy party of tourists for whom Mr. Superintendent Sickels planned and conducted a charming excursion up Clear Creek Cañon, over the bed of the new narrow-gauge railroad, a section of the Colorado Central, running from Golden to Blackhawk. It was a perfect summer day, bright but breezy; and our gay party made the trip of twelve miles, by carriage and on horseback, with the utmost comfort, with absolutely unalloyed enjoyment. This cañon has some grand points of scenery, even reminding one of the Yosemite. But grand as it is, it scarcely diverts your attention, your wondering admiration, from the road that winds and climbs along the deep, narrow gorge, where, a year ago, it seemed that a mule trail was scarcely practicable. To Mr. Sickels is due the chief credit of projecting and executing this bold enterprise, — a work of immense importance to Colorado in the development of her vast mineral resources. Down this shadowy cañon, till now only the bed of devastating wintry floods, will pour the boundless wealth of the great mountain mines. Through the magnificent rocky gateway of little Golden City will issue a new Pactolus, whose waves may touch the far shores of the world.

We found the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge just completed to Pueblo, one hundred and sixteen miles; and another pleasant incident of our visit was an excursion to that town, where a grand entertainment, a dinner followed by a ball, was given to all Denver and the rest of mankind. Pueblo is on the Arkansas River, which is even here a full, rapid stream. The town has picturesque surroundings, but lacks trees, gardens, and pleasant, home-like places sadly. With plenty of water at hand, it may easily be made a more attractive spot. The dinner, which was given in the new Court House, a very handsome building, by the way, was a most enjoyable affair. Ladies and gentlemen, after setting the most generous of "grub-piles" before us, waited on us at table. I am persuaded that a future governor stood more than once behind my chair, and that a senator's wife brought me ice-cream. We had fine music and witty sentiments, and eloquence and merriment unstinted.

This section of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad runs through the most picturesque portion of Colorado, outside the mountains, — over the Divide; past wonderful rocks of castellated and monumental forms; along lovely green valleys; and for some distance in sight of the great, snowy range. Colorado Springs Station and the colony of that name are on this road, though the springs proper are some five miles away. Near the station is a good hotel, where we spent a night, sleeping deliciously under the shadow of Pike's Peak and a couple of blankets. All the morning of the next day was spent in drives to the most attractive points in the vicinity. We first visited Glen Eyrie, a lovely, romantic spot, in which General Palmer has built an elegant country-house. In this glen are congregated and shut away marvels and beauties of rock and gorge, stream and waterfall, enough to stock an Eastern State like New Jersey. We next dropped into the Garden of the Gods, a wild, singular, natural park, the gateway of which is formed by two stupendous rocks, marvelously architectural and cathedral-like in character. They always look solemn and worshipful, and there is certainly no hollow mockery of religion about them.

The famous mineral springs at Manitou have delightful surroundings, and we found the waters exceedingly pleasant and sparkling. But a mile or so up the lovely cañon of the Fountain Creek is an iron spring, which I found absolutely delicious.

I should haunt *that*, should camp beside it, were I spending a summer in this grand half-way heaven of pure air and pure water and tenderly tempered sunshine. There is in this neighborhood a wild, rocky gorge, known as the Ute Pass, up which a wonderful road has been lately constructed. Shut away in this pass is one of the finest waterfalls I have ever seen. Beside its plunging and thundering flood Southey's *Lodore* were a trickle and a murmur. Through Colorado City, once a very important mining depot, but now in its decadence, we returned to our hotel, the glorious morning over, but not gone.

The monotony of our return journey to Denver was varied by a ride of some thirty miles on the pilot, or cow-catcher. The situation gave a rare opportunity to study the lovely and peculiar scenery of the route, with distant pictures of mountain and sky; but for myself, I must confess that my attention was a good deal distracted by occasional water-views through trestle-work below us, and spirited cattle-pieces on the track before us.

We left Denver on the morning of the glorious Fourth, and ran a gantlet of salutes, rockets, and fire-crackers all the way to Omaha, where ended my journeyings over Pacific railroads in a director's car.

But it really does not seem quite the thing to dismiss the great trip so lightly and quietly. I feel bound to give something like a detail of its hardships and privations, after the manner of old trans-continental travelers. This may seem a little ungracious toward the superintendent, whose guests we were; but independent itinerant journalists are held by no such ordinary scruples. The "bridge that carries them safe over" comes in for a double share of dispraise usually.

Fortunately our party started with the idea of "roughing it," and so were able to take things as they came, being all tolerably good-humored people. But we had our trials. In the first place, our car was fastened to the tail of an immense train, and took the brunt of the wagging. Our coffee and tea were frequently slopped over at table. As to the table, though it was always bountifully supplied, it was not, I must say, as elegantly and thoroughly appointed as one could wish. There was no *épergne*, no printed bill of fare. There were no finger-glasses, and the supply of nut-crackers was limited. There was not even a full assortment of wine-glasses; and when, on the Summit, Mr. Joaquin Miller treated to champagne, we were obliged to worry it down out of lemonade goblets. We had, of course, napkins, but the rings were evidently of plated ware. A pretty idea would have been a set of solid silver lined with gold, each one engraved with the name of a guest of the superintendent of the Union Pacific, and designed to be taken away as a significant souvenir of California and Colorado. When a man sets out to do a handsome thing, I like to see him do it.

It is true that we had for desserts and lunches a large variety of fruits and nuts,—too large, if anything. We became satiated with oranges, bananas, apricots, strawberries, peaches, and cherries; but I missed blackberries and pears, my favorite fruit; and the almonds were all hard-shelled, and I decidedly prefer the soft. The milk and eggs were not as rich and fresh as they might have been if a new-milch cow and a hennery had been attached to the car. Our party of ten was put upon a rather short allowance of servants, having only Henry the cook, and Thomas the excellent colored steward. It is but justice to them, however, to say that they multiplied themselves by the utmost devotion, energy, and ingenuity. They constantly surprised us with new dishes and decoctions, putting us in peril of surfeit and all the horrors of dyspepsia. On the last morning of the trip we had set before us fish, steak, chops, ham and eggs, corn-bread, light biscuit, and pineapple pancakes. How in the name of Dio Lewis were we to choose? In an agony of indecision we appealed to the steward, but he answered by a mute, diabolic grin; so we partook of all, not willing to hurt his feelings; for was he not a man and a voter? At such times we thought enviously of the old emigrants camping on the plains. How simple their choice: black coffee, saleratus-bread, and bacon, or bacon, saleratus-bread, and black coffee! However, we uttered no complaint of our fare; but I remember that one morning when we had ordered chops and expected chops, we had steak without mushrooms, and on that very day the soup was too salt. Our sleeping arrangements were comfortable, but not exactly sumptuous. The linen, though always clean and well aired, was not superfine, the pillow-cases being quite plain. The towels in the dressing-room, though plentiful, were by no means of the daintiest sort. In the saponaceous line, I found nothing more rich and rare than Colgate's Honey Soap. Now, if there is anything I am tired of, it is Colgate's Honey Soap. In the evening we gathered in the little drawing-room, and were almost compelled to be sociable, as the light, neither of gas nor of wax-candles, scarcely permitted of our reading. In the day we had so much room that we wandered aimlessly about, lounging on the sofas and platforms, no one of us seeming to know where he or she really belonged, — a most unsettled and demoralized condition, but aristocratic, doubtless. We tried not to be puffed up, and, when stopping at stations, went forth in rough hats and dusters, and mingled with our fellow-beings, remembering the days when we, too, had traveled with tickets and passes, had been called on to pay for extra baggage, and had been obliged to bolt down execrable meals.

We were whirled along so relentlessly over that world-renowned overland route that we had no time to study its geological features, its *fauna* or its *flora.* Often we thought of the old emigrants, who sometimes had six months in which to become familiar with it in all its changing phases. How we would have liked to visit some of the graves along that old emigrant track, with time to drop a few tears on the deserted hunting-grounds of the noble red man! We had wild longings to lie by at night, like those old emigrants, and study the stars and hear the coyotes howl, while the sage-brush camp-fire burned. Mr. Joaquin Miller once pointed out to us the scene of an old Indian fight, whereof he bears a reminder in one of his arms, somewhat troublesome in damp weather. For a poet, and a philanthropist of the Vincent Colyer school, he seems to have had a large number of "scrimmages" of this sort. But no such romantic adventure broke the monotony of our journey across the plains. Not a Piute menaced us, not a Digger defied us. We tried to keep up our spirits, however. We told stories and laughed at each other's jests, whatever it cost us. We laughed most generously at the superintendent's pleasantries, of course. They were not bad; but if they had been, we should have laughed all the same, having made up our minds to rough it. Though we had a minstrel at the festive board, he harped not, neither did he sing. He was apparently in low spirits at leaving his Sierras. Crossing the alkali desert is also depressing, inclining even a poet to keep his mouth shut; but when we struck the grand Rocky Range, something in the poetic line was expected from him. Still he kept his place on the platform in sombre silence, smoking cigarettes under the shade of a huge Panama. We suspected that he was secretly wrestling with the Rocky Mountains, and that they were having rather the best of it. But if our wild singer warbled not, he wrote many autographs, — triumphs of illegibility. The motion of a train is not usually favorable to the production of elegant articles of this sort. In fact, the only handwriting I have ever known improved by it is that of Mr. Greeley. It were a good idea when a celebrity is on the rail to stop the train now and then and announce, "Twenty minutes for autographs!"

The superintendent was annoyed by telegrams, and we were all troubled by the train outrunning our watches. We missed our morning papers, and were really obliged to look through some of the books we had with us. We were cheered by no visits from venders of figs and candy cash-boxes; we were cut off, in our haughty isolation, from the companionship of young children and innocent babies. I one day rashly borrowed a dear little fellow from a lady who had a fine assortment of small boys. I bore him, with the help of conductors and brakemen, from the first Pullman through, it seemed to me, a mile of cars, under full headway, down grade, to our palatial establishment. He gazed around the sumptuous apartment, and, chilled by its cold splendor, immediately wanted to "go home." We showed him a bottled tarantula and gave him a horned toad to play with; but they failed to console him, and we were compelled to return him to his mother. He retained our toad to frighten his little brother with, and we left him happy. On the whole, we got along very well on our long, hard, precipitate pilgrimage. Being all old travellers, and, as I said, rather good-natured people, we did not quarrel about the easiest seats. I suppose they were all what you would call comfortable, though, if roughing it had not been in the programme, a velvet rocking-chair or two would not have been out of place in the little *salon* where we spent much of our time. Still, we came into Omaha quite fresh, and were sorry to separate, and especially to part from our kind host and hostess and their sweet young daughters, who had cheerfully roughed it with us, day and night, across deserts and mountain ranges, from San Francisco Bay to the Missouri River,—almost *across* the continent.

But now I come to a theme which is both too grave and too grand, too sad and too glad, to jest over,—the desolation and the resurrection of Chicago. The morning after my return to the city of my old love, I drove over the entire burned district. The North side, once so fair and flourishing, is still very desolate, though showing life here and there, amid the ruins of its elegant homes, noble churches, and beautiful parks; but the South side is a marvelous, bewildering scene of industry and enterprise, of almost superhuman energy. Not the story of Chicago's early life of Titanic toil and struggle, when she rose, like a second Venice, from the midst of a dark flood, and then banished the flood; not the marvels she wrought under the sea; not the miracle of turning a river on its immemorial course, of smiting the nether rock and calling water from the vasty deep; not all its wondrous transformations, enterprises, and victories have equalled this brave, stern struggle with immeasurable misfortune, this triumphant uprising from defeat and desolation. I believe that the world can present no grander sight than this; and remembering the sadness, the utter heart-sickness with which I named the name of Chicago less than a year ago, I thank God that I am permitted to see her at this great time, when she is shaking the ashes from her unblanched head, and setting upon it again, with her own strong hand, her noble civic crown.

COLORADO IN AUTUMN.

GREELEY, COLORADO, November 5, 1872.

IT is odd to be here, of all places in the Territory; on this day, of all days in the year, — day "big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome," day which is to decide forever the destiny of that eminent citizen whose name is identified with this noble young colony. Whatever the result of the great political struggle in the States, here Horace Greeley is the elect man, with no question of a second term. Here his honorable fame will grow with the fortunes of an intelligent and industrious community, and faithful irrigation shall keep his memory green.

A more peaceful retreat could scarcely be found at this eventful and tumultuous time, by a quiet, unenfranchised citizen like your correspondent. Not a surge of popular excitement penetrates to these flat shores, not an echo of the roar of the great conflict rouses or vexes our souls. Even the Liberals, though anticipating the defeat of their party in the States, do not seem as much cast down as you would expect. The old Happy Valley of Rasselas could hardly seem more shut away from the world of political strife and aspiration than this busy young town, with tributary rivers and vast, snowy mountains on one side of it, and railways and an infinity of sky and plain on the other. Here men and women are to-day on an absolute equality, — an equality of "no consequence" to the State. Here man and wife do not even count one. I rather like it: it is good discipline for the men.

I have now spent more than a month in Colorado, — more than a month of determined and unmitigated idleness. I came in search of the health lost in your dreadful Eastern summer, and have, I trust, found it. But though returning strength has brought with it constant and almost ungovernable impulses toward outdoor life, wandering and climbing, and vagabondizing generally, it brings no inclination toward mental exertion of any kind. "I kin work, but I don't hanker arter it," in this bracing, bright, resplendent autumn sunshine, and under these deep, sparkling, frosty November nights.

It was on the 1st of October that we left Chicago. We had just been visited by a severe storm, and the air, both of lake and prairie, had a peculiar vindictive sharpness and rawness that cut into weak lungs savagely, and pierced to the very marrow of one's bones. It was not till we passed the Missouri that the chill and the dampness quite disappeared, and the air, though cool, became balmy, at night "frosty, but kindly," at the same time exhilarating and soothing. Courage came back to me on every invisible wave of the boundless, aërial sea of the plains. I was again content with this world, the goodly, broad, generous world. I was inclined to take stock in this life once more. Colorado still looked beautiful to me, though "wildly clad" in russet brown. Every faintest green tinge had died out of the rough turf. Every flower had gone under, except an occasional belated poppy; the snows had descended on Long's Peak and lovely Mount Rosalie; and here and there on all the great range, adding the last unimagined glory to the splendors of sunset and sunrise.

After a few days of delicious rest at Denver, we drove over to Boulder, that picturesque little town, nestled like a darling up against the mountains. It was evening when we arrived; and dimly could be discerned those famous rocky landmarks, the dusty and dilapidated buttes ("butes"), lying on the plains, just where the foot-hills kicked them off, some night, long ago. The next day we gave to exploring Boulder Cañon, the most beautiful of all the wonderful cañons of Colorado. I had seen it last in midsummer, when the river was high and its banks green and flowery. Now the scene seemed almost new. The autumnal tints of the foliage, every shade of red and gold and brown, were absolutely transporting, — a feast, an ecstasy, an intoxication of the sight. And then the mighty, majestic rocks on either side, softened by clinging vines, mosses, and lichens, and made beautiful and gracious by faithful, adventurous pines, climbing up everywhere, from base to summit. We drove up some twelve miles, and picnicked in a lovely spot, in full sight of the magnificent "Castle Rock." Ah, the pictures above and around and beneath us!—precipice and pinnacle of gray granite, with rich purple shades; dark pines and silver cedars, and golden willows; and, at our feet, the swift, bright stream, with its foaming rapids and fairy cascades. It was a scene as impossible to describe as to forget. It had about it a sort of august and sacred loveliness and loneliness. The spirit of that serene mountain solitude was solemn, yet glad. The golden autumnal silence praised God.

In strong contrast to Boulder is Clear Creek Cañon, up which runs the Colorado Central Narrow Gauge. We revisited this with an excursion party of journalists and railroad people, the guests of the superintendent and chief engineer, Mr. Sickels. The trip by rail was from Golden City to the present terminus of the road, some seven miles below Central. It was a wonderful little expedition. I do not believe that there are any where else in the railroad kingdom eighteen consecutive miles of such grand and peculiar scenery. Streams and waterfalls, and tremendous boulders; mountains rising above mountains, sombre and monstrous shapes, brooding sullenly over yet undiscovered and unthought-of treasure hid in their hard, secret hearts; and the rocks that walled us in, — rocks riven asunder in some awful, immemorial convulsion; rocks in domes, and towers, and turrets, and bastions, and vast, vertical precipices; rocks daintily festooned by vines, white with the fleecy tufts of the clambering clematis; rocks toiled over by straggling processions of pines; rocks black, savage, and bare, save where far up, in hollows and crevices, the first snow of the mild autumn rested and gleamed in the midday sunlight.

The road itself, that triumph over the faithless and unbelieving, was a perpetual marvel to us all, with its skilful doubling of bold capes, its curves and cuts and convolutions. The day was so mild and still, that we found an "observation car" quite comfortable, while giving us admirable opportunities for seeing everything on our way. Ours was a special train, and not heavily freighted; yet the sturdy little engine toiled up the steep grade with much ado, puffing and panting, and wheezing in an asthmatic way which was really quite distressing. The fame of this bold, picturesque route, the peculiar sombre beauty of this cañon, now first made accessible to tourists, will secure for the little pioneer mountain road a great amount of summer travel, and already its business is more than it can well dispose of. When its continuations and tributaries are completed, trains will follow each other up und down this cañon like the curious processions of ants we have watched on summer days, moving continuously up and down a wall or a tree, with never a break nor a collision.

This road will be completed to Blackhawk, about a mile below Central City, by the 1st of January. Then will begin its great traffic, conveying ore to Golden and Denver to be smelted and crushed, and carrying coal and merchandise to Central; and when the other proposed routes to Idaho, Georgetown, and to the new and rich silver mines of the South Park are completed, will begin Colorado's great days. Then she will come into possession of her magnificent birthright, her imperial inheritance, hid away for ages of ages in the mysterious treasure-vaults of nature. Then, too, will agriculture receive new impulse and inspiration. The rivers must send forth their missionaries of fruitfulness and verdure, and lace the land with irrigating canals. The brown plains will be tapped with wells, and the prairie winds, wild and idle since the creation, will be set to work to turn those picturesque mills, whose mission it will be to transform the desert into a garden of delight, of matchless melons and monstrous cabbages, beets and onions, pumpkins and turnips, such as New England farmers never dream of, even after a Thanksgiving dinner. It is easy to see that this system of narrow-gauge railroads — the only system practicable in these mountains — will enrich this section, add materially to the wealth of the whole country, and not be a bad thing for the parties particularly engaged in it. The Union Pacific Railroad Company are men wise in their generation. They know when the harvest of golden opportunity is ripe, and just where to thrust in their keen *Sickels.*

The weather in Colorado was, all through October, brilliant, dry, and warm, — too warm sometimes for comfort in the middle of the day. The contrast between day and night we found a little too sharp. For that reason I do not think Denver, or any of the mountain towns, the best place for invalids during the autumn and winter. Of all the points I have yet visited in the Territory, I think Manitou Springs, near the mouth of Fountain Cañon, decidedly the safest and pleasantest spot for an invalid. It is sheltered from the sharp winds, yet sufficiently open to the sunlight; it has a great deal of foliage, yet is singularly cheerful; it is near the grand mountains, yet is not darkly domineered over by them. There is there now a beautiful, comfortable, and home-like hotel, admirably managed, which is to be kept open all winter for the special benefit of invalids. Friends of ours, who spent last winter in this neighborhood, give enthusiastic accounts of the mild and brilliant weather, and the pure, bracing air, which kept them and their young children in perfect health and joyous spirits all through the season, — a season exceptionally cold and stormy in the northern part of the Territory. People who come to Colorado for their health make, I am assured, a grave mistake in leaving with the summer. If they find themselves bene-

[illegible] at all by the air and the altitude, they should remain through the autumn, at least, and then, if still better, try the winter.

The finest grounds about the Springs have been laid out in villa lots, and are rapidly being built upon; so the time is not distant when Manitou will be, not only the loveliest spot in this lovely wild land, but a thronged and fashionable watering-place.

The railroad ride from Colorado Springs to Denver we found almost as delightful as in the summer; but, after all, it was tame compared with the stage ride we took, a few days later, from Central to Georgetown, over a wonderful mountain road. We set out from Central on a breezy but sunny day, under a heavy press of parasol: we reached Georgetown amid darkness, cold, rain, and snow. But the morning dawned brightly, and we enjoyed to the utmost our brief visit to that queen of the old mining towns. We took advantage of every burst of sunlight, we drove and walked in the teeth of the keen wind, and took horseback excursions under the gray wings of hovering snow-storms; and when we departed, the winter seemed closing in upon the town, sweeping down the dark cañons; and the whole grand mountain and valley picture was something to look back upon with a thrill of admiration, also of joy at having safely run the blockade. By the way, they are having at Georgetown what they call an "ore blockade." The miners have got out more ore than they can dispose of by sale at paying prices, or by reducing, though the mills are crushing, and the smelting-works fuming, like so many *infernos* day and night. Here, as in other mining towns, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together" for the happy day of railroad facilities. But I shall be sorry to see even the pretty passenger-cars of the "baby railroad" supersede the admirable stage-coaches of this most picturesque mountain route. Life will have lost much of its savor when we can hope to sit no more on the lofty box beside pleasant Hiram Washburn, and watch his splendid handling of his handsome six-horse team, hear his jokes and stories, look over mountain and valley, away and away, drink in the heavenly air, and peer down occasionally on the inside passengers, getting all the dust and little of the prospect. It is the very bliss and triumph of traveling.

We found sunny, sheltered Idaho still attractive, though almost deserted by visitors. The bright, cosy parlor of the Beebe House looked so precisely as it did during my summer visit of last year, that I looked round involuntarily for the pleasant friends that there used to gather for long, merry evenings. Alas! they are widely scattered; and one young girl, whose sweet, yearning face had a look, even then, of having done with all earthly things, except love, has since passed through a valley more shadowy and yet more peaceful than this, and stood on more delectable mountains than these, and is now breathing an air that has in it no faintest taint of mortal decay, no threatening of winter, no chill of death.

We leave for the East next week, and, late as it is, we leave with regret. The weather has been thus far so almost miraculously beautiful and bright, and the air of the day of so divine a quality, that in every way we feel "it is good to be here." In this transparent air, the views both from Denver and here of the snowy peaks and domes on the vast range are marvelously grand and uplifting, especially at sunset and sunrise. And the tawny earth, in the wide, still plain that weds the sky in the utterly level horizon, like a sea becalmed, and in those grand ground-swells that reach the purple foot-hills, has a beauty of its own, — a stern, grave, uncompromising beauty, which seems to say, "Nature and the grand forms she first created, mighty, unsubdued creatures, were content with me, and I am content with myself. Better to be the free waste of God, the pasture of his wild flocks, the racing-ground of his winds, than the garden of man, fenced and ditched and harrowed and burdened."

I dread to think how we shall miss this sense of magnificent altitude, of infinite roominess, when we get down home, by the Potomac, into the damp, low region of fogs and politics, where we can only get views of river or hills in street-wide vistas, and aggravating glimpses of sunset over the gloomy roof of the Coast Survey.

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